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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLVI.—JULY, 1862.—VOL. XXV.



IN NORSELAND.

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH NORWAY.

FIRST PAPER.

NOT on the wings of the wind, or in a balloon, as you may naturally suppose. The title has reference to the hurried and cursory manner of my tour. Of late years, such are the facilities of travel throughout the civilized world, that nothing short of a journey through

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXV.—No. 146.—K

the deserts of Africa, an expedition to the North Pole, or an attempt to reach the moon by a new route, can be regarded as an achievement worthy of particular note, unless it be attended by circumstances of unusual personal interest. To be a lively and entertaining tourist is the highest eminence to which a moderately ambitious man can aspire. Even that is beyond the aim of my present narrative. After twenty years' experience of travel by land and sea, I now frankly admit that the governing motive of my wanderings is to get out of one country and through another with the least possible delay. The incidents and impressions gathered up in the course of such a harum-scarum career are, at best, nothing more than the husks and burs that stick to the coat of a merry vagabond who lies down in a haystack by the road-side to pass the night, and goes whistling on his way in the morning for lack of thought. As such, these rough notes of Norwegian adventure are offered to the reader.

Last year we had the pleasure of a ramble together among the silver mines of Washoe. I don't know how it may be with others, but, for my part, I got enough of that. An agency that deals exclusively in paper, and corresponds on long credits, is not a lucrative investment of time and labor. Failing to dispose of my Washoe stocks in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, I proceeded, in a very depressed state of mind, on a pedestrian tour through Germany, in the hope of being able to walk away from the disappointment. But here again was a new trouble. There is not a state in Germany large enough to hold a man of active disposition. It is utterly impossible for a Californian to "spread out" in such a complicated and thickly-settled country, where every way that he wishes to go is a "VERBOTENER WEG." A few weeks' experience of police regulations, forbidden ways, ceremonies, and restrictions filled my mind with horrible sensations of law and order. I felt like one who was going about on his parole, but liable at any moment to commit some crime against his will. My joints began to creak, and a thick rust was gathering all over me, when, in sheer desperation, I broke away, and made a dash down through France, Spain, and Portugal. A whirl through Algeria restored the circulation of my blood; and during the present summer I refreshed myself by a glance at the steppes of Russia from the Kremlin of Moscow, and disposed of Esthonia and Finland in a couple of weeks. A dreary pilgrimage of eight days through Sweden brought me to Gottenburg, where, for the first time since my arrival in Europe, I really began to enjoy life. Not that Gottenburg is a very lively or fascinating place, for it abounds in abominations and smells of fish, and is inhabited by a race of men whose chief aim in life appears to be directed toward pickled herring, mackerel, and cod-fish. There was much in it, however, to remind me of that home-land on the Pacific for which my troubled heart was pining. A grand fair was going on. All the peasants from the surrounding country

were gathered in, and I met very few of them, at the close of evening, who were not reeling drunk. Besides they chewed tobacco—an additional sign of civilization to which I had long been unaccustomed.

At Gottenburg, in the absence of something better to do, I made up my mind to visit Norway. The steamer from Copenhagen touches on her way to Christiania. She has an unpleasant habit of waking people up in the middle of the night; and I was told that if I wanted to make sure of getting on board I must sit up and watch for her. This is abominable in a mercantile community; but what can be expected of a people whose noblest aspirations are wrapped up in layers of dried cod-fish? By contract with the Kellner at my hotel the difficulty was finally arranged. For the sum of two marks, Swedish currency, he agreed to notify me of the approach of the Copenhagen steamer. I thought he was doing all this solely on my account, but afterward discovered that he had made contracts at a quarter the price with about a dozen others.

It was very late in the night, or very early in the morning, when I was roused up, and duly put on board the steamer. Of the remainder of that night the least said the better. A cabinful of sea-sick passengers is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. When the light of day found its way into our dreary abode of misery I went on deck. The weather was thick, and nothing was to be seen in any direction but a rough, chopping sea and flakes of drifting fog. A few doleful-looking tourists were searching for the land through their opera-glasses. They appeared to be sorry they ever undertook such a stormy and perilous voyage, and evidently had misgivings that they might never again see their native country. Some of them peeped over the bulwarks from time to time, with a faint hope, perhaps, of seeing something new in that direction; but from the singular noises they made, and the convulsive motions of their bodies, I had reason to suspect they were heaving some very heavy sighs at their forlorn fate. The waiters were continually running about with cups of coffee, which served to fortify the stomachs of these hardy adventurers against sea-sickness. I may here mention as a curious fact, that in all my travels I have rarely met a sea-going gentleman who could be induced to acknowledge that he suffered the least inconvenience from the motion of the vessel. A headache, a fit of indigestion, the remains of a recent attack of gout, a long-standing rheumatism, a bilious colic to which he had been subject for years, a sudden and unaccountable shock of vertigo, a disorganized condition of the liver—something, in short, entirely foreign to the known and recognized laws of motion disturbed his equilibrium; but rarely an out-and-out case of sea-sickness. That is a weakness of human nature fortunately confined to the ladies. Indeed, I don't know what the gentler sex would do if it were not for the kindness of Providence in exempting the ruder portion of humanity from this unpleasant accom-



THE STEAMER ENTERING THE FJORD.

paniment of sea-life, only it unfortunately happens that the gentlemen are usually afflicted with some other dire and disabling visitation about the same time.

Toward noon the fog broke away, and we sighted the rocky headlands of the Christiania Fjord. In a few hours more we were steaming our way into this magnificent sheet of water at a dashing rate, and the decks were crowded with a gay and happy company. No more the pangs of despised love, indigestion, gout, and bilious colic disturbed the gentlemen of this lively party; no more the fair ladies of Hamburg and Copenhagen hid themselves away in their state-rooms, and called in vain to their natural protectors for assistance. The sea was smooth; the sun shot forth through the whirling rain-clouds his brightest August beams. All along the shores of the Fjord, the rocky points, jutting abruptly from the water, rose like embattled towers, crowned with a variegated covering of moss, grim and hoary with the wild winds and scathing winters of the north. Beautiful little valleys, ravines, and slopes of woodland of such rich and glittering green opened out to us on either side, as we swept past the headlands, that the vision was dazzled with the profusion and variety of the charms bestowed upon this wilderness of romantic scenery. A group of fishermen's huts, behind a bold and jagged point of rocks—a rude lugger or fishing-smack, manned by a hardy crew of Norkmen, rough and weather-beaten as the ocean monsters of their stormy coast, gliding out of some nook among the rocky

inlets—here the cozy little cottage of some well-to-do sea-captain, half fisher, half farmer, with a gang of white-headed little urchins running out over the cliffs to take a peep at the passing steamer, the frugal matron standing in the door, resplendent in her red woolen petticoat and fanciful head-dress, knitting a pair of stockings, or some such token of love, for her absent lord—there, a pretty little village, with a church, a wharf, and a few store-houses, shrinking back behind the protecting wing of some huge and rugged citadel of rocks, the white cottages glistering pleasantly in the rays of the evening sun, and the smoke curling up peacefully over the surrounding foliage, and floating off till it vanished in the rich glow of the sky—all so calm, so dreamy in colors and outline that the imagination is absolutely bewildered with the varied feast of beauties; such are the characteristic features of this noble sheet of water.

The Christiania Fjord is one of the largest in Norway. Commencing at Frederikstad on the one side and Sandesund on the other, it extends into the interior a distance of seventy or eighty miles, making one of the finest natural harbors in the world. The water is deep, and the shores are almost rock-bound. In many places the navigation is somewhat intricate, owing to the numerous rocky islands and rugged headlands; but the Norwegian pilots are thoroughly experienced in their business, and know every foot of the way as familiarly as they know their own snug little cabins, perched up among the rocks.



THE ISLANDS.

Touching at the picturesque little town of Horten on the left, we discharged some passengers and took in others; after which we proceeded without further incident to the town of Drobak on the right. Here the Fjord is narrow, presenting something the appearance of a river. A group of fortifications on the cliffs protects this passage. The view on leaving Drobak is inexpressibly beautiful. The Fjord widens gradually till it assumes the form of an immense lake, the shores of which rise abruptly from the water, covered with forests of pine. Moss-covered rocks, green wooded islands, and innumerable fishing craft, give variety and animation to the scene. Range upon range of wild and rugged mountains extend back through the dim distance on either side till their vague and fanciful outlines are mingled with the clouds. Nothing can exceed the richness and beauty of the atmospheric tints. A golden glow, mingled with deep shades of purple, illuminates the sky. In the distance the snowy peaks of the vast interior ranges of mountains glisten in the evening sun. The deep green of the foliage which decks the islands and promontories of the Fjord casts its reflected hues upon the surface of the sleeping waters. In the valleys, which from time to time open out as we sweep along on our way, rich yellow fields of grain make a brilliant and striking contrast to the sombre tints of the pine forests in the rear.

It was long after sunset, but still light enough to enjoy all the beauties of the Fjord, when we saw before us the numerous and picturesque villas that adorn the neighborhood of Christiania.

Passing the fine old castle of Aggershuus on the left, we rounded a point and then came in full view of the town and harbor.

Surely there is nothing like this in the whole world, I thought, as I gazed for the first time upon this charming scene. The strange old-fashioned buildings, the castle, the palace on the hill-top, the shipping at the wharves, the gardens on every slope, the varied outlines of the neighboring cliffs and hills, covered with groves and green slopes of rich sward; every nook glimmering with beautiful villas; the whole reflected in the glowing waters that sweep through the maze of islands and headlands in every direction; can there be any thing more beautiful in all the world?

The steamer was soon hauled alongside the wharf, where a crowd of citizens was gathered to see us land. Here again was a scene characteristic of Norway. No hurry, no confusion, no shouting and clamoring for passengers; but all quiet, primitive, and good-humored. How different from a landing at New York or San Francisco! Three or four sturdy hack-drivers stood smoking their pipes, watching the proceedings with an air of philosophical indifference truly refreshing. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and cousins of various parties on board, waved their handkerchiefs and nodded affectionately to their friends and relatives, but kept their enthusiasm within limits till the plank was put out, when they came on board and kissed and hugged every body of their acquaintance in the most affectionate manner. The officers of the customs, good easy souls! also came on board,

books in hand, and made a kind of examination of the baggage. It was neither severe nor formal, and I felt an absolute friendship for the chief officer on account of the jolly manner in which he looked at me, and asked me if I had any thing contraband in my little knapsack. I offered to open it, but with a wave of his hand he chalked a pass upon it and I walked ashore. For the first time in my life I here felt the inconvenience of not being persecuted by porters and hack-drivers. The few who were on hand seemed to be particular friends or relatives of parties on board, and were already engaged. I walked up the queer, grass-grown old streets, looking around in the dim twilight for a hotel; and after stumbling into half a dozen odd-looking shops and store-houses, contrived to make my way to the Hotel Victoria, said to be the best in Christiania.

As it is no part of my purpose to write a book on Christiania, I shall only say that for the next three days I rambled about enjoying all the objects of interest in this quaint northern city—the churches, the museum, the castle, the palace, the ups and downs of the streets, the market-places, wharves, and gardens, and the magic beauties of the neighborhood. There is a plainness and simplicity about the people of Christiania, a good-humor of expression, a kindliness of manner and natural politeness that impressed me very favorably. The society is said to be genial and cultivated. I have no doubt of the fact, though my stay was too short to afford an opportunity of making many acquaintances.

At the Hotel Victoria I met Ole Bull, who

was on a tour through his native land. He sat near me at the *table d'hôte*, and I had an opportunity of noticing the changes which time has made in his appearance. The last time I had seen him was in Columbus, Ohio, in 1844. He was then in the very prime of life, slender and graceful, yet broad of shoulder and powerful of limb; with light straight hair, clear blue eyes, and a healthy northern complexion. He is now quite altered, and I am not sure that I would have recognized him had he not been pointed out to me. In form he is much stouter, though not so erect as he was in former years. His hair is sprinkled with gray. He retains the same noble cast of features, and deep, dreamy, and genial expression of eye as of old, but his complexion is sallow, and his face is marked by lines of care. There is something sad and touching in his manner. I do not know what his misfortunes in America may have to do with his present dejected expression, but he seems to me to be a man who has met with great disappointments in life. Although I sat beside him at the table, and might have claimed acquaintance as one of his most ardent American admirers, I was deterred from speaking to him by something peculiar in his manner—not coldness, for that is not in his nature—but an apparent withdrawal from the outer world into himself. A feeling that it might be intrusive to address him kept me silent. I afterward sent him a few lines, expressing a desire to renew my early acquaintance with him; but he left town while I was absent on an excursion to the Frogner-assen, and, much to my regret, I missed seeing him.



COAST OF NORWAY.



APPROACH TO CHRISTIANIA.

The population of Christiania is something over 40,000, and of late years it has become quite a place of resort for tourists on the way to the interior of Norway. The houses built since the fire of 1858, which destroyed a considerable portion of the town, are large and substantial, built of stone and covered with cement. The streets for the most part are broad and roughly paved. Very little of characteristic style is observable in the costume of the citizens. Plainness of dress, simple and primitive manners, and good-nature, are the leading traits of the Norwegians. Christiania is the modern capital of Norway, and was founded by Christian IV. of Denmark, near the site of the ancient capital of Osloe, which was founded in 1058 by King Harold Haardraade. Some of the old buildings still remain in a state of good preservation; but the chief interest of the city consists in its castle, university, library, and museum of northern antiquities. A traveler from the busy cities of America is struck with the quiet aspect of the streets, and the almost death-like silence that reigns in them after dark. In many places the sidewalks are overgrown with grass, and the houses are green with moss. Stagnation broods in the very atmosphere. Christiania is in all respects the antipodes of San Francisco. A Californian could scarcely endure an existence in such a place for six weeks. He would go stark mad from sheer inanity. Beautiful as the scenery is, and pleasantly as the time passed during my brief sojourn, it was not without a feeling of relief that I took my departure in the cars for Eidsvold.

The railway from Christiania to Eidsvold is the only one yet in operation in Norway. It was a pretty heavy undertaking, considering the rough character of the country and the limited resources of the people; but it was finally completed, and is now considered a great feature in Norwegian civilization. Some idea may be formed of the backwardness of facilities for internal communication throughout this country, when I mention the fact that beyond the distance of forty miles to Eidsvold and the Lake of Miösen, the traveler is dependent upon such vehicles as he takes with him, unless he chooses to incur the risk of procuring a conveyance at Hamar or Lillehammer. The whole country is a series of rugged mountains, narrow valleys, desolate Fjelds, rivers, and Fjords. There are no regular communications between one point and another on any of the public highways; and the interior districts are supplied with such commodities as they require from the sea-board solely by means of heavy wagons, sledges, boats, and such other primitive modes of transportation as the nature of the country and the season may render most available.

Like every thing else in Norway, the cars on the Eidsvold railway have rather more of a rustic than a metropolitan appearance. They are extremely simple in construction and rural in decoration; and as for the road, it may be very good compared with a trail over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but it is absolutely frightful to travel over it by steam. Three hours is the allowance of time for forty miles. If I remember correctly, we stretched it out to four, on ac-

count of a necessary stoppage on the way, caused by the tumbling down of some rocks from an overhanging cliff. The jolting is enough to dislocate one's vertebræ; and I had a vague feeling all the time during the trip that the locomotive would jump off the track, and dash her brains out against some of the terrible boulders of granite that stood frowning at us on either side as we worried our way along from station to station.

It was nearly dark when we came to a saw-mill by the roadside. The scenery is pretty all the way from Christiania, but not very striking till the train passes the narrow gorge in which the saw-mill is situated, where there is a tunnel of a few hundred feet that penetrates a bluff on the left. Emerging from this we are close upon the charming little village of Eidsvold, one of the loveliest spots in this land of beauty. A few minutes more brought us to the station-house, where the railway ends. Here we found ourselves at a good hotel, picturesquely situated on the bank of the Wormen, a river flowing from the Miösen Lake.

At eleven o'clock on a fine Sunday forenoon I took my departure from Eidsvold on board one of the little lake steamers. These vessels are well managed, and not inconveniently arranged, but they are so very small that on particular occasions, when there is an unusual pressure of travelers, it is difficult to find room for a seat. Owing to the facilities afforded by the railway from Christiania, an excursion to Lillehammer is the most popular way of passing a Sunday during the summer months; and this being the height of the season, the crowd was unusually great. It also happened that two hundred soldiers, who had served out their time, were returning to their homes in the interior; so that there was no lack of company on board. If the soldiers were somewhat lively and frolicsome, it was nothing more than natural under the circumstances. A good many were intoxicated—at the idea, perhaps, of getting home once more; and their songs and merry shouts of laughter kept every body in a good humor. I am unable to account for a curious fact, which I may as well mention in this connection. Whenever the authorities of any country through which I chance to travel have occasion to send their troops from one point to another, they invariably send them upon the same boat or in the same railway train upon which I have the fortune to take passage. There must be something military in my appearance, or some natural propensity for bloodshed in my nature, that causes this affinity to exist between us, for it has happened altogether too often to be accidental. The King of Sicily, some years ago, sent a party of troops to keep me company to Palermo. Subsequently the King of Greece favored me with a large military convoy to one of the Greek islands. After that I had an independent supervision of various bodies of Turkish soldiers on board of different vessels within the Turkish dominions. Recently Napoleon III. sent down by the same train of cars, from Paris to Marseilles,

about four hundred of his troops for Algiers. Being detained at Marseilles by some unforeseen circumstance, I had the pleasure of seeing these men shipped off on the first steamer. I took passage in the next. By some extraordinary fatality, for which there is no accounting, there were upward of five hundred additional troops shipped on this vessel. It was a consolation to know that a storm was brewing, and that they would soon be all sea-sick. Before we got out of the Gulf of Lyons I could have slain every man of them with a pocket-knife. It was therefore with a spirit of resignation that I saw the Norwegian soldiers come on board at Eidsvold. Fate had ordained that we should travel together, and it was no use to complain. Besides, I liked their looks. As stalwart, blue-eyed, jovial, and hearty-looking a set of fellows they were as ever I saw in any country—men of far higher intelligence and physical capacity than the average of soldiers in Continental Europe. That these were the right sort of men to fight for their country there could be no doubt. I have rarely seen finer troops any where than those of Norway.

The Miösen Lake is sixty-three miles in length, extending from Minde to Lillehammer, and varies in width from five to ten miles. The broadest part is opposite to Hamar, nearly at the centre, and not far from the Island of Helgeö. The shores embrace some of the finest farming lands in Norway; and after passing Minde the sloping hill-sides are dotted with pretty little farm-houses, and beautifully variegated with fields and orchards. In many places, so numerous are the cottages of the thrifty farmers hung in this favored region, that they resemble a continuous village, extending for many miles along the hill-sides. There is not much in the natural aspect of the country to attract the lover of bold mountain scenery. The beauties of the shores of Miösen are of a gentle and pastoral character, and become monotonous after a few hours. Near Hamar, on the right, there are the ruins of an old cathedral, burned and plundered by the Swedes in 1567.

Apart from the ordinary interest of the Miösen Lake, arising from the quiet pastoral character of its shores, it possessed a peculiar charm to me owing to the fact that, in 1755, when the great earthquake occurred at Lisbon, its waters rose twenty feet, and suddenly retreated. Only a few months previously I had visited the city of Lisbon, and stood upon the very spot where, in six minutes, over sixty thousand souls had been buried beneath the ruins. I was now, so to speak, following up an earthquake.

It was late at night when we arrived at the pretty little town of Lillehammer, at the head of the lake. Leaving the steamer here, I found myself, for the first time, beyond the limits of the English language. A Norwegian with whom I had become acquainted on board the boat was kind enough to walk up town with me and show me the way to the post station, where I had some difficulty in procuring accommodations, owing to the number of recent arrivals.

The town of Lillehammer contains twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, whose principal industry consists in the lumber business. Immense rafts are towed down the lake every day by the returning steamers, and carried by rail from Eidsvold to Christiania. The logs are drifted down the Logen River from the interior, and cut up at Lillehammer and Eidsvold. Such as are designed for spars are dressed and shipped at the latter place. There are many other points on the lake from which supplies of timber are also transferred to Christiania; so that between farming, fishing, and lumbering the inhabitants of this region make out a very comfortable subsistence, and generally own the lands upon which they reside. Many of them are wealthy—for this part of the world.

Lillehammer is prettily situated on an eminence, and consists of log and frame houses, presenting much the appearance of a Western lake village in the United States. The view of the Miösen and its verdant shores is very fine from the top of the hill. It was ten o'clock at night when I arrived, although the sky was still lighted up with a purple glow from the departed sun. Something of the wonderful scenic beauties of the country were still visible. A party of French tourists, who had come to Norway to make a three days' visit, set off at this late hour to see the torrent which breaks from the side of the mountain, about half a mile beyond the town. I was solicited to join them; but my passion for sight-seeing was rather obscured by the passion of hunger and thirst. At such times I am practical enough to prefer a good supper to the best waterfall in the world. Waterfalls can be postponed. Hunger must be promptly satisfied. Thirst makes one dry. A distant view of falling water is a poor substitute for a glass of good ale. There is no fear that any ordinary cataract will run itself out before morning.

This was my first experience of a post station, and very pleasant I found it. The inns of Norway are plain, cheap, and comfortable; not very elegant in appearance, but as good in all respects as a plain traveler could desire. I had a capital supper at Lillehammer, consisting of beef-steak, eggs, bread, butter, and coffee—enough to satisfy any reasonable man. The rooms are clean, the beds and bedding neat and comfortable; and the charge for supper, lodging, and breakfast not exceeding an average of about fifty cents. At some of the interior stations I was charged only about twenty-five cents, and in no instance was I imposed upon. The innkeepers are so generally obliging and good-natured that there is very little difficulty in getting along with them. A few words always sufficed to make my wants understood, and the greatest kindness and alacrity were invariably shown in supplying them. But I anticipate my journey.

After a pleasant night's rest I arose bright and early; and here being for the first time thrown completely upon my own resources in the way of language, was obliged to have recourse to my vocabulary to get at the means of

asking for breakfast and a horse and cariole. Fancy a lean and hungry man standing before a substantial landlord, trying to spell out a breakfast from his book, in some such way as this:

"Jeg vil Spise [I will eat]!"

"Ya, min Herr!" the landlord politely answers.

"Jeg vil Frokost [I will breakfast]!"

"Ya, min Herr;" and the landlord runs off into a perfect labyrinth of birds, fish, eggs, beef-steak, hot-cakes, and other luxuries, which the inexperienced traveler is vainly attempting to follow up in his book. In despair, he at length calls out:

"Ja! Ja!—that's all right! any thing you say, my fine old gentleman!"

At which the landlord scratches his head, for he doesn't understand precisely what you have selected. Now you take your book and explain, slowly and systematically.

"Kaffee!"

"Ja."

"Ægg!"

"Ja."

"Fisk!"

"Ja."

"Smör og Brod!"

Here the landlord is staggered, and scratches his head again. *Smör* he gets a glimmering of, but the bread stuns him. You try it in a dozen different ways—broad, breyd, breed, brode, braid. At length a light flashes upon his mind. You want bread! Simple as the word is, and though he pronounces it precisely according to one of your own methods, as you suppose, it is difficult to get the peculiar intonation that renders it intelligible.

"Ja!" And thus you lay the foundation of your breakfast; after which, having progressed so far in the language, there is no great difficulty in asking for a "*Heste og Cariole*" [a horse and cariole].

A little practice in this way soon enables the traveler to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language for the ordinary purposes of communication along the road. With a smattering of the German it comes very readily to one who speaks English, being something of a mixture between these two languages. I was really astonished to find how well I could understand it, and make myself understood, in the course of a few days; though candor obliges me to say that if there is any one thing in the world for which nature never intended me it is a linguist.

I was in hopes of finding at Lillehammer a party of tourists bound over the Dovre Fjeld to Trondhjem, of whom I had heard in Christiania. In this I was disappointed. They had started a few days previously. An omnibus was advertised to run as far as Elstad, some thirty-five miles up the valley of Gudbrandsdalen, which would be so much gained on my route. It seemed, however, that it only ran whenever a sufficient number of passengers offered—so I was obliged to give up that prospect.

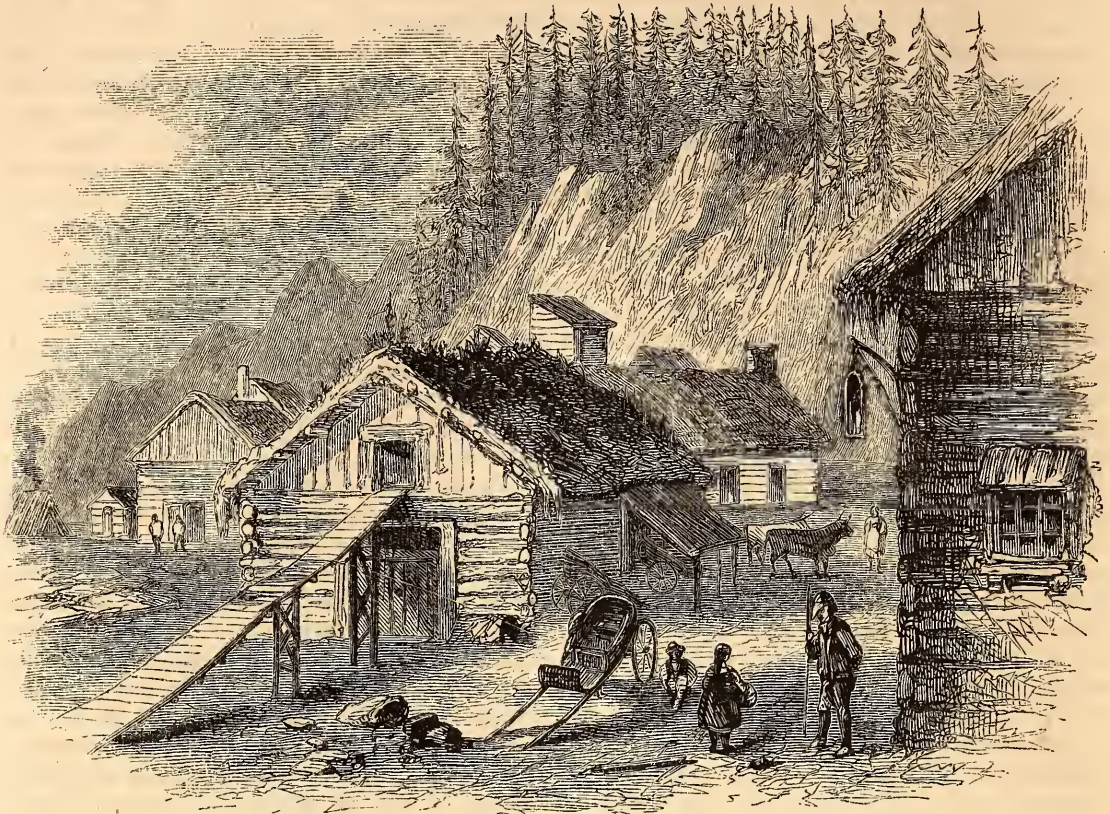
Nothing can be more characteristic of Nor-

wegian seclusion from the world than the rude means of inland communication between the principal cities. Here was a public highway between two of the most important sea-ports in the country—Christiania and Trondhjem—without as much as a stage to carry passengers. Every traveler has to depend upon his own vehicle, or upon such rude and casual modes of conveyance as he can find at the stations by the wayside. I asked the reason of this backward state of things, and was informed that the amount of travel is insufficient to support any regular stage line. The season for tourists lasts only about three months, and during the remainder of the year very few strangers have occasion to pass over the roads. In winter—which, of course, lasts very long in this latitude—the whole country is covered with snow, and sledges are altogether used, both for purposes of traveling and the transportation of merchandise from the seaboard. The products of the country—such as logs, spars, and boards—are prepared during these months for rafting down the rivers during the spring floods. Once, as I was told, an interesting Englishman had started a regular stage-line from Christiania to Trondhjem, in consequence of the repeated complaints of the traveling public, who objected to the delays to which they were subject; but he was soon obliged to discontinue it for want of patronage. When travelers had a convenient way of getting over they grumbled at being hurried through, and preferred taking the usual conveyances of the country, which afforded them an opportunity of enjoying the scenery and stopping wherever they pleased. People did not come all the way to Norway, they said, to fly through it without seeing any thing of its wonders and beauties. There was some philosophy in this, as well as a touch of human nature. It reminded me of the Frenchman in Paris who lived to be eighty years of age without ever leaving the city; when the King, for the sake of experiment, positively forbid him from doing so during the remainder of his life. The poor fellow was immediately seized with an inordinate desire to see something of the outside world, and petitioned so hard for the privilege of leaving the city, that the King, unable to resist his importunities, granted him the privilege; after which the man was perfectly satisfied, and remained in Paris to the day of his death.

By reference to a copy of the laws on the subject of post-travel, which I had procured in Christiania from a Mr. Bennet, I discovered that the system is singularly complicated and hazardous, as well as a little curious in some of its details. The stations are situated along the road about every eight or ten miles (counted in Norwegian by so many hours). Nothing that we would call a village is to be seen in any part of the interior, unless the few straggling farm-houses occasionally huddled together with a church in the centre may be considered in that light. The stations usually stand alone, in some isolated spot on the wayside; and consist of a little log or frame tavern, a long shambling

stable, innumerable odds and ends of cribs, store-houses, and outbuildings, forming a kind of court or stable-yard; a rickety medley of old carts and carioles lying about basking in the sun; a number of old white-headed men smoking their pipes, and leathery-faced women on household duties intent, with a score or so of little cotton-headed children running about over the manure pile in the neighborhood of the barn, to keep the pigs company; here and there a strapping lout of a boy swinging on a gate and whistling for his own amusement; while cows, sheep, goats, chickens, and other domestic animals and birds, browse, nibble, and peck all over the yard in such lazy and rural manner as would delight an artist. This is the ordinary Norwegian station.

There is always a good room for the traveler, and plenty of excellent homely fare to eat. At some few places along the route the station-houses aspire to the style and dignity of hotels, but they are not always the best or most comfortable. Then there are “fast” and “slow” stations—so called in the book of laws. At the fast stations the traveler can procure a horse and cariole without delay—fifteen minutes being the legal limit. At the slow stations he must wait till the neighborhood, for a distance of three or four miles perhaps, is searched for a horse—sometimes for both horse and cariole. If he chooses to incur the expense he can send forward a *Forbad*, or notice in advance, requiring horses to be ready at each station at a specified time; but if he is not there according to notice he must pay so much per hour for the delay. A day-book is kept at each of these post-houses, in which the traveler must enter his name, stating the time of his arrival and departure, where he came from, his destination, how many horses he requires, etc. In this formidable book he may also specify any complaint he has to make against the station-holder, boy, horse, cariole, or any body, animal, or thing, that maltreats him, cheats him, or in any way misuses him on the journey; but he must take care to have the inn-keeper or some such disinterested person as a witness in his behalf, so that when the matter comes before the Amtmand, or grand tribunal of justice, it may be fairly considered and disposed of according to law. When the inn-keeper, station-holder, posting-master, alderman, or other proper functionary on the premises, fails to present this book and require the traveler to sign his name in it, he (the ardent violator of laws) is fined; but the traveler need not flatter himself that the rule does not work both ways, for he also is fined if he refuses or intentionally neglects to write his name in the said book. The number of horses to be kept at fast stations is fixed by law, and no traveler is to be detained more than a quarter of an hour, unless in certain cases, when he may be detained half an hour. At a slow station he must not be detained over three hours—such is the utmost stretch of the law. Think of that, ye Gothamites, who complain if you are detained any where



STATION-HOUSE, LOGEN VALLEY.

on the face of the earth three minutes—only detained three hours every eight or ten miles! But for delay occasioned by any insuperable impediment, says the Norwegian law-book—such as a storm at sea, or too great a distance between the inns—no liability is incurred on either side. A Philadelphia lawyer could drive six-and-thirty coaches-and-four, all abreast, through such a law as that, and then leave room enough for a Stockton wagon and mule-team on each side. Who is to judge of the weather or the distance between the inns? When the traveler holds the reins he is responsible for the horse, but when the post-boy does the holding he, the said boy, is the responsible party. Should any post-horse be ill-treated or overdriven, when the traveler holds the reins, so that, in the language of the law, “the station-holder, inn-keeper, or two men at the next station can perceive this to be the case, the traveler shall pay for the injury according to the estimation of these men, and he shall not be allowed to be sent on until the payment is made.” The traveler pays all tolls and ferry charges. “When the road is very hilly, or is in out-of-the-way districts where there are but few horses in proportion to the travel, and the distance between the stations is unusually long, or under other circumstances where the burden on the people obligated to find horses is evidently very oppressive, etc.,” “it may be ordered by the King, after a declaration to that effect has been procured by the authorities, that payment for posting may be reckoned according to a greater distance, in proportion to the circumstances, as far as double the actual distance.”

In addition to all these formidable regulations—against which it seems to me it would be impossible for any ordinary man to contend—the tariff fixes the price of posting for fast and slow stations in towns, and fast and slow stations in the country; the only difficulty being to find where the towns are after you get into them, or to know at what stage of the journey you leave them. The Amtmand, by letter to all the authorities, likewise requires the tariff to be hung conspicuously in all the inns; which tariff, says the law, “is altered according to the rise and fall of provisions.”

When I came to study out all this, and consider the duties and obligations imposed on me as a traveler going a journey of three or four hundred miles; that I was to be subject to contingencies and liabilities depending upon the elements both by land and sea; that serious responsibilities fell upon me if I held the reins of the post-horse, and probably heavy risks of life and limb if the post-boy held them; that the inn-keeper, station-holder, alderman, or two men chosen miscellaneously from the ranks of society, were to judge of damages that might be inflicted upon the horse; that I must register my name in a day-book, and enter formal complaints against the authorities on the way about every ten miles; that the tariff might rise and fall five hundred times during the journey, for aught I knew, according to the rise and fall of provisions or the pleasure of the Amtmand; that conspiracies might be entered into against me to make me pay for all the lame, halt, blind, and spavined horses in the country, and my liberty

restrained in some desolate region of the mountains; that I could not speak a dozen words of the language, and had no other means of personal defense against imposition than a small pen-knife and the natural ferocity of my countenance—when all these considerations occurred to me, I confess they made me hesitate a little before launching out from Lillehammer.

However, the landlord of the post, a jolly and good-natured old gentleman, relieved my apprehensions by providing such a breakfast of coffee, eggs, beef-steak, fish, and bread, that my sunken spirits were soon thoroughly aroused, and I felt equal to any emergency. When I looked out on the bright hill-sides, and saw the sun glistening on the dewy sod, and heard the post-boys in the yard whistling merrily to the horses, I was prepared to face the great Amtmand himself. In a little while the horse and cariole designed for my use were brought up before the door, and the landlord informed me that all was "*fertig*."

Now, was there ever such a vehicle for a full-grown man to travel in? A little thing, with a body like the end of a canoe, perched up on two long shafts, with a pair of wheels in the rear; no springs, and only a few straps of leather for a harness; a board behind for the skydskaarl, or post-boy, to sit upon; and a horse not bigger than a large mountain goat to drag me over the road! It was positively absurd. After enjoying the spectacle for a moment, and making a hurried sketch of it, wondering what manner of man had first contrived such a vehicle, I bounced in, and stretched my legs out on each side, bracing my feet against a pair of iron catches, made expressly for that purpose. Fortunately I am a capital driver. If nature ever intended me for any one profession above all others, it must have been for a stage-driver. I have driven buggies, wagons, and carts in California hundreds of miles, and never yet killed any body. Like the Irishman, I can drive within two inches of a precipice without going over. Usually, however, I let the horse take his own way, which, after all, is the grand secret of skillful driving.

My baggage consisted of a knapsack, containing a few shirts and stockings, a sketch-book and some pencils, and such other trifling nick-nacks as a tourist usually requires in this country. I carried no more outside clothing than what common decency required: a rough hunting coat, a pair of stout cloth pantaloons, and an old pair of boots—which is as much as any traveler needs on a Norwegian tour; though it is highly recommended by an English writer that every traveler should provide himself with two suits of clothes, a Mackintosh, a portable desk, an India-rubber pillow, a few blankets, an opera-glass, a mosquito-net, a thermometer, some dried beef, and a dozen boxes of sardines, besides a stock of white bread and two bottles of English pickles.

With a crack of the whip that must have astonished the landlord and caused him some misgivings for the fate of his horse and cariole,

I took my departure from Lillehammer. About half a mile beyond the town we (the skydskaarl, myself, horse, and cariole) passed the falls—a roaring torrent of water tumbling down from the mountain side on the right. Several extensive saw-mills are located at this point. The piles of lumber outside, and the familiar sounds of the saws and wheels, reminded me of home. The scene was pretty and picturesque, but rather disfigured by the progress of Norwegian civilization. Passing numerous thriving farms in the full season of harvest, the road winding pleasantly along the hill-side to the right, the foaming waters of the Logen deep down in the valley to the left, we at length reached the entrance of the Gudbrandsdalen—that beautiful and fertile valley, which stretches all the way up the course of the Logen to the Dovre Fjeld, a distance of a hundred and sixty-eight miles from Lillehammer. It would be an endless task to undertake a description of the beauties of this valley. From station to station it is a continued panorama of dashing waterfalls, towering mountains, green slopes, pine forests overtopping the cliffs, rich and thriving farms, with innumerable log cottages perched up among the cliffs, and wild and rugged defiles through which the road passes, sometimes overhung by shrubbery for miles at a stretch. Flying along the smoothly-graded highway at a rapid rate; independent of all the world except your horse and boy; the bright sunshine glimmering through the trees; the music of the wild waters falling pleasantly on your ear; each turn of the road opening out something rich, new, and strange; the fresh mountain air invigorating every fibre of your frame; renewed youth and health beginning to glow upon your cheeks; digestion performing its functions without a pang or a hint of remonstrance; kind, genial, open-hearted people wherever you stop—is it not an episode in life worth enjoying? The valley of the Logen must surely be a paradise (in summer) for invalids.

At each station the traveler is furnished with a stunted little boy called the skydskaarl, usually clothed in the cast-off rags of his great-grandfather; his head ornamented by a flaming red night-cap, and his feet either bare or the next thing to it; his hair standing out in every direction like a mop dyed in whitewash and yellow ochre, and his face and hands freckled and sunburned, and not very clean; while his manners are any thing but cultivated. This remarkable boy sits on a board behind the cariole, and drives it back to the station from which it starts. He is regarded somewhat in the light of a high public functionary by his contemporary ragamuffins, having been promoted from the fields or the barn-yard to the honorable position of skydskaarl. His countenance is marked by the lines of premature care and responsibility, but varies in expression according to circumstances. The sum of four cents at the end of an hour's journey gives it an extremely amiable and intelligent cast. Some boys are constitutionally knowing, and have a quick, sharp look; others



STATION BOY.

again are dull and stolid, as naturally happens wherever there is a variety of boys born of different parents. For the most part, they are exceedingly bright and lively little fellows. Mounted on their seat of honor at the back of the cariole, they greatly enliven the way by whistling and singing, and asking questions in their native tongue, which it is sometimes very difficult to answer when one is not familiar with the language.

I had at Moshuus a communicative little boy, who talked to me incessantly all the way to Holmen without ever discovering, so far as I could perceive, that I did not understand a single word he said. Another, after repeated efforts to draw me out, fell into a fit of moody silence, and from that into a profound slumber, which was only broken off toward the end of our journey by an accident. The cariole struck against a stone and tilted him out on the road. He was a good deal surprised, but said nothing.

Another little fellow, not more than six or seven years of age—a pretty fair-haired child—was sent with me over a very wild and broken stage of the journey. He was newly dressed in a suit of gray frieze with brass buttons, and was evidently a shining light at home. On the road a dog ran out from the bushes and barked at us.

The poor little skydskaarl was frantic with terror, and cried so lustily that I had to take him into the cariole, and put him under my legs to keep him from going into fits. He bellowed all the way to the next station, where I endeavored to make the innkeeper understand that it was cruel to send so small a boy on such a hazardous journey. The man laughed, and said, "Ja! he is too little!" which was all I could get out of him. I felt unhappy about this poor child all day.

On another occasion I had a bright, lively little fellow about twelve years of age, who was so pleased to find that I was an American that he stopped every body on the road to tell them this important piece of news; so that it took me about three hours to go a distance of seven or eight miles. There was a light of intelligence in the boy's face that enabled me to comprehend him almost by instinct, and the quickness with which he caught at my half-formed words, and gathered my meaning when I told him of the wonders of California, were really surprising. This boy was a natural genius. He will leave his mountain home some day or other and make a leading citizen of the United States. Already he was eager to dash out upon the world and see some of its novelties and wonders.

At Laurgaard I was favored with a small urchin who must have been modeled upon one of Hogarth's pictures. He was a fixed laugh all over. His mouth, nose, ears, eyes, hair, and chin were all turned up in a broad grin. Even the elbows of his coat and the knees of his trowsers were wide open with ill-concealed laughter. He laughed when he saw me, and laughed more than ever when he heard me "*tale Norsk.*" There was something uncommonly amusing to this little shaver in the cut of a man's jib who could not speak good Norwegian. All the way up the hill he whistled, sang lively snatches of song, joked with the horse, and when the horse nickered laughed a young horse-laugh to keep him company. It did me good to see the rascal so cheery. I gave him an extra shilling at Braendhangen for his lively spirit, at which he grinned all over wider than ever, put the small change in his pocket, and with his red night-cap in one hand made a dodge of his head at me, as if snapping at a fly, and then held out his spare hand to give me a shake. Of course I shook hands with him.

Shaking hands with small boys, however, is nothing uncommon in Norway. Every boy on the entire route shook hands with me. Whenever I settled the fare the skydskaarl invariably pulled off his cap, or if he had none, gave a pull at the most prominent bunch of hair, and holding forth a flipper, more or less like a lump of raw beef, required me, by all the laws of politeness, to give it a shake. The simplicity with which they did this, and the awkward kindness of their manner, as they wished me a pleasant trip, always formed an agreeable episode in the day's travel. I have shaken a greater variety of boys' hands in Norway—of every size, kind,

and quality, fat, lean, clean and dirty, dry and wet—than ever I shook all over the world before. Notwithstanding the amount of water in the country, I must have carried away from Trondhjem about a quarter of a pound of the native soil. Between the contortions of body and limb acquired by a brief residence in Paris, the battering out of several hats against my knee in the process of bowing throughout the cities of Germany, and the shaking of various boys' hands on my trip through Norway, I consider that my politeness now qualifies me for any society.

It must not be understood, however, that I was always favored with the society of little boys. At one of the stations, which, for obvious reasons, it would be indiscreet to name, there was no boy visible except the ragamuffin who had accompanied me. He, of course, was obliged to return with the horse and cariole.

Three white-headed old men were sitting on a log near the stable basking in the sun, and gossiping pleasantly about by-gone times or the affairs of state—I could not understand which. Each of these venerable worthies wore a red night-cap, which in this country answers likewise for a day-cap, and smoked a massive wooden pipe. It was a very pleasant picture of rural content. As I approached they nodded a smiling "*God Aften!*" and rose to unharness the horse. An elderly lady, of very neat appearance and pleasing expression, came to the door and bade me a kindly welcome. Then the three old men all began to talk to me together, and when they said what they had to say about the fine weather, and the road, and the quality of the horse, and whatever else came into their antiquated heads, they led the horse off to the stable and proceeded to get me a fresh one. While they were doing that the elderly lady went back into the house and called aloud for some person within. Presently a fine buxom young girl, about seventeen years of age, made her appearance at the door. I flattered myself she wore rather a pleased expression when she saw me; but that might have been the customary cast of her fea-



GOOD-BY—MANY THANKS!

ures, or vanity on my part. At all events there was a glowing bloom in her cheeks, and a penetrating brilliancy in her large blue eyes, wonderfully fascinating to one who had not recently looked upon any thing very attractive in the line of female loveliness. She was certainly a model of rustic beauty—I had rarely seen her equal in any country. Nothing could be more lithe and graceful than her form, which was advantageously set off by a tight bodice and a very scanty petticoat. A pair of red woolen stockings conspicuously displayed the fine contour of her—ankles I suppose is the conventional expression, though I mean a great deal more than that. As she sprang down the steps with a light and elastic bound and took hold of the horse, which by this time the three old men were fumbling at to harness in the cariole, I unconsciously thought of Diana Vernon. She had all the daring grace and delicacy of the Scotch heroine—only in a rustic way. Seizing the horse by the bridle, she backed him up in a jiffy between the shafts of the cariole, and pushing the old gray-heads aside with a merry laugh, proceeded to arrange the harness. Having paid the boy who had come over from the last sta-



NORWEGIAN PEASANT FAMILY.

tion, and put my name and destination in the day-book, according to law, I refreshed myself by a glass of ale, and then came out to see if all was ready. The girl nodded to me smilingly to get in and be off.

I looked around for the boy who was to accompany me. Nobody in the shape of a boy was to be seen. The three old men had returned to their log by the stable, and now sat smoking their pipes and gossiping as usual; and the good-natured old landlady stood smiling and nodding in the door-way. Who was to take charge of the cariole? that was the question. Was I to go alone? Suppose I should miss the road and get lost in some awful wilderness? However, these questions were too much for my limited vocabulary of Norsk on the spur of the moment. So I mounted the cariole, resolved to abide whatever fate Providence might have in store for me. The girl put the reins in my hand and off I started, wondering why these good people left me to travel alone. I thought that they would naturally feel some solicitude about their property. Scarcely was I under way, when, with a bound like a deer, the girl was up

on the cariole behind, hanging on to the back of the seat with both hands. Perfectly aghast with astonishment, I pulled the reins and stopped. "What!" I exclaimed, in the best Norsk I could muster—"is the *Jomfru* going with me?" "*Ja!*" answered the laughing damsel, in a merry, ringing voice—"Ja! Ja! Jeg vil vise de Veien!—I will show you the way!"

Here was a predicament! A handsome young girl going to take charge of me through a perfectly wild and unknown country! I turned to the old lady at the door with something of a remonstrating expression, no doubt, for I felt confused and alarmed. How the deuce was I, a solitary and inexperienced traveler from California, to defend myself against such eyes, such blooming cheeks, such honeyed lips and pearly teeth as these—to say nothing of a form all grace and agility, a voice that was the very essence of melody, and the fascinating smiles and blandishments of this wild young creature! It was enough to puzzle and confound any man of ordinary susceptibility, much less one who had a natural terror of the female sex. But I suppose it was all right. The old lady nodded ap-

provingly; and the three old men smoked their pipes, and, touching their red night-caps, bid me—*Farrel! meget god reise!*—a pleasant trip! So without more ado I cracked the whip, and off we started. It was not my fault—that was certain. My conscience was clear of any bad intentions.

We were soon out of sight of the station, and then came a steep hill. While the pony was pulling and tugging with all his might, the girl bounced off, landing like a wood-nymph about six feet in the rear of the cariole; when, with strides that perfectly astonished me, she began to march up the hill, singing a lively Norwegian ditty as she sprang over the ruts and ridges of the road. I halted in amazement. This would never do. Respect for the gentler sex would not permit me to ride up the hill while so lovely a creature was taking it on foot. Governed by those high principles of gallantry, augmented and cultivated by long residence in California, I jumped out of the cariole, and with persuasive eloquence begged the fair damsel to get in and drive up the hill on my account; that I greatly preferred walking; the exercise was congenial—I liked it. At this she looked astonished, if not suspicious. I fancied she was not used to that species of homage. At all events she stoutly declined getting in; and since it was impossible for me to ride under the circumstances, I walked by her side to the top of the hill. A coolness was evidently growing up between us, for she never spoke a word all the way; and I was too busy trying to keep the horse in the middle of the road and save my breath to make any further attempts at conversation.

Having at length reached the summit, the girl directed me to take my place, which I did at once with great alacrity. With another active bound she was up behind, holding on as before with both hands to the back of the seat. Then she whistled to the horse in a style he seemed to understand perfectly well; for away he dashed down the hill at a rate of speed that I was certain would very soon result in utter destruction to the whole party. It was awful to think of being pitched out and rolling down the precipice, in the arms perhaps of this dashing young damsel, who being accustomed to the road would doubtless exert herself to save me.

"*Nu! Reise! Reise!*—travel!" cried this extraordinary girl; and away we went—over rocks, into ruts, against roots and bushes; bouncing, springing, splashing, and dashing through mud-holes; down hill and still down; whirling past terrific pits, jagged pinnacles of rock, and yawning gulfs of darkness; through gloomy patches of pine, out again into open spaces, and along the brinks of fearful precipices; over rickety wooden bridges, and through foaming torrents that dashed out over the road—the wild girl clinging fast behind, the little pony flying along madly in front, the cariole creaking and rattling as if going to pieces—myself hanging on to the reins in a perfect agony of doubt whether each moment would not be our last. I declare, on the faith of a traveler, it beat all the dangers

I had hitherto encountered summed up together. Trees whirled by, waterfalls flashed upon my astonished eyes, streaks of sunshine fretted the gloom with a net-work of light that dazzled and confounded me. I could see nothing clearly. There was a horrible jumble in my mind of black rocks and blue eyes, pine forests and flaming red stockings, flying clouds and flying petticoats, the roar of torrents and the ringing voice of the maiden as she cried, "*Flue! Gaae! Reise!*—Fly! Go it! Travel!" Only one thought was uppermost—the fear of being dashed to pieces. Great Heavens, what a fate! If I could only stop this infernal little pony, we might yet be saved! But I dared not attempt it. The slightest pull at the reins would throw him upon his haunches, and cariole and all would go spinning over him into some horrible abyss. All this time the wild damsel behind was getting more and more excited. Now she whistled, now she shouted, "*Skynde pa!*—Faster! faster!" till, fairly carried away by enthusiasm, she begged me to give her the whip, which I did, with a faint attempt at prayer. Again she whistled, and shouted "*Skynde pa!*—Faster! faster!" and then she cracked the most startling and incomprehensible Norwegian melodies with the whip, absolutely stunning my ears, while she shouted "*Gaae! Flue! Reise!*—Go it! Fly! Travel!" Faster and still faster we flew down the frightful hill. The pony caught the infection of enthusiasm, and now broke into a frantic run. "Faster! faster!" shrieked the wild girl in a paroxysm of delight.

By this time I was positively beside myself with terror. No longer able to distinguish the flying trees, waterfalls, and precipices, I closed my eyes, and gasped for breath. Soon the fearful bouncing of the cariole aroused me to something like consciousness. We had struck a rock, and were now spinning along the edge of a mighty abyss on one wheel, the other performing a sort of balancé in the air. I looked ahead, but there was neither shape nor meaning in the country. It was all a wild chaos of destructive elements—trees, precipices, red stockings, and whirling petticoats—toward which we were madly flying.

But there is an end to all troubles upon earth. With thanks to a kind Providence, I at length caught sight of a long stretch of level road. Although there were several short turns to be made before reaching it, there was still hope that it might be gained without any more serious disaster than the breaking of a leg or an arm. Upon such a casualty as that I should have compromised at once. If this extraordinary creature behind would only stop whistling and cracking the whip, and driving the little pony crazy by her inspiring cries, I might yet succeed in steering safely into the level road; but the nearer we approached the bottom of the hill the wilder she became—now actually dancing on the little board with delight, now leaning over to get a cut at the pony's tail with the whip, while she whistled more fiercely than ever, and cried



THE POST-GIRL.

out, from time to time, "*Flue! Gaee! Reise!*" Already the poor little animal was reeking with sweat, and it was a miracle he did not drop dead on the road.

However, by great good fortune, aided by my skill in driving, we made the turns, and in a few minutes more were safely jogging along the level road. Almost breathless, and quite bewildered, I instinctively turned round to see what manner of wild being this girl behind was. If you believe me, she was leaning over my shoulder, shaking her sides laughing at me—her sparkling blue eyes now all ablaze with excitement; her cheeks glowing like peonies; her lips wide apart, displaying the most exquisite set of teeth I ever beheld; while her long golden tresses, bursting from the red handkerchief which served as a sort of crowning glory to her head, floated in wavy ringlets over her shoulders. *Hermosa!* it was enough to thaw an anchorite! She was certainly very pretty—there was no doubt of that; full of life, overflowing with health and vitality, and delighted at the confusion and astonishment of the strange gentleman she had taken in charge.

Can any body tell me what it is that produces such a singular sensation when one looks over his shoulder and discovers the face of a pretty and innocent young girl within a few inches of his own, her beautiful eyes sparkling like a pair of stars, and shooting magic scintillations through and through him, body and soul, while her breath falls like a zephyr upon his cheek? Tell me, ye who deal in metaphysics, what is it? There is certainly a kind of charm in it, against which no mortal man is proof. Though naturally prejudiced against the female sex, and firmly convinced that we could get along in the world much better without them, I was not altogether insensible to beauty in an artistical point of view; otherwise I should never have been able to grace the pages of *HARPER* with the above likeness of this Norwegian sylph. After all, it must be admitted that they have a way about them which makes us feel overpowered and irresponsible in their presence. Doubtless this fair damsel was unconscious of the damage she was inflicting upon a wayworn and defenseless traveler. Her very innocence was itself her chiefest charm. Either she was the most innocent or

the most designing of her sex. She thought nothing of holding on to my shoulder, and talked as glibly and pleasantly, with her beaming face close to my ear, as if I had been her brother or her cousin, or possibly her uncle, though I did not exactly like to regard it in that point of view. What she was saying I could not conjecture, save by her roguish expression and her merry peals of laughter.

"*Jeg kan ikke tale Norsk!*—I can't speak Norwegian"—was all I could say; at which she laughed more joyously than ever, and rattled off a number of excellent jokes, no doubt at my helpless condition. Indeed, I strongly suspected, from a familiar word here and there, that she was making love to me out of mere sport—though she was guarded enough not to make any intelligible demonstration to that effect. At last I got out my vocabulary, and as we jogged quietly along the road, by catching a word now and then, and making her repeat what she said very slowly, got so far as to construct something of a conversation.

"What is your name, *skøn Jumfru?*" I asked.

"Maria," was the answer.

"A pretty name; and Maria is a very pretty girl."

She tossed her head a little scornfully, as much as to say Maria was not to be fooled by flattery.

"What is *your* name?" said Maria, after a pause.

"Mine? Oh, I have forgotten mine."

"Are you an Englishman?"

"No."

"A Frenchman?"

"No."

"A Dutchman?"

"No—I am an American."

"I like Americans—I don't like Englishmen," said the girl.

"Have you a lover?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to be married to him?"

"Yes, in about six months."

"I wish you joy."

"Thank you!"

At this moment a carriage drawn by two horses hove in sight. It was an English traveling party—an old gentleman and two ladies, evidently his wife and daughter. As they drew near they seemed to be a little perplexed at the singular equipage before them—a small horse, nearly dead and lathered all over with foam, a cariole bespattered with mud; a dashing fine girl behind, with flaunting hair, a short petticoat, and a flaming pair of red stockings; myself in the body of the cariole, covered from head to foot with mire, my beard flying out in every direction, and my hair still standing on end from the effects of recent fright—a very singular spectacle to meet in the middle of a public highway, even in Norway. The road was very narrow at the point of meeting. It became necessary for one of the vehicles to pull up the side of the hill a little in order to allow room for the other

to pass. Being the lighter party as well as under obligations of gallantry, I at once gave way. While endeavoring to make a passage the old gentleman gruffly observed to the public generally,

"What an excessively bad road!"

"Very!" said I.

"Beastly!" growled the Englishman.

"Abominable!" said I.

"Oh, you are an Englishman?" said the elderly lady.

"No, Madam—an American," I answered, with great suavity.

"Oh, an American!" said the young lady, taking out her note-book; "dear me, how very interesting!"

"From California," I added, with a smile of pride.

"How very interesting!" exclaimed the young lady.

"A great country," said I.

"Gray," observed the elderly lady, in an under tone, looking very hard at the girl, who was still standing on the little board at the back of the cariole, and who coolly and saucily surveyed the traveling party—"Gray, is that a Norwegian girl?"

"Yes, Madam; she is my postillion, only she rides behind, according to the Norwegian custom."

"Dear me!" cried the young lady; "how very interesting!"

"And dangerous, too," I observed.

The elderly lady looked puzzled. She was thinking of dangers to which I had no reference.

"Dangerous?" exclaimed the young lady.

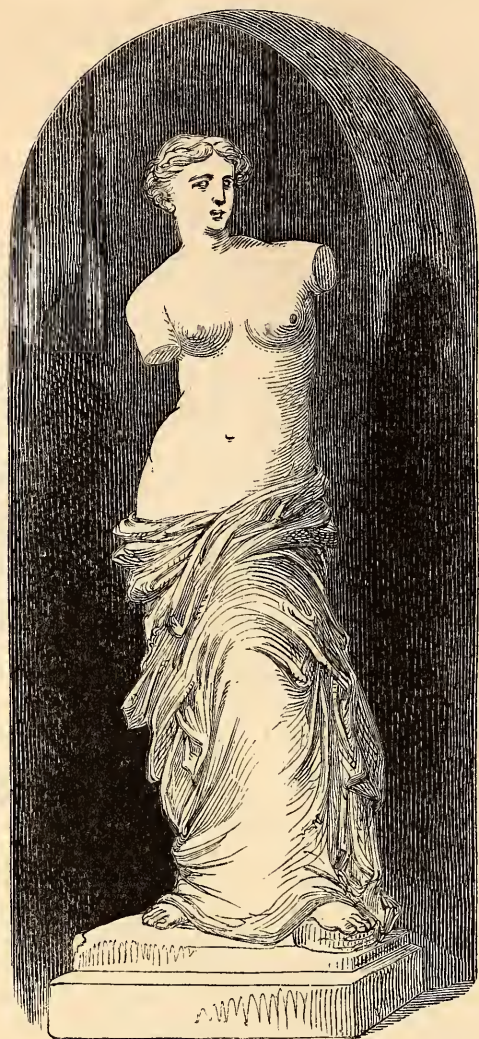
"Yes; she came near breaking my neck down that hill;" and here I gave the party a brief synopsis of the adventure.

"Devilish odd!" growled the old Englishman, impatiently. "Good-day, Sir. Come, get up!"

The elderly lady said nothing, but looked suspicious.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young lady as they drove off; "how very—" This was the last I heard, but I suppose she considered it interesting. The whole affair, no doubt, stands fully recorded in her note-book.

The way being now clear, we proceeded on our journey. In a little while the station-house was in sight, and after a few minutes' drive I was obliged to part from my interesting companion. At first I hesitated about proffering the usual fee of four shillings; but upon reflection it occurred to me that I had no right to consider her any thing more than a post-boy. It was worth something extra to travel with one so lively and entertaining, so I handed her double the usual allowance; at which she made a very polite courtesy, and greatly relieved my embarrassment by giving me a hearty shake of the hand and wishing me a pleasant journey. This was the last I saw of my Norwegian Diana. She is a young damsel of great beauty and vivacity, not to say a little wild. I trust she is now happily married to the object of her affections.



THE VENUS OF MILO.

SOCIAL ÆSTHETICS.

STANFORD GREY sat in his library talking with Daniel Tomes. Fast friends for years, these men were yet notably unlike. Grey, though a student, as every thing about him showed, had the air of a man of the world and the manner of society. His very tone of voice, though as natural as the cry of a new-born child (and babies, especially girl babies, soon learn to cry affectedly), told of culture. His face expressed reserve, and was so remarkably free from any look of self-assertion that you might have thought it weak until you found the mild gray eye looking steadily back into yours, and saw, as the mustache curled away from the mouth, how firmly the lips were set together; and then, if you had learned the art to know men, you would see that this man had a strong will, though no excess of energy, and was brimful of courage, though he lacked pugnacity. A temperament this which made its possessor very tolerant of others' opinions, but very tenacious of his own. His dress, though simple and inexpensive, was selected with an eye to harmony of color and becomingness; though this was not noticeable until attention was directed to it. The library in which he sat showed equally that the sense of the beauti-

ful pervaded his life. For although it was plainly his working-room, and a little Russia sewing-case and a cocoa-nut humming-top on a table in one corner gave evidence that it was invaded with impunity by at least one woman and one child, the prints upon the walls, the casts of antique statues standing wherever a nook could be made for them, the combination of rich, low-toned colors throughout the apartment, and the very placing of the books which nearly covered the walls, and which were not shelved haphazard, but arranged so that their various hues relieved and set off each the other, all bore evidence to the exacting and never slumbering taste of the occupant.

In Daniel Tomes the observant eye detected at once a singularly well-balanced organization. A head not noticeably large, poised upon a strong, well-rounded neck, springing from broad shoulders, a deep chest, muscular limbs, and a stature little short of six feet, showed a man of vigor and endurance, one sure of long life, if he escaped accident and pestilential poison. His black hair curled closely over his well-rounded head. His lips were full and red; the upper bowed. The lower part of his oval face had a blue tinge, given by his heavy, closely shaven beard; for he wore not even whiskers. His nose neatly approached the Grecian model—a form of the feature remarkably frequent in Americans of pure English blood. It was difficult to see his eyes, because they were covered with spectacles; but they were dark, and had that slight prominence which phrenologists have reason for associating with copious gift of language. The spectacles were worn only to aid short sight; for both he and Grey lacked three or four years of forty; and yet, although Tomes was but a year the older, a certain gravity and staidness of bearing caused Grey always to feel young by the side of his friend, and to look to him for counsel as to an elder brother who had had ten years more experience of life. And yet Grey had one very important experience which Tomes had not; for the former had been married some years, while the latter was a bachelor. Tomes was also plainly either indifferent to or incapable of the sense of beauty, which so penetrated the whole being of Grey. His manner was a strange mixture of shyness and self-confidence; his movements were made with twice as much muscular exertion as was necessary; his voice, though full and rich and strong, was so ill-modulated, except under the influence of that strong excitement which makes almost every man eloquent, that what he said often lost much of its significance and weight; and his dress, although it cost twice as much as Grey's, looked as if it were made up of parts of various suits—which indeed it was; for to him a coat was but a coat, whatever its form, and a waistcoat but a waistcoat, whatever its color, and he wore his wardrobe promiscuously. With all this, he not only seemed, but was a man of mark among his acquaintances. His air was bold, and, when he was roused out of the brown stud-

ies into which he was apt to fall, determined, almost aggressive. He was just and benevolent, but not very considerate of others' feelings. He looked as if he might have counseled Cromwell and fought beside him.

Tomes had been making an argumentative onslaught upon his host, who was recovering himself with "Very true, Tomes, but—" when the other broke out—

"'But, but;' there's no 'but' about it. There is no more connection between moral excellence and material beauty than there is between the appetizing inside and the forbidding outside of an oyster. They have nothing to do with each other; no relations of any kind whatever. A cock-pheasant is a handsome bird, and is good to eat; a canvas-back duck is not handsome, but is better; a terrapin is hideous, but is best of all. It is just so with men. Their merit has nothing whatever to do with their appearance; and the least attractive are often the most worthy."

GREY. "Who disputes such truth as that? Not I, certainly. Pray let your man of straw rest without more demolishing."

TOMES. "You may not dispute it by word, but you do by deed. There is not an act that you perform, or an article with which you provide yourself, which is not a silent assertion of the cardinal point of your faith, that the good and the beautiful are coexistent if not the same. Why—Let me see your watch.—There, that's a thing for a man of sense like you to carry, when the only reasonable object you can have in carrying it is the service it can render you; for you carry it concealed, and neither you nor any one else sees it but for the moment when you consult it. A thin, wafer-like gimcrack, that it must cost you a good part of your income to keep in any sort of order. Why not carry something like this?—There, that belonged to my father before me; and it was the best one that money could buy in England. It looks like what it is: substantial, solid, serviceable."

GREY. "Illustration unhappily chosen, O sagest Mentor! For my Jurgensen, with a little care, will run within half a second a day of the true time, the whole year round; while your Tobias—I can see it's a Tobias at this distance—can't be kept within much less than a quarter of a minute by all the attention you and the watch-maker can give it. And besides, O Daniel! you have digged a pit and fallen into it. For even you are pleased with the beauty of your watch, and praise it."

TOMES. "When? How? I do no such thing."

GREY. "Did you not just now say that your watch looked like what it is—substantial, solid, serviceable? In other words, you attributed to it the beauty of fitness. That beauty gratified you. You were in error as to the excellence of which you regarded it as the exponent; but that mistake does not affect the genuineness of the gratification which was founded upon it, or, I think, its reasonableness. It showed me that

even you (pardon me!) are capable of instruction in the art of making life beautiful; and that you being so capable, all men also are, to a greater or less degree, with very few exceptions. Again pardon me. But I know that you will take no offense."

TOMES. "You are right in that. I can not believe that you could have the intention to offend me; and therefore I should not be offended at any thing that you would say, unless you plainly showed that intention. And, besides, to be offended I must first know with what you mean to charge me. What is this art of making life beautiful at my capacity for learning which you sneer?—well, since you look so deprecatingly, at which you jeer? There's no offense, you know."

GREY. "Let me read again the passage whence our brief discussion started. You acknowledge that Arthur Helps is one of the soundest and healthiest thinkers of the day, though you say he is not remarkably original; and this is what he says in his paper on the 'Art of Living': 'I think it may also be observed that, independently of these errors committed with regard to scientific matters, such as change of air, maintenance of warmth, and the supply of light, there is also a singular inaptitude of means to ends, which prevails generally throughout the human aids and appliances for living—I mean dress, houses, equipages, and household furniture. The causes of this unsuitableness of means to ends lie very deep in human nature, and in the present form of human society. I attribute them chiefly to the imitative nature of the great bulk of mankind, and to the division of labor; which latter practice being carried to a great extent in every civilized state, renders a man expert in his own business, but timid even in judging of what he has not to make but only to use. The result is, I believe, that more than one-half of what we do to procure good is needless or mischievous: in fact, that more than half of the labor of the world is wasted: in savage life, by not knowing what is necessary; in civilized life, by the pursuit of what is needless.' Helps follows his subject out only in its moral aspects, and considers the want of truth, the vanity, shyness, imitation, foolish concern about trifles, want of faithfulness to society, and Puritanical notions, which he rightly regards as hindrances to social culture and improvement. Now, what I call making life beautiful, is the bringing of intellectual refinement and cultivated taste to bear not only upon mere works of literature and art, but upon these very material everyday matters of dress, houses, equipages, and household furniture; so that the world which we make for ourselves may be, if possible, as beautiful as the natural world in which God has placed us."

TOMES. "Perhaps there is no positive harm in that. And yet there may be, by its causing neglect of that which is of more importance. For of what real use is that intellectual refinement upon which you set so high a value? How much better is discipline than culture! Of how

much greater worth to himself and to the world than your gentleman of cultivated tastes is the man who, by physical and mental training, the use of his muscles, the exercise of his faculties, the restraint of his appetites, has acquired vigor, endurance, self-reliance, self-control! Let a man be pure, honorable, and industrious, and what remains for him to do, and of time in which to do it, is of very small importance."

GREY. "You talk as if you were the son of a Stoic father by a Puritan mother, and had inherited the moral and mental traits of both your parents."

TOMES. "Many worse things have been said of me, and few better; but to describe me is not to meet my arguments."

GREY. "Well, then, Zeno Barebones, don't you see, that, after man has provided for his first necessities—food, shelter, and clothing—he must needs set about making the life comfortable that he has made possible; that he will seek first comfort and then pleasure; and that the pleasures which he will seek, next after those which are purely sensual, will be the embellishment of his external life—his person, his clothes, his habitation, his tools, and weapons? And do you not also see that the craving which he thus supplies is just as natural, that is, just as much the inevitable result of his organization, as those to which necessity gave precedence? There is not a savage in any country who does not begin to strive to live handsomely just as soon as he has contrived to live at all; that is, if he is any thing more than a mere animal; and his efforts in this direction are a sure gauge of the degree of his intelligence and even his moral tone."

TOMES. "Your savage is more unfortunately chosen by you than my watch was by me. What do you think of your red man, who makes no provision for the morrow, but supplies his animal needs for the moment as he can, and living in squalor, filth, and discomfort, yet daubs himself with grease and paint, and adorns his head with feathers, his neck with bears' claws, and his girdle with scalps? What of your black barbarian, whose life is a succession of unspeakable abominations, and who embellishes it by blackening his teeth, tattooing his skin, and thrusting a fish-bone or a ring through the gristle of his nose? Either of them will barter his last morsel for a glass bead or a brass button. What can be more manifest than that all this business of the embellishment of life is a mere manifestation of personal vanity—inborn lust of the eye and pride of life, shown by the savage according to his savageness, and by the civilized man according to his civilization?"

GREY. "Certainly the love of the beautiful is common to all men. The savage does manifest this love according to his savageness. When a man rises in the scale of civilization his whole nature rises. You can't go up a ladder piecemeal. The red man's smoky wigwam, the negro's filthy mud hut, the degradation which both inflict upon women, are no surer evidence of

barbarity than the parti-colored face of the one or the perforated nostril of the other."

TOMES. "No surer evidence of barbarity! Grey, what do you mean? Would you place an offense against good taste on a level with oppression of the weaker half of mankind, selfish and cruel addition to the burdens which nature has laid upon it?"

GREY. "I certainly said no surer evidence; and I stand to it. But the certainty of the evidence has nothing to do with the nature of the act. This you know; and so I sha'n't take offense at your exclamations or interrogations, or even refer you to Mrs. Grey as to my comparative estimate of offenses against taste and against the sacredness of her sex.—But to return to our topic. Call this desire to enjoy beauty, and to be a part of that beauty which contributes to the enjoyment of others, the lust of the eye or what you please, you will find it coextensive with the race; and that its reasonable gratification tends to harmonize and to mollify mankind, to sweeten life, and even to invigorate it by giving it the healthy stimulus of variety; that it helps to lift men above debasing pleasures, and to foster the finer social feelings by promoting the higher social enjoyments."

TOMES. "Yes; that sounds very fine. It harmonizes mankind, or womankind, by making them jealous of each other's success in what you call society. It makes women sneer at their dear friends' bonnets, and turn up their noses at their carpets and furniture; or what's worse, daub them—I mean the friends, not the furniture—with slimy, loathsome flattery. It mollifies them by making them envious and covetous. It sweetens life by creating heart-burnings about trifles. It gives a stimulus of variety by making all human creatures, especially women creatures, strive to dress exactly alike; to wit, in the fashion. It promotes high social enjoyments by making people give 'at homes,' at which they crowd their houses with a mob of acquaintances they don't care a button for, and who come only to show their dresses and get their supper, and who succeed only in getting their dresses torn off their backs, and in spilling their suppers in each other's laps."

GREY. "That's the society into which you go, Tomes. I have nothing to do with such vulgar people. But, seriously: granted the truth of your caricatured description, what has the manifestation of vanity, envy, hatred, and vulgarity to do with that which is the mere occasion, as any thing else, even religion, might be the occasion of their exhibition? There is not the least connection in the world between a cultivated taste and the petty and contemptible vices which you have just catalogued with so much gusto."

TOMES. "I'm not so sure of that. At any rate, they are very often found in company together."

GREY. "True; but not oftener than honesty and meanness, kindness and clownishness, sincerity and hardness of heart, hospitality and de-

bauchery, chastity and uncharitableness; and with no more connection with each other than these virtues and these vices have."

Tomes hesitated a moment for a reply; and whether he could have made one which would have satisfied even himself will never be known. For while his host was speaking steps were heard in the hall, and before Tomes had thought what to say, the library door opened slowly, and a clear, soft voice said, "May we come in?" "Certainly," answered Grey, "here's your ancient enemy, Mr. Tomes; now my antagonist and prospective vanquisher." And Mrs. Grey entered, but not alone. She was followed by a fair, brown-haired beauty, Miss Laura Larches, whom Grey greeted with that mingling of deference, admiration, and courtesy with which your man of society tacitly recognizes the claims of an acknowledged belle. Tomes was presented to her, and bowed like a well-sweep. The ladies were attended by Mr. Carleton Key, an exceedingly exquisite person, and manifestly of "very soft society," whom Tomes set down at sight as an egregious ass. All took chairs but Mrs. Grey, who, indulging in her own house and among friends, a woman's liking of a low seat, sank down with a little feminine sigh of satisfaction upon a hassock, where her head and shoulders crowned a vast hemisphere of silk and crinoline.

After customary salutations and inquiries, Grey turned to his wife: "How did the reception go off, Nelly? A brilliant affair, I suppose, as all Mrs. Moulton's affairs are?"

MRS. GREY. "Of course it was. A woman as clever as Mrs. Moulton is don't grow gray and keep beautiful during twenty-five years' devotion to society, with all material means and appliances of success, without having her pick of the whole town, and the tact to put her acquaintances to good use. She asked for you."

GREY. "That of course, too; and was quite desolate—that's the phrase, isn't it?—while you were in hearing, because I wasn't there; and when your back was turned was radiant with delight because some one else—Miss Larches or Mr. Key—was there."

MRS. GREY. "You're an incorrigible creature, Stanford. I'm sure she likes you, and me, too. Must a woman be heartless because she's the fashion? And then you're never tired of admiring her dress, and her black eyes and gray curls."

MISS LARCHES. "I'm sure every body must love dear Mrs. Moulton. She is so elegant, has such charming manners, and is always so kind to every body."

TOMES. "What, Miss Larches, to those who don't deserve kindness?"

MISS LARCHES. "Why yes, Mr. Tomes, because—because—"

MR. KEY. "Because, Mr. Tomes, you know, as Hamlet says, 'Use every man according to his desert, and who should escape whipping?'"

Mrs. Grey's brown eyes flashed merry malice at the astonishment with which Tomes received

this retort from such a quarter—uttered, too, as it was, with a calm evenness of tone which was almost languid.

GREY. "As to Mrs. Moulton she's no more heartless, I suppose, than any other woman, who is as heartless as she. But the best proof of her honesty that I know of, and of her good taste—next to her professed liking for me—is that she was the first woman, in our society at least, to let her curls grow gray in full sight of the world; though it is so becoming that I more than suspect that I must credit her taste much and her honesty nothing. As to you, Nelly, you are married, and so are no longer a magnet to attract young men to her rooms; you are poor, and can't entertain; and so I don't believe she really cares a hair-pin whether she ever sees you again, except in so far as you make one of a passably well-dressed and tolerable well-bred crowd of people that she likes to have around her."

MRS. GREY. "Such is the gallantry of husbands! Laura, take warning. Over the door of the house that a woman enters as a married mistress is written, though she don't see it when she goes in, 'Who enters here leaves all hope—of compliments—behind.'"

MR. KEY. "Quite a woman's idea of the *Inferno*, I should say."

TOMES. "Why should a woman be complimented? Why should any one be complimented? Complimenting is fit amusement for little girls, who take pleasure in making believe. When any one compliments me it makes me angry."

MRS. GREY. "That's the reason you are always so good-humored, Mr. Tomes, isn't it?—except when you're here."

Tomes was used to this from his friend's wife, who, he knew, respected him, and for whom he had a real regard; and so he took it gruffly but kindly. But Grey returned to the charge and broke out, "Nelly, I take back what I said just now. I said you were one of a crowd of passably well-dressed people. It isn't so. You are abominably ill dressed; and so—I beg Miss Larches's pardon—are all women nowadays. See as you sit there with your gown all puffed out around you—you look like one of those Dutch toys that are human creature o' top and ball below, and as if Mr. Key would but give you a gentle touch you would bob back and forth for half an hour. There's not a fold or a line about you that has any of the grace of drapery; and not only so, but not a tint about you, except that orange ribbon, can be rightly called a color. To be passably well dressed you would have to begin by taking off your hoop."

MRS. GREY. "Take off my hoop? Would you have me look like a fright? as slinky as if I had been drawn through a keyhole?"

MISS LARCHES. "Take off her hoop!"

MR. KEY. "Be seen without her hoop? Why, what a guy a woman would look without her hoop? I suppose they do take them off at certain times; but then they are not visible to the naked eye."

TOMES. "Yes, Grey, why take off her hoop? I don't care, you know, to have hoops worn. But worn or not worn, what matter? A woman, I suppose, is not like a barrel, liable to fall into ruins if her hoops are taken off."

GREY. "Yes, I suppose that a woman would really rather be seen with a hole in the heel of her stocking now than without a hoop. Yet ten years ago no woman wore a hoop; and did they then look like frights and guys? How was it with you, Nelly? About that time we were married; and perhaps you were a fright, but people generally didn't think so, whatever my private opinion—of which you knew nothing—might have been."

MISS LARCHES. "But it wasn't the fashion then to wear hoops, Mr. Grey; and to be out of the fashion is to be a fright and a guy. The fashion is always pretty."

GREY. "Is it, Miss Larches? I think that it is true that those who wear the fashions are generally pretty. But as to the fashions themselves, see here. This port-folio contains a collection of prints which shows the fashion of ladies' dresses in Italy, France, and England, for

eight hundred years back. I think that not one in a hundred of them is beautiful, and not more than one in twenty endurable; but I expect you to admire them all."

MISS LARCHES. "Fashions! Why, Mr. Grey, these are caricatures."

MR. KEY. "Certainly some of these ladies look as if they were fearfully and wonderfully made."

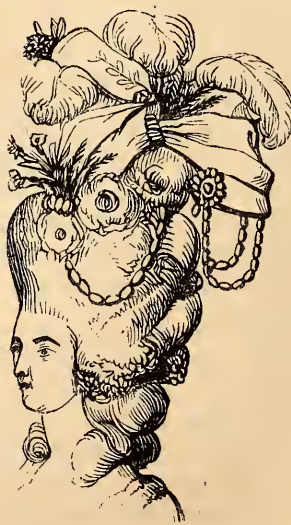
GREY. "But they represent veritable cos-



HORNED HEAD-DRESSES.



BALL DRESS:—1810.



HEAD-DRESSES:—1750.

tumes, I can assure you. Those of the last seventy-five years are fashion-plates; the earlier ones portraits."

TOMES. "Portraits, indeed; and yet most of these people had done nothing worthy of the distinction which a portrait implied in their day, except that they did the world the honor of being born to a title and estate."

MRS. GREY. "I am not surprised at your wondering looks, Laura. Not to go far back, look at this ball-dress of 1810—a night-gown—no, it's too scant for a night-gown—a chemise of pink silk."

MR. KEY. "Evidence that women's effort to outstrip each other in dress did not begin in the present generation. Those were probably days of hasty marriages."

MRS. GREY. "Why, Mr. Key?"

MR. KEY. "No need of a man's waiting to see more of a woman than he saw on the first acquaintance."

TOMES. "Surely modest women were never seen in such a gown as that."

GREY. "Yes, our modest and somewhat precise grandmothers. These were the gowns of which Talleyrand said that they began too late and ended too soon. But my dear old Aunt Sarah—you remember her, Nelly?—not a prude to be sure—too truly modest for that; but certainly one of the most decorous as well as the best of women, told me that when she was a girl of seventeen she once, by a sudden little spring, somewhat more vigorous than she meant to make, split her petticoat half-way to the knee. Was she less modest at shy seventeen than when,

in the ample robes as well as with the acquired experience of fifty years later, she told me the story? What is modest in dress depends entirely, up to a certain point, on what is customary. Unconsciousness is modesty's triple shelter against shame. Immodesty may hide as well as expose. Look at this figure covered close from the chin to the instep and the wrist, and at this in a gown (if gown it can be called) so loose at the bust that the pink chemise would blush crimson at it. The first is the dissolute Marguerite of Lorraine; the last, *La belle* Hamilton, no less chaste than beautiful, so that she escaped in the Court of Charles II. the breath of scandal, even from the tongues of envious and eclipsed beauties."

MRS. GREY. "Women have become more modest since then."

MR. KEY. "Or less charitable."

MRS. GREY. "Mr. Key would have us believe that the gallantry of his sex has kept pace with the charity of ours."

MR. KEY. "Exactly. Men are not gallant now—only good-natured. Haven't the time and nervous energy to spare for gallantry. But one is tempted to be out of the fashion at Mrs. Grey's; and so to err a little on the other side for the sake of saving one's reputation from the reproach of old fogysm."

MRS. GREY. "I surrender."

MISS LARCHES. "But, Nelly, do look at these hideous peaked and horned head-dresses! How frightful! how inconvenient! how uncomfortable!"

GREY. "Frightful, inconvenient, and uncomfortable. Is that all? They were the fashion, and that was enough. And besides, how could they be frightful, Miss Larches, for the fashion is always pretty?"



MARGUERITE OF LORRAINE:—1590.



LA BELLE HAMILTON:—1670.

TOMES. "A question which I can put to you with a great deal more propriety than you to Miss Larches. For this is but a manifestation of that craving for the beautiful the satisfaction of which you so strongly insist on."

MISS LARCHES. "Thank you, Mr. Tomes."

GREY. "You forget, Tomes, that I also hold that the instinct must be cultivated; and, above all, that it should be freed from the trammels of servile imitation—that is, of mere fashion. But, ladies, don't confine your criticism to these fourteenth century head-dresses. Look through the costumes of the three succeeding centuries and see how elaborately and hideously the head was deformed, apparently for the sole purpose of having a head look like any thing but a head, and hair like any thing but hair."

MR. KEY. "Perhaps the ladies did it for a difference; as French dames of position and character used to wear a patch of rouge directly under the eyes, because color, real or artificial, could be found naturally distributed on the cheeks of the vulgar and the virtue-less."

GREY. "You have hit upon the very reason. No woman, for instance, could wear her hair dressed in the style of this costume of 1750, unless she was rich enough to do nothing and to command the services of two waiting-maids. Her head-dress is a structure erected with skill and pains, and to be preserved with care. Her hair is drawn violently back from her forehead and piled up on a cushion nine inches high. Its texture is defiled with grease, and its color concealed with flour. She has four formal curls, hanging, like rolls of parchment, from the top of this cushion to below her ear. And o' top of all this are feathers and artificial flowers, and behind, a mass of be-greased, be-powdered hair hanging in a club; the result of the whole being hideous monstrosity, which showed that she could afford to give up two hours a day to this disfigurement of her pretty head."

TOMES. "But she attained her end, which was to please herself and others; and so what matter whether in her way or in yours?"

GREY. "Doubtless: for, as you see, she was beautiful; and, as fashion did not quite require her to flatten her nose and paint her cheeks pea-green, she could not destroy the effect of that which she left in its natural condition. As to her incongruous and monstrous additions to her person, the people she met were used to them; and so she was yet beautiful in spite of them, but not by reason of them. There have been countless similar cases since: there are some now."

MR. KEY. "Miss Larches blushes at that look; but whether with pleasure at the compliment to herself or indignation at the disparagement of her toilet deponent saith not."

GREY. "The first, I trust."

MRS. GREY. "The last, I know. There never was a woman yet who didn't resent a slight to her costume more heartily than she prized a tribute to her beauty. But what could the women have said to each other about their dresses,

between 1575 and 1600, when this was the fashion? Stomachers like wedges, stiff with embroidery and heavy with jewels, and with points that reach half-way from the waist to the ground. Ruffs a quarter of a yard deep and as stiff as buckram. See this portrait of Queen Elizabeth in full dress! What with stomacher, and pointed waist, and farthingale, and spreading ruff, and skirt, covered with ouches and jewels and puckers, she looks like a microscopic view of a hideous flying insect with expanded wings, not at all like a woman."



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

GREY. "And her critic's costume rivals hers in the very peculiarity by which she is most deformed, by which her figure is made most unlike that of a woman—the straight outline of the waist and the rising curve below it, meeting in such a sharp, unnatural angle. If you would see how these lines misrepresent those of nature, look at the Venus of Milo yonder; she is naked to the hips."

MR. KEY. "But the civilized world of modern days has tacitly agreed that woman's figure below the shoulders should be imagined rather than defined. Does Mr. Grey propose to substitute the charming reality of undisguised nature?"

GREY. "We may veil or even conceal nature, as our taste or our notions of propriety dictate; but we can not misrepresent or distort her except at the cost of both beauty and propriety. Look at these full-length portraits of Catherine de Medicis and the Princess Marguerite, daughter of Francis I., of France."

MISS LARCHES. "What dowdies!"

MRS. GREY. "No, not both. Marguerite's dress is pretty in spite of those puffed epaulets upon her shoulders."

MR. KEY. "Strange perversity which sees the



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS:—1550.



MARGUERITE OF LORRAINE:—1590.

dress before the woman! I notice first that the Princess is a beauty, and the Queen a fright."

GREY. "The ladies are right, from their point of view. Those sleeves rising in Catherine's robe above the shoulders are very unsightly, and, in case of the Queen, only complete the expression of the costume, which is a grim and graceless stiffness. The reason of this is that the outline which these sleeves present is directly at variance with that of nature. The peculiar sexual characteristic of this part of woman's figure is the gentle downward curve by which the lines of the shoulder pass into those of the arm. Our knowledge of this enters, consciously or unconsciously, into our judgment of this costume, and we condemn it at once because it is elaborately monstrous. Mr. Key's pretty princess cuts a less hideous figure, because in her case the slope of the shoulder is preserved until the very junction of the arm with the bust; and partly because her bust and waist are defined by her gown with a tolerably near approach to nature, instead of being concealed, as is the case with her royal sister-in-law, by stiff, straight lines, which slant downward on all sides to the ground, making the remorseless instigator of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew look like an enormous extinguisher with a woman's head set on it."

TOMES. "I like the color of Marguerite's dress."

GREY. "Well done, Tomes! You are right.

One great cause of the superiority of her costume is that it presents a contrast of rich color in unbroken masses, while the Queen wears black velvet patched with white satin and elaborately disfigured—ornamented, she would call it—with embroidery, ermine, lace, and jewels."

MISS LARCHES. "It is very ugly."

MRS. GREY. "Hideous."

GREY. "You are very prompt and decided in the condemnation of a costume to which your eyes are unaccustomed; but look at that which you wear, and which I confess that it would be very difficult for you to avoid wearing. Here are two fashion-plates of last month.* Look at that shawled lady. If you did not know that her shoulders are covered with a shawl, and that what surmounts the shawl is a bonnet, you would not suspect the figure to be human. The outlines are just those of a pyramid, slightly rounded at the apex, and nearly as broad across the base as it is high. What is there of woman in such a figure? See, too, this evening full dress."

MR. KEY. "Full enough—at the bottom; but not much dress at the top."

GREY. "Mr. Key will please not interrupt by impertinent observations. This figure brings to mind the enchantments in the stories of the Dark Ages, in which knights were exposed to the allurements of fiends, who are women to the

* This conversation took place in April, 1859.



SHAWL AND LADY:—1859.

breast, and monsters below. From the head as far as half-way down the waist this figure is natural.

MR. KEY. "Under the circumstances, couldn't be otherwise. *Au naturel* I should call it, except for a little spice of flowers and lace. Looks like a portrait of Madame la Comtesse l'Epine, whose neck begins one inch and a quarter below her shoulder-blades."

MRS. GREY. "You are exact in your scandal, Mr. Key. How do you know?"

MR. KEY. "Measured. Stood ten minutes behind her at Mrs. Moulton's last crush. Calculation very exact. Shoulder-blades sufficiently prominent. Charley Bang, who's in the Coast Survey, said it was a splendid chance for measurement by triangulation."

GREY. "Well, from a point which may be seen, but need not be named, this figure begins to lose all semblance to a woman's shape. It runs inward in a straight line where nature shows a gentle curve (look again at the Venus), and then suddenly its outlines break into a sharp angle, and form a monstrous non-descript figure, which is not only unlike nature, but has no relations whatever with nature. The merest child sees that no such outline can be produced by drapery upon a woman's form, and that there must be an elaborate framework underneath that dome of silk, and that the wo-



man merely supplies the motive power by which it is made to perambulate. A woman in this rig hangs in her skirts like a clapper in a bell; and I never meet one without being tempted to take her up by the neck and ring her."

MR. KEY. "Some women's dresses are worthy of death; but wringing their necks not the pleasantest mode of inflicting the punishment."

MRS. GREY. "No, Mr. Key; men punish women by ringing of another kind."

GREY. "You mean by what Mr. Bull calls 'the halter of Imen.' But this costume is also faulty in two other important points. It is without pure, decided color of any tint, presenting, on the contrary, an agglomeration of patches and blotches of various mongrel hues—"

MRS. GREY. "Hear the man! That exquisite brocade!"

GREY. "—and whatever beauty it might otherwise have had, of either form or color, would be frittered away by the multitudinous and multiform trimmings with which it is bedizened, and it has no girdle."

MRS. GREY. "O sweet Simplicity! There is no goddess but Simplicity, and Stanford Grey is her prophet. What would your Serenity have the poor woman wear? A white muslin gown with a blue sash, and a rose in her hair? That style went out with stage-coaches and gentlemen drunk under the table."

GREY. "And well it might. For if dress be worthy of any attention at all, it demands colors and forms which require taste to be shown in their arrangement and adaptation. Your woman in white and your man in black are secure from an exhibition of bad taste as your silent folk are sure not to exhibit folly or ignorance. They should have blind folk to look at them, as the others deaf folk to hear them."

MISS LARCHES. "Good Mr. Censor, what then shall we do? You have done nothing but find fault and forbid. Is there not in all this collection a single toilet that is positively beautiful, to be text for a sermon on what is right as well as what is wrong?"

GREY. "Certainly. I'll find you the text immediately, and preach the sermon if you desire it. Here, indeed, are two costumes very unlike, and yet both beautiful. The first the fashions of 1812 and thereabout; the second the dress of this peasant girl of Normandy. Look first at the lady of fashion of 1812 in her evening dress, and remark the adaptation of that beautiful gown to all purposes for which a gown is intended."

MISS LARCHES. "Why do you say 'gown,' Mr. Grey, and Mr. Tomes, too? Nobody else does."

GREY. "Tomes does it for old fashion's sake. I because it describes the garment exactly, which no other English word does. 'Dress' is very vague; it is as applicable to a man as to a woman, to a savage as to a civilized man, and it takes in all that is worn from head to foot. 'Robe' is a French mantua-making affectation: in English it means what kings and judges



EVENING DRESS :—1812.

wear. But 'gown' is just the word, and it has been used for centuries as I use it.—Well, this gown of 1812, how completely it clothes the entire figure, and with what a decorous grace, what ease and comfort to the wearer! The entire person is concealed, except the tip of one foot, the hands, the head and throat, and just enough of the bust to reveal the existence of its feminine charms without exposing them; yet how manifestly there is a well-formed, untortured woman enveloped in those tissues! The waist is girdle-marked just at the proper place; neither just beneath the breasts, as was a few years before and after, nor just above the hips, as it has been for many years past, and as it was three hundred years ago. Compare the figure with those on these fashion-plates of the present day. How the lines of one figure tell of health, and grace, and bounteous fullness of life! and how poor, and mean, and man-made the others seem! Those limbs look free as air, and are so; but there is not a woman of the slightest pretensions to fashion nowadays who, when dressed, can clap her hands above her head any more than if she were Queen Elizabeth. Isn't that true?"

MRS. GREY. "No such woman when she is dressed wants to clap her hands above her head.—Take care, Stanford, you'll topple that Venus down upon me!"

Mrs. Grey springs up and raises her arms to catch the statue. The figure is held firmly by Grey's hand; but there is a sound as of rending

and snapping, and Mrs. Grey sits suddenly down, blushing crimson, and looking smile-sheathed daggers at her husband.

GREY. "No woman when she is dressed wants to clap her hands above her head. Now you are only half-dressed—"

MRS. GREY. "Stanford!"

GREY. "Don't you call that a *demi-toilet*? Only half-dressed, I say, and yet you are powerless to protect yourself against one of the commonest accidents of life, except at the risk of tearing your clothes off your back, and hardly even at that; for the mantua-maker's shackles may prove too strong for you.—But to return to this costume of 1812. Its chief beauty is a trait in which it differs from the costume of the present day, and of most of those of times past, is, that it has, or seems to have, no form of its own. It is mere clothing for the person who wears it, around whose figure it falls in graceful and easy lines; and as these must change with every motion of the wearer for others, also beautiful, the eye is constantly relieved with varying pleasure. Ample, too, as the gown is, it follows the contour of the figure in front sufficiently to taper gracefully to the feet, touching the floor lightly. A side view would show it trailing very lightly."

TOMES. "Consistent critic! You said these costumes were equally beautiful; and yet, while the gown of the 1812 lady touches the floor, and clings in little wrinkles round her feet, the peasant girl's frock is wider at the bottom than any where else."

GREY. "Daniel, you have come to judgment, and shall presently be answered. Meantime notice another trait of the beauty of the costumes of 1811, 1812, and 1813. They are in one, or two, or, at most, three colors; the gowns, the outer garments, and the bonnets or head-dresses, being severally of one unbroken tint; and the trimming that they have is very moderate in quantity, though rich in quality."

MISS LARCHES. "Why, so it is. I should not have noticed that; and yet our dresses are trimmed so much."

MR. KEY. "Chief use of dresses now to display trimming; chief use of women to display dresses. Therefore—"

MRS. GREY. "Yes, I must admit that nowadays a matron could not use the warning which Shakspeare makes Constance address to Prince Louis—

"—the Devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new, untrimmed bride."

GREY. "Miss Larches's objection is in order. She did not notice the lack of trimming in these costumes because it is not needed to complete the dress or give it character. In a well-designed costume the absence of trimming is never felt, only its presence attracts attention."

TOMES. "But my objection. The Normandy petticoat."

GREY. "Yes, now for my pretty peasant girl. She is not in full holiday costume, perhaps; but she is dressed, as the ladies call it; for though



NORMANDY PEASANT GIRL.

her feet are stockingless, and she carries her shoes in her hand, she is on her way doubtless to some rustic merry-making. Her waist is indicated, but uncompresssed. Her shoulders are covered, and she can move her arms at will. In fact, she is entirely at ease in her costume, and unconscious of it, except perhaps for a shy suspicion that it becomes her, or she it."

TOMES. "But how about the expansion and the brevity of that skirt, which cries-excelsior to the pink night-gown?"

GREY. "Oh, implacable-upon-the-subject-of-short-petticoats Rhadamanthus, don't you see that your poor victim's arms as well as her legs are bare? And why, if it be the custom, should not one limb be shown as well as the other? That girl's grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers wore skirts of just that length from their childhood to their old age; so why should not she? And the frock is but little shorter than that which good Aunt Sarah split; and do you need assurance of her perfect modesty? As to the expansion of these skirts in comparison with those of 1812, it is inevitable, because they hang but little below the calf of the leg. In both costumes the form of the drapery is determined by the natural lines of the figure, and this is what good taste and common sense demand. In both

these costumes the means of locomotion are visible or indicated. But look at a woman nowadays. From the waist down she is a puzzle of silk and conic sections; a marvelous locomotive machine that moves in a mysterious way."

MR. KEY. "Its wonders to perform."

GREY. "And what a simple and harmonious effect of color is this costume! The frock of a rich, low-toned red, positive and pure; the apron, blue; the enviable little kerchief yellow, well suited to her brunette complexion; and that quaint head-dress of a tender green."

MRS. GREY. "But, Stanford, you man, you—"

GREY. "I admit the truth of the accusation."

MRS. GREY. "—don't you see that it is the women that charm you, not their dresses? These women are, in your horrid man's-phrase, fine creatures; they are rounded, lithe, shapely, and—what I've heard you say Homer calls Briseis."

GREY. "White armed, deep bosomed?"

MRS. GREY. "Such women are beautiful in any costume. But how shall puny, ill-made women wear such costumes without exhibiting all those personal defects which our present fashions conceal? You are cruel in your exactions."

MR. KEY. "Cruel, but unfortunately true, that to be beautiful in any costume a woman must be—beautiful."

GREY. "A profound truth of which most women appear to be entirely ignorant. Color may enhance the beauty of complexion; but to devise a costume which shall make ugly women beautiful is past the ingenuity of all the *modistes* in Paris. What did all the ugly women do between 1811 and 1813? and what those of Normandy for centuries past? Did they look any uglier for their beautiful costume? Ugliness may be covered; but even then it can not always be concealed. And the fashions of the day which you laud as so charitable—as covering such a multitude of sins—do they so kindly veil personal defects? Miss Larches, what is the fashion for evening parties?"

MISS LARCHES. "Why, low neck and short sleeves, of course."

GREY. "And you wouldn't think of going otherwise?"

MISS LARCHES. "Quite impossible! Would you go in a brown frock-coat?"

GREY. "Certainly not."

TOMES. "Why not, Grey? Only because it is not the fashion; and not to be in the fashion is to be a fright and a guy."

THE LADIES. "Good, Mr. Tomes! Served him right! We have him there."

GREY. "Not at all. My brown frock-coat is my working-dress; but an evening party is a festive occasion, for which a festive costume should be worn. If you attack me for wearing such a hideous thing as a dress-coat in conformity to fashion, I admit that I have no defense. But, Mr. Key, you see more of society than Tomes and I together, twice over; what do you find to be the result of this exposure of arms and

busts and shoulders, which fashion inexorably declares shall be full-dress?"

MR. KEY. "Emotions of alternate pity and delight. Former in excess."

GREY. "It can't be otherwise until all women are beautiful. A set fashion, to which all feel bound to conform, rigidly preserves the contrasts of unequal Nature. Were it otherwise, every person might adopt a style suited to his or her peculiarities of person, and in this way mitigate and humor defects, but nothing more; for deformity (which is a matter of degree) can by no device be made beauty."

MRS. GREY. "But, Stanford, there are times when—"

GREY. "There are no times when taste and tact can not drape woman's figure so that it will possess some of the attraction peculiar to her sex. But supposing it were not so, how absurd it is to hide the very humanity of all women, at all times, for the sake of concealing in some women the sign of their perfected womanhood at certain times!"

MR. KEY. "Consequences are certainly sometimes astonishing. Mrs. Flounsir was one of a little party on my yacht only two weeks ago, and yesterday—"



MRS. FLOUNSIER.

MRS. GREY. "She sent you word she couldn't go to-morrow. Well, Laura and I will take her place; although I fear you did not take good care of her."

MR. KEY. "Her fault that I wasn't more solicitous. Kept me in utter ignorance, don't you see?"

MISS LARCHES. "But, Mr. Grey, why not put all these very fine notions of yours about toilet, costume, dress, into an essay—with a beginning, a middle, and an end—that might be a sort of rule of life to us poor women who will go about hankering after heterodox bonnets and

disloyal dresses? Do vouchsafe us some masculine rules to dress by."

GREY. "I've done it already. Indeed I have printed something of the kind before; and it was my proposal to read it, in its new form, to Cato the Censor here, which brought on the discussion between us which your entrance interrupted, and so pleasantly diverted into the desultory chat we have just indulged in."

TOMES. "We have just indulged in! Hear the fellow! He is like Madame de Staël, who, after talking to a newly-introduced man through a whole evening on a stretch, said that she had rarely met a more agreeable or intelligent person. Her host had omitted to tell her that her new acquaintance was dumb."

GREY. "And Tomes is like Sydney Smith, who met Macaulay one morning at one of Rogers's breakfast parties, when the historian was in one of his most brilliant and communicative veins. The wit hardly got a chance to put in a word; so when, as the party were passing from the breakfast-table to the drawing-room, some one said to him, 'What a magnificent colloquist Macaulay is!' he replied, 'Soliloquist, Sir; soliloquist!' The anecdote is not in print, I believe."

MRS. GREY. "How unfortunate that we should have had Sydney Smith's mortification, without the instruction that compensated it."

GREY. "Or the wit that avenged it."

MISS LARCHES. "A truce! a truce! and let us have the essay."

TOMES. "Yes, Grey, the essay. Mrs. Grey will endure it for our sakes; and I will listen in hopes of finding a seam in your armor."

GREY. "I consent, of course."

Grey opened a drawer in his library-table, and taking out a manuscript of a few sheets, read the following:

"ON THE LAWS OF DRESS.

"To dress is to put in order, to make fit for use; and to dress the body is to give it proper covering. To propriety in dress, comfort and decency are first essential; next, fitness to person and condition; last, beauty of form, color, and material. To seek the last first, is to risk the loss of all; for what is neither comfortable, decent, nor suitable, can not be completely beautiful. Comfort and decency require only sufficient covering; and what is sufficient, climate and custom must determine.

"The two principal requisites of dress being easily attainable, the others are almost simultaneously sought; and dress at the outset becomes, among all people, one of those mixed arts which seek the union of the useful and the beautiful, and which thus hold a middle place between mechanic art and fine art. Of these arts dress is the lowest and the least important: the lowest, because the attainment of perfection in it requires only the lowest order of intellectual endowment and culture; the least important, as having neither intellectual nor emotional significance, and so being without æsthetic purpose; but, as an art, having in view only the

temporary sensuous gratification of the eye. Dress, too, is the first decorative art which men attempt to practice; because, as they emerge from the savage state, the acquirement of skill with the distaff, the spindle, the loom, and in dyeing, is the first stage of their advancement. The costumes of half-civilized people—as the shawl of India, the Mexican *poncho*, the Peruvian *reboso*, the silken fabrics of China, of Persia, and of Turkey—are unsurpassed for beauty of design, richness of fabric, comfort, and convenience. Taste in dress seems also to be so much a mere matter of instinct, that the diffusion of wealth and the comparative cheapness of textile fabrics has caused it to be no longer a criterion of culture, social position, or even appreciation of the beautiful, except as to costume itself.

“Dress has relations to society and to the individual. It indicates the temper of the time and the character of a people. Wanton looseness of habit and of manners reached their extreme together in the time of Charles the Second; the hollow artificiality of society which crumbled into dust at the French Revolution had its counterpart in the costume which vanished with it; and in the fashions of our own day those of women, contrived less to be beautiful than for the exhibition of reckless expenditure; those of men, cheap and sober-hued, there is expressed the lavish and laborious spirit of the times—the right hand gathering only for the left to scatter. Dress has an appreciable effect upon the mental condition of individuals. The man is best suited to his dress, and the dress to the man, when he is not conscious of it. The consciousness of sordid or unpleasantly-peculiar garments depresses even the wise; the consciousness of rich and gaudy raiment will elate the foolish. Excellence in dress is chiefly relative; for its absolute beauty is quite lost if it is not suited to the person and the position of the wearer, and does not sufficiently correspond to the fashion of his time and country to escape remark for eccentricity. So the elements of its completeness are unknown and variable.

“Comfort and decency in dress need not be insisted on; for maxims were not made for idiots. But clothes should not only be comfortable and decent, but seem so. For as to all others but the wearer, what is the difference between shivering and seeming to shiver, sweltering and seeming to swelter?

“Convenience is a kind of comfort; but it relates more to doing than to being. It is the third essential quality to proper dress. Men should not hunt in Spanish cloaks, and do not, nor should women walk the streets in trailing gowns. No beauty of fashion or material in dress can compensate for manifest inconvenience. Gowns opening before produce a pleasanter impression than those which open behind; for we do not see the lady's maid or husband, and there is an intuitive though unconscious knowledge that the former are convenient, the latter inconvenient. So every proper dress

should allow, and seem to allow, the easy performance of all movements natural to the wearer; otherwise it violates the first law of the mixed arts—fitness. Thus children should not be tormented with the toilet, but wear clothes simple in fashion, loose, and inexpensive. It is their right to roll upon the grass and to play in the dirt. Whatever their condition in life, to give them, except upon rare festive occasions, any thing more than clean skins twice a day, and clothes which it will trouble no one to see torn or soiled, is to be vulgarly pretentious, to waste money for the mere sake of showing an ability to waste it.

“Next to convenience is fitness to years and condition in life. Boys and girls who dress like men and women are not less ridiculous, and are far more excusable than old men and women who dress like young ones. In both cases, but especially in the latter, certain failure only exposes folly. All devices to make age look like youth only succeed in depriving age of its peculiar and becoming traits, and leaving it a bloated or a haggard sham. Fixed conditions in life do not exist among us, and are disappearing everywhere with the advance of Christian civilization. Yet *various* conditions must to a greater or less degree exist here as elsewhere. Not necessarily higher or lower, but different. Entire fitness and conformity of the seen to the unseen requires that this fitness should have outward expression. The philanthropist may note with pleasure in the abandonment of distinctive costume a sign of social progress, and rejoice that it can not be arrested; but its effect upon the beauty, the keeping, and the harmonious variety and contrast of external life is to be deplored.

“In all arts, whether fine art or mixed art, form is the most important element of absolute beauty. So it is in dress. Unbroken, flowing lines are essential to the beauty of dress, which in every part should correspond to the forms of nature, or be in harmony with them. The general outlines of the figure should be indicated at the least, and no others should be substituted for them. Sharply intersecting lines are inharmonious; and fixed angles are monstrous, except where Nature has placed them at the junction of the limbs with the trunk. A garment which flows from the shoulders downward is incomplete without a girdle. A recent fashion of ladies' dress, the upper line of the gown cutting with pitiless straightness across the undulating forms of the shoulders and bust, the *berthe* concealing the union of the arms with the body, and adding with its straight lower edge another discordant line to the costume, its long ungirdled waist piercing with a sharp point a puffed and gathered swell below, is an instance of utter disregard of Nature, and deliberate violation of harmony, and the consequent attainment of discord and absurdity in every particular.

“The girdle is in female dress the most important and the most charming accessory of costume—that which most defines the peculiar beauties of woman's form, and to which the tenderest

associations cling. Its knot has ever had a sweet significance which makes it sacred. What token could a lover receive which he would prize so highly as the girdle whose office he has so often envied? 'That,' cries Waller—

'That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind.

* * * * *
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.'

Taste tells us that with this cestus the least attractive woman puts on some of Venus's beauty; sentiment forbids her to discard so true a type of her tender power that its mere lengthening makes every man her servant.

"In distinguishing the sexes by form of costume, long and loose gowns are properly assigned to women, for the concealment of certain peculiarities of the female figure, which might be called defects were it not that they adapt it to its proper functions without diminishing its attractiveness. Its centre of gravity is low; its breadth at the hip great; its base narrow; so that its natural movements, unless the action of the hip and knee joints are concealed, are ungraceful. This may be seen in the antics of ballet-dancers, in whom the movements of the arms, bust, and head are graceful and significant, but those of the legs equally without grace or meaning.

"Color is the point of next importance. Colors have harmonies and discords, like sounds, which must be carefully observed in composing costume. Perception of these can not be taught more than perception of harmony in music; but, like that, if possessed at all, it may be developed and perfected. No fine effects of color are to be attained without broad masses of pure and pleasing tints. These, however, may be set off and relieved by trimming of broken and combined colors, as sauces and condiments give zest to viands. But dresses striped, plaided, or checkered are not in accordance with the dictates of pure taste. Parti-colored costumes might well be left to fools; but fools no longer wear a distinctive costume. The three primary and the three secondary colors—red, yellow, and blue, orange, green, and purple—positive in tint but low in tone, afford the best hues for costume, and are inexhaustible in their beautiful combinations. To these may be added white and black, not properly colors, but effective in combination, and the various tints of brown found in nature. But curiously sought-out tints, without distinctive hue, have little beauty which they do not borrow from the fabric to which they are imparted.

"The effect of the absolute beauty of costume which results from form and color may be entirely frittered away by excess of trimming. This, whatever its costliness, is a mere petty accessory to dress; and the use of it, except to define terminal outlines, as a border at a hem, or to soften their impingement upon the flesh, as soft lace at the throat and wrists, is a confession of weakness in the main points of the costume,

or indicates a depraved and trivial taste. When they pretend to beauty in themselves, that beauty, like all other, must be attained by a clearly marked design. Delicacy or richness of fabric will not compensate for the like of this. Not that lace or any other ornamental fabric should imitate exactly the forms of natural objects, but that the conventional forms should be beautiful in themselves and clearly traced in the pattern, as, for instance, in the figures on an India shawl. Akin to trimmings are jewels and all humbler appendages to dress; and if, as common sense would dictate, every part of dress should have a function and perform it, and seem to do so, and should not seem to do that which it does not do, these should be worn only when they serve a useful purpose—as a brooch, a button, a chain, a signet, or a guard-ring; or when they have significance—as a wedding-ring, an epaulet, or an order. But brooch and button must fasten, chain secure, signet bear device, or sink into a pretentious, vulgar sham. So there should be keeping between these articles and their offices. Gold should not be used to secure silver, velvet to shelter linsey-woolsey.

"The human head is the most beautiful and expressive object in nature. At certain times it needs a covering: but in its natural state the less it is decorated the more beautiful it is, and any decoration, whether added to it or made with the hair itself, which distorts its form or is in discord with its outlines, is an abomination.

"Perfumes are no part of dress, but have been made accessory to it from the remotest antiquity. But only a sparing use of the most delicate will free the user from the charge of deliberately contriving to attract attention to the person by addressing the lowest and most sensuous of the senses. Next to no perfume at all, the faint fragrance of roses laid away in drawers, which some women bear about them like sweet memories of faded joys, the scent of lavender, such as Walton tells us filled the chambers of country inns where honest anglers stopped, or of the Cologne water which can not purify Cologne, is to be preferred.

"Dress should be cheerful and enlivening in its general expression; but for adults not inconsistent with earnestness and dignity of character. There is a radical and absurd incongruity between the real condition and the outward seeming of a man or woman who knows and enters into the duties, the joys, and the sorrows of life, and who is clad in a trivial, grotesque, or extravagant costume.

"These, then, are the requisites to dress: comfort, decency, convenience, fitness, beauty of form and color, simplicity, genuineness, harmony with Nature and with itself."

When Grey had finished his essay there was dead silence for a while. The ladies looked puzzled, Mr. Key imperturbable; but presently Tomes broke out:

"I'm sorry for it, Grey, but I can't help saying, that though your essay is a clever bit of writ-

ing for you, it's small business for a man to be criticising people's clothes and laying down rules by which folk may make themselves look pretty."

GREY. "And yet the greatest of modern philosophers, whom you so reverence—Bacon—wrote essays on Beauty, on Deformity, on Gardens, Buildings, on Ceremonies, and even on Masques; and the statesman whom you most admire—Burke—wrote a volume upon the Beautiful; and Cousin, one of the leading metaphysicians of our day, has devoted himself to like lucubrations, and not having the fear of Daniel Tomes before his eyes, has dared to maintain that the beautiful and the good are but different manifestations of the same excellence."

TOMES. "Well enough that for a Frenchman and a metaphysician. But Bacon, in his very essay on Beauty, says that 'Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set;' and that it is not generally found 'that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue.'"

GREY. "You forget that he also says, 'And surely Virtue is best in a body that is comely.'"

MRS. GREY. "The essay was all very fine, and doubtless very true, as well as sententious and profound. But hark you, Mr. Wiseman, to something not dreamed of in your philosophy! We women dress, not to be simple, genuine, harmonious, and all that sort of thing, or even, though you think we do, to please you men, but to brave each other's criticism. And so when the time comes to get our Fall things, Laura and I will wear what is the fashion, in spite of you and your rudiments and elements."

GREY. "I am yet sane, and so have no notion that any woman in her senses is going to deviate from the prevailing mode of dress toward such remote points as grace, simplicity, and nature."

MR. KEY. "Martyrdom without glory. Don't believe that one of the female saints was out of the fashion. A woman will submit to be torn in pieces by wild beasts; but what is that to wearing an unfashionable bonnet? Surprised, Mr. Grey, though; you said nothing about the beautiful costumes which early martyrs must have worn: graceful costumes of Greece and Rome."

GREY. "Nothing more beautiful could be devised. But those costumes are quite out of the question in temperate and cold climates, and among people whose women walk much abroad. Those costumes were suited to men who lived under serene skies, and women who kept constantly indoors. The fashions of France and England from 1795 to 1805 were the result of a headlong recoil toward classic simplicity. The fashion of 1812 owes its grace chiefly to a discreet adaptation of Greek style of drapery to the climate and habits of civilized Europe. But here are five volumes full of beautiful costumes for men and women: Frank Howard's 'Spirit of Shakspeare's Plays.' Few of the compositions have much other merit, but they are all rich in that. See this figure: could comfort, convenience, grace, propriety, and conformity to nature be more completely united?"



LADY PERCY AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

TOMES. "But one part of the essay surprised me much, even from you. For the mere sake of picturesque variety you would brand callings and conditions with a distinctive costume, and so perpetuate the degradation of labor, the segregation of professions, and set up again one of the barriers between man and man. You should have sought your audience on the banks of the Ganges, not on those of the Hudson. This uniformity of costume is the great outward and visible sign of present political equality, and of social equality which is to come."

GREY. "Your democratic zeal makes you forget that the essay recognizes the significance of this uniformity in dress, and deploras it only on the score of the beauty and fitness of external life. Between human progress and variety of costume who could hesitate? But I have thought that uniformity of costume might be not a logical consequence of political equality and diffused intelligence, but the fruit of vanity and petty pride, and at variance with the very democracy from which it seems to spring. For the man who takes pains not to show any mark of his calling contemns it openly; and so does not this endeavor of every man to dress like every other man degrade labor and demoralize the laborer? Our very maid-servants—who trotted over their native bogs shoeless, stockingless, bonnetless, and who work day and night for a few dollars a month—spend all of the wages that the poor creatures don't give to their priests or their families, in hoops, flounced silk dresses, and high-colored bonnets for Sunday wearing."

MRS. GREY. "Do you grudge the poor girls their holiday and their holiday dress?"

GREY. "Far from it. Let us all make life as bright as may be with holidays and holiday dresses. But what has that to do with our all dressing alike? When I meet a French nursery-maid with her white-capped, bonnetless head, a respect for her mingles with my admiration of her head-dress. But when I see other women in the same condition of life flaunting past her in bonnets which are cheap and vulgar imitations of those their mistresses wear, I respect as little as I admire. Why should all men on certain occasions get into dress-coats and stove-pipe hats?—habits so hideous in themselves that he must unmistakably be a man bred to wearing them, if not a fine-looking and distinguished man, who can don them without detriment to his personal appearance."

MR. KEY. "Very reason why every free and enlightened American citizen will sacrifice comfort and his last dollar to exercise his right to wear them. Can't help, either, deciding in his favor. For your idea of a proper costume, Mr. Grey, seems to be a blue, red, or yellow bolster-case drawn down over the head, with a hole in the middle of the closed end for the head, two at the corners for the arms, and a cord about the waist."

GREY. "I don't scout your pattern so much as you expected. Worse costumes in every respect have been often worn. See this beautiful figure of Heloise: the immortal priestess of self-sacrificing love shows a costume which conforms almost exactly to your description."



HELOISE:—ABOUT 1150.

TOMES. "Your bringing up the poets to your aid reminded me that the greatest of them is

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against you as to the importance of richness in dress. What say you to Shakespeare's 'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy?'

GREY. "That it is not Shakespeare's advice, but that of a wily, worldly-minded old courtier to his son, at a time when to get on at court and among people of condition a man had need to be richly dressed. That need has passed away. We do not know what Shakespeare thought upon the subject, or what he would have made a Polonius say, had he lived nowadays. But we know that Horace's *simplex munditiis*—neat simplicity, Nelly—was the expression of his personal admiration."

MRS. GREY. "Yes, the poets are always raving about neat simplicity, or something else that's not the fashion. I suppose they sustain you in your condemnation of perfumes too."

TOMES. "There I'm with Grey, and the poets too, I think."

MRS. GREY. "What say you, Mr. Key?"

MR. KEY. "Always distrust a woman steeped in perfumes upon the very point as to which she seeks to impress me favorably."

TOMES. "At least, Grey [turning to him]. Plautus says, '*Mulier recte olet ubi nihil olet*;' which you may translate for the ladies, if you choose."

GREY [As if to himself and Tomes].

"Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound."

MRS. GREY. "What's that you're having all to yourselves there?"

GREY. "Only a few lines from one of Rare Ben's daintiest songs."

MRS. GREY. "What do poets know about dress, even when they are poetesses? Look at your friend, the authoress of the 'Willow Wreath,' which she wrote for no other earthly reason that I can see than that her name happened to be Ophelia. What a spook that woman is!"

MR. KEY. "Glad to know at last what that word means. Spook—something lean, long-necked, and ugly, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow at once, and some that are not in the rainbow besides; with a wreath on its head, and cork-screw curls hanging down its back. Something to be approached by men, if at all, with distant and awful respect, and by women with secret exultation."

MISS LARCHES. "In a word, Mr. Key, a spook is a fright; and every ill-dressed woman is a fright."

Here a neat, fresh-looking maid-servant entered, and said, "Please, Ma'am, dinner is served;" and after the expression of a little astonishment at the length of the conference, Mr. Key and Tomes, in answer to an invitation to stop, pleaded engagements, and left Miss Larches to discuss them with her host and hostess over the dinner-table, where plans were laid for future discussions of other departments of Social Æsthetics.

SURRY COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

TRAVELERS note the almost perfect uniformity of the American people in dress, manners, and speech. Within 300 miles of London or Paris there are more variations than can be found from Portland to San Francisco. There are, however, among us some secluded regions, the inhabitants of which present marked peculiarities. Among these is Surry County, up among the Blue Mountains, in the north-western corner of North Carolina. It is a sterile region, with long, cold winters. It was peopled mainly by emigrants from "Old Fudginny," by those who did not profess to belong to "the first families" of the State, and who brought with them and retained all the peculiarities of their homes. An esteemed Alabama clergyman, "who was raised thar," and who under his boyish sobriquet of "Skitt" veils the name of one of the first families of Virginia, has published a clever book, setting forth some of the peculiarities of this primitive people.* It is one of the half dozen clever books of American character and humor, deserving to rank with Judge Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes."

The people are almost wholly agricultural; there are two-thirds as many farms as houses, and less than one slave to a family. In education it probably ranks lowest of any county in the United States. By the census of 1850 it appears that almost one-third of the adult males, and more than half of the females were unable to read and write. They are in blissful ignorance of the latest fashions, making their own garments, material and all. When "Skitt" revisited them, after many years' absence, in 1857, he found "sacks" and "joseys" in full vogue.

Almost the only opportunity which the young men had of seeing any thing of the world beyond was when, in the autumn, a party would harness up their teams and carry their spare produce to the nearest town, some days' journey off. They would camp out at night, and as lucifer-matches had not yet reached them, they were obliged to trust for fire to a brand bor-



THE WINDSOR CHAIR.

rowed from the nearest house. Such a party once encamped near a fine dwelling, and dispatched one of their number to borrow a brand. He was courteously received by the good lady, who made him sit down in a parlor furnished, to his view, most gorgeously, with a carpet and half a dozen "Windsor chairs." When he returned he described his adventure to his companions:

"I tell you, boys, with my dirty britches I sot right smack in one o' the finest *Weaster chairs* you uver seen in all yer borned days, and my big, mud-bustin, pis-ant-killin' shoes on thar fine carpet looked like two great big Injun coonoos. I'll be poxed ef I knowed how to hold my hands nur feet."

Although uneducated, in the usual acceptation of the term—preferring a rifle and shot-pouch, and, we are sorry to say, an article

* *Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters.* By "SKITT, who was raised thar." Illustrated by JOHN M'LENAN. Harper and Brothers, Publishers.



"GOOD-MORNIN', LADIES."

which they appropriately name "knock-me-stiff" to reading—they are a very clever folk, as their friend "Skitt" shows, and especially on the alert against, as they phrased it, "having the rig put on 'em." Dick Snow was one of the best of them; a fine, manly fellow, with a countenance which bespoke honesty, frankness, decision, and fun. He was "well off," and although he could not read, had a wife who ranked as A. No. 1, and was visited by all the "quality" of the region. Among these were the two pretty daughters of Mesheck Franklin, "the Congressman." One night, when retiring, they bade him "good-night." He did not understand this; but concluded that it was some "rig," which he determined to repay. So he rose early in the morning and stationed himself at the foot of the stairs; and as the ladies appeared, rushed out, exclaiming:

"Good-mornin' at ye, ladies! I's fast anuff

for you this time. Now I'll quit ye, as we's even. You *got* me last night; I's got ye this mornin'."

Odd characters abound in such a community. Foremost among those commemorated by "Skitt" is "Uncle Davy Lane," a tall, heavy, lazy-looking old fellow, whose specialty was telling hunting stories. He was never seen without his "Bucksmasher"—a rough-looking rifle of his own make, for he was a sort of gunsmith; and when once seated would pour out a continuous stream of adventures, most of which had happened to himself, though a few of them he had "hearn." He had certainly never heard of Baron Munchausen, though many of his stories are vastly like those of that veracious narrator; as, for instance, the following about "Pigeon Shooting," which we give in his own words, slightly abridged:

"I mounted old Nip, and moseyed off fur the pigeon-roost. I 'ruv thar 'bout two hours by the sun, and frum that blessed hour till chock dark the heavens was dark with 'um comin' inter the roost. It is unconceivable to tell the number on 'um, which it were so great. Bein' a man that has a character fur truth, I won't say how many there was. Thar was a mighty heap uv saplins fur 'um to roost in, which they would allers light on the biggest trees fust, then pitch down on the little uns ter roost. Now jist at dark I thort I'd commence smashin' 'um; so I hitched old Nip to the limb

uv a tree with a monstrous strong bridle—a good hitchin' place, I thort. I commenced blazin' away at the pigeons like thunder and lightnin'; which they'd light on big trees thick as bees, bend the trees to the yeth like they'd been lead.

"By hokey! I shot so fast, and so long, and so often, I het old Tower so hot that I shot six inches off uv the muzzle uv the old slut. I seen it were no use to shoot the old critter clean away, which I mout have some use fur agin; so I jist quit burnin' powder and flingin' shot arter I'd killed 'bout a thousand on 'um, fur sure. Arter I'd picked up as many on 'um as my wallets would hold, I looked fur old Nip right smack whar I'd hitched him, but he were, like King Saul's asses, nowhar to be found. I looked a consid'able spell next to the yeth, but, bless you, honey! I mout as well a sarched fur a needle in a haystack. At last I looked up inter a tree 'bout forty foot high, and thar he war swingin' to a limb, danglin' 'bout 'tween the heavens and the yeth like a rabbit on a snare-pole."

"How come him up thar, Uncle Davy?"

"Why, I hitched him to the limb uv a big tree bent to the yeth with pigeons, you numskull, and when they riz the tree went up, and old Nip with it, fur sure."

"But how did you get him down?" said a listener.

"That's nuther here nor thar; I got him down, and that's 'nuff fur sich pukes as you ter know."

Uncle Davy's exploits with deer were numerous and wonderful. Among them was a Munchausenism about an old buck which he had shot with a peach-stone in default of a bullet; and a few years after he saw the animal again with a fine peach-tree loaded with fruit growing from his shoulders. But we must satisfy ourselves with the following:

"I tuck the sunny side uv the Sugar Loaf. I kep' my eyes skinned all the way up, but nuver seen any thing tell I got nairly to the top, when up jumped one uv the poxtakedest biggest old bucks you uver seen. He dashed round the mounting faster nur a shootin' star ur lightnin'. But, howsomever, I blazed away at him, but he were goin' so fast round the Loaf, and the bullet goin' strait forrard, I missed him. Ev'ry day fur a week I went to that spot, allers jumped him up in ten steps uv the same place, would fire away, but allers missed him, as jist norated.

"I felt that my credit as a marksman, and uv old Buck-smasher was gittin' mighty under repair. I didn't like to be outgineraled in any sich a way by any sich a critter. I could smash bucks anywhar and any time, but that sassy rascal I couldn't tech a har on him. He were a perfect dar-devil. One whole night I didn't sleep a wink—didn't bolt my eyes—fixin' up my plan. Next mornin' I went right smack inter my blacksmith shop, tuck my hammer, and bent old Buck-smasher jist to suit the mounting, so that when the pesky old buck started round the mounting the bullet mout take the twist with him.

"I loadened up, and moseyed off to try the 'speriment. I 'ruv at the spot, and up he jumped, hoisted his tail like a kite, kicked up his heels in a banterin' manner, fur he'd outdone me so often he'd got raal sassy. I lammed away at him, and away he went round the mounting, and the bullet arter him—so good a man, and so good a boy. I stood chock still. Presently round they come like a streak uv sunshine, both buck and bullit, bullit singin' out, 'Whar is it? whar is it?' 'Go it, my fellers,' says I, and away they went round the Loaf like a Blue Ridge storm. Afore you could crack yer finger they was around agin, bucklety-whet. Jist as they got agin me, bullit throwed him."



THE PIGEON-ROOST.

But Uncle Davy came out strongest in his snake stories. Once, when out blackberrying, he felt something at his bare legs. For half an hour he paid no attention to it, supposing it was the briars. Looking down at last, he found that it was "the biggest rattlesnake that uver was seen or hearn tell on—would a filled a washin' tub to the brim. There he were peggin' away at my feet and legs like he were the hongriest critter on yeth." The upshot was that "I moseyed home at an orful rate: it's no use to say how fast I did run, fur nobody would b'leeve it." Reaching home, he swallowed seven pails of milk and two gallons of whisky, and was never the worse.—We must let him tell at length his wonderful adventure with the "Horn-Snake:"

"I was not thinkin' about sarpunts, when, by Zucks! I cum right plum upon one uv the curiousest snakes I uver seen in all my borned days. There it lay on the side uv a steep presserpis, at full length, ten foot long, its tail strait out, right up the pres-



THE HORN-SNAKE.

serpis, head big as a sasser, right toards me, eyes red as forked lightnin', lickin' out his forked tongue, and I could no more move than the Ball Rock on Fisher's Peak. But when I seen the stinger in his tail, six inches long and sharp as a needle, stickin' out like a cock's spur, I thought I'd a drapped in my tracks. I jumped forty foot down the mounting, and dashed behind a big white oak five foot in diamatur. The snake he cotched the eend uv his tail in his mouth, he did, and come rollin' down the mounting arter me jist like a hoop, and jist as I landed behind the tree he struck t'other side with his stinger, and stuve it up, clean to his tail, smack in the tree. He were fast.

"Of all the hissin' and blowin' that uver you hearn sense you seen daylight, it tuck the lead. Ef there'd a bin forty-nine forges all a-blowin' at once, it couldn't a beat it. He rared and charged, lapped round the tree, spread his mouf and grinned at me orful, puked and spit quarts an' quarts of green pisen at me, an' made the ar stink with his nasty breath. I seen thar were no time to lose; I cotched up old Bucksmasher from whar I'd dashed him down, and

tried to shoot the tarnil thing; but he kep' sich a movin' about and sich a splutteration that I couldn't git a bead at his head, for I know'd it warn't wuth while to shoot him any whar else. So I kep' my distance tell he wore hisself out, then I put a ball right between his eyes, and he gin up the ghost.

"Soon as he were dead I happened to look up inter the tree, and what do you think? Why, Sir, it were dead as a herrin'; all the leaves was wilted like a fire had gone through its branches.

"I left the old feller with his stinger in the tree, thinkin' it were the best place fur him, and moseyed home, 'tarmined not to go out agin soon. Now folks may talk as they please 'bout there bein' no sich things as horn-snakes, but what I've seen I've seen, and what I've jist norated is true as the third uv Mathy. I mout add that I passed that tree three weeks arterward, and the leaves and the whole tree was dead as a door-nail."

We have already noted the fondness of the people for "knock-em-stiff." Thereby hangs a good story told by "Skitt." The great occasions of the region were the militia musters held at "Shipp's Muster Ground," between "Big and Little Fisher's Rivers" which give the name to the book. These musters were held in May and November, and all the militia were put through the tactics before the "old Revolutionaries" who survived. These old "Lutionaries," "Nigger Josh Easley," who sold "gingy cakes," and "Hamp Hudson," who kept a "still-house" running all the year, were the chief attractions

of these musters. Hamp had a dog named "Famus," known through all the country. It happened, on a time not long before one of these musters, that Famus fell into one of his master's mash-tubs and was drowned. The rumor ran through all the country that Hamp had distilled the mash in which the dog "was drowned, and was gwine to carry it to the May muster to sell." The report created a powerful sensation, and when muster-day came there was a general determination not to drink a "drap uv Hamp's nasty old Famus licker." Among the foremost of those who were "down" on Hamp and his liquor was Uncle Jimmy Smith, a lisping old veteran who had been at the storming of Stony Point. "I tell you, boyith," he said, "you can do ath you pleath; but old Jimmy Smith—old Stony Point—ain't a-gwine to tech it." Nigger Josh sold his cakes, and was jubilant; but not a man approached Hamp's stand, and his casks remained untapped. It was a dolorous

muster-day. Human nature could endure it no longer, and Uncle Jimmy Smith was the first to break the spell. His speech ran thus :

"Well, boyith, I don't know tho well about thith matter. Maybe we've accused thith feller, Hamp, wrongfully. He hath allers been a clever feller, and ith a pity ef he ith innercent uv thith charge. The fact ith, boyith, it's mighty dull, dry times; nuthin's a-gwine on right. Boyith, you are free men. I fout for your freedom. I thay, boyith, you can do ath you pleath, but ath fur me, old Stony Pint Jimmy Smith, *Famus or no Famus, I must take a little.*"

Jimmy took a little; all took a little; and most took more than a little. The consequences were skinned noses, gouged eyes, and bruised heads. And so ended a famous day in the annals of Shipp's Muster Grounds.

In his gallery of notabilities "Skitt" gives place to John Senter, a cross-grained, crabbed old fellow, who, with Hollin his wife, and a large family, occupied a little cabin near the head of Fisher's River. Personally he seems to have been remarkable chiefly as the inventor of a sort of wooden-soled shoes, which he wore for quite thirty years, when he did not go barefoot. The bottoms were made of dog-wood, an inch and a half thick, studded with iron nails; the vamps of hog-skin, kept soft by 'possum grease; the quarters were of cow-hide. Then there were leggings of buckskin tacked to the quarters, that came up the leg, to keep out the snow in winter, and to ward off snakes in summer, when he went out hunting. Every thing, from bottoms to nails, was of his own manufacture, for he "wouldn't buy nothin' out'n the stores." When, after an absence of many years, "Skitt" paid a visit to his old home, he was desirous of procuring one of these shoes as a memorial. After infinite diplomacy he succeeded; and the shoe, labeled "A Fisher's River Dancing Pump," is now the principal curiosity in the library of "The East Alabama Baptist Female College, Tuskegee, Alabama."

We give place to John Senter chiefly for the sake of describing a wedding which took place in his cabin. He had a son Sol, a poor dwarfish fellow, who had been afflicted with a white swelling, which had left him with a stiffened right leg. He had fixed his affections upon



THE WEDDING.

Sally Spencer, whose left leg had been broken, leaving her equally lame. The story of the wedding shall be told, in an abridged form, by Bob Snipes, another character of the region :

"I was a workin' fur 'Squire Freeman one flinderin hot day, and who should I see but Sol Senter come hop-a-kickin' over the plowed yeth, throwin' his lame leg around like a reap-hook. Says he :

"'Squire, I's come to swap work with you. Times is so hard, and I want's to work a day or two fur you to go as fur as dad's to marry me. I won't ax you to go as fur as Sally's house, which you know is three miles above dad's; but jist go to dad's, and I'll go and fetch Sally down thar. It shall never be said that Sol Senter got 'Squire Freeman to marry him fur nothin,' and it mout be swappin' work mout do jist as well."

The good-natured 'Squire consented; and Sol wrought like a hero, paying in advance his marriage fee. The day for the wedding was ap-



THE NIGHT-MEETING.

pointed, and the 'Squire and Bob made their way to John Senter's cabin.

"We went in," said Bob, "and thar sot John on a short-legged stool in the chimbly corner, lookin' fur all the world like a man that had got out'n his bed wrong eend foremost that mornin'. He was sulky and ashy, I tell you. He hardly axed us to set down. The 'Squire kep' axin' John questions, to try to git him to spill some words, but his jaws were locked, as it were. Hollin and his darter was a-fixin' away, sorter like they was glad, but uvry now and then John kep' flingin' out some uv his slang at 'um 'fur fixin' so much fur them crippled creeturs, that had 'bout as much business a-marryin' as two 'possums.' Last he riz right smack up, and, says he, 'I wouldn't be a-fixin' so much fur a couple uv ground-hogs.' He then moseyed off to a bed, and drewed out from under it a whoppin' big gourd, with a great big corn-cob stopper in it. He sot it on the table, got a pewter cup, pulled out the stopper, and 'chug' it went as it come out. I soon larned from the smell on it that it was apple-brandy, and white-faced at that. Jist as John had got in a good-humor

from bussin' Mrs. Whiteface, and had begun to spill his words right fast, we looked up the hill toward the Blue Ridge, and we sees Sol and Sally, dressed in thar best, a-comin' down the hill afoot, side and side, and the old lady a-traipin' along arter 'um, Sol throwin' his game leg round one way, from right to left, and Sal a-throwin' hern around t'other way, from left ter right. They kep' good time. Sal's mammy looked mighty loonsome bringin' up the rear. They came in, sat down, and John—ding him!—'peared to be as glad to see 'um as any on us. Soon as they had blowed a little, and had wiped the train-ile out'n thar eyes, the 'Squire he tied the Gougin knot an' we all wished 'um much joy, John 'mong the rest. The corn-cob stopper was pulled out'n the gourd, 'chug,' agin and agin, and we kep' bussin' the pewter cup, and we chatted away like blackbirds, 'ceptin' the 'Squire, with 'bout as much sense.

"Dinner cumed next. The pot hadn't bin idle all the time; it kep' bilin' away, pottle, wottle, pottle, wottle. Hollin she sot the table alongside uv the bed, to sarve in the place uv chairs on one side, and a long bench on t'other side, and a short bench on each eend. It was one of these here cross-leg tables—none uv yer quality cuts. John Senter was none uv yer quality men; he opposed and hated all quality idees; nor would he 'low a quality dinner. He wouldn't 'low but one dish, ef the 'Squire was thar. He wouldn't have a pie, nur a puddin', nur nuthin' o' the sort. Hollin she tuck up the dinner, and ding my skin ef it warn't a sureanuff dinner. Thar was a great big pewter dish full uv stewed chicken and rye dumplin's, with chunks uv bacon mixed up, anuff to sorter season it.

The rye dumplin's, some on 'um, was as big as corn-dodgers, and some on 'um which the seasonin' hadn't toch, was tough as whitleather, and you mout a knocked a bull down with 'um. When dinner was over, the 'Squire and me thought fur decency's sake we wouldn't leave right off, so we sot a little while; but we soon seen that John—ding him!—was a gittin' monstros onpatient. He kep' frivitin' about. Mrs. Whiteface had died away in him, and, ding him! he was too stingy to buss her any more, and the evil sperrit come on him agin. Last he walled up his eyes, and bawled out, 'You Zack! You go and gear up that bull' (John allers plowed a bull; he wouldn't hev a horse), 'and you go to plowin', and I'll go to hoein'.' Arter this speech the 'Squire and me left."

The people of this region must have strong religious tendencies, for we find by the census that the county contains thirty churches—all except three of the Baptist and Methodist denominations. Doubtless among the clergymen there were not wanting many of those brave, self-sacrificing pioneers of the "saddle-bags" to

whom the civilization and culture of our frontier districts owe more than to any other men. But to delineate these does not come within the scope of "Skitt's" book. He gives us, however, a few sketches of clerical oddities, which he may do with a good grace, he being himself a minister of the Baptist order. Among these was Parson Bellow, a tall, raw-boned, long-faced, pug-nosed, wide-mouthed person, whose canonicals consisted of a linsey hunting-shirt, with a leathern band around the waist, and buckskin pants. Once on a time a revival was in progress in his church, and one Johnson Snow—a noted character thereabout, who "wanted to know suthin' uv every thing that's gwine on," made his way into one of the parson's night-meetings. Johnson had imbibed pretty freely, and in spite of Bellow's loud voice, and stamps and thumps upon floor and table, fell fast asleep. The "power" came on, and the noise awoke Johnson, who had forgotten where he was, and imagined himself in a "gin'ral row." He leaped up, exclaiming, "Ha! ha! what you about here? What you smackin' yer fists in my face fur? Ha! ha! ef you ar' 'umun, you'd better skin yer eyes and look sharp. I don't 'low man nur 'umun to pop thar fists in my face. Hello! git out'n the track here! I can lick the whole posser-commertatus of yer. Come on, yer cowards!" The congregation began to leave, which made Johnson more furious than ever. Looking around, he saw that the parson was the only man that remained. Marching up to him, he yelled out:

"Ha! ha! Beller, you're the ringleader uv all this devilment. You're the biggest rascal in this crowd. I can lick you, Sir, any day, any minnit." Rubbing first one fist, then the other, in the parson's face, he continued: "Smell uv yer master! Smell uv yer mistiss! Smell uv yer master! Smell uv yer mistiss! Ha! ha! no fight in you? You're a purty feller, to raise a row with a peaceubble man, and then won't fight it out! Mosey! Trollop! Git out'n here, you dinged old sloomy Yahoo!"

Uncle Billy Lewis deserves to be mentioned among the preachers—though his clerical functions continued only a short time—on account of one of his sermons reported by "Skitt." He was born near the "Huckleberry Ponds" toward Fayetteville; but an unlucky event forced him



THE FIRE-HUNT.

to leave his home and take up his residence among the Blue Mountains. The accident was this: One dark night he was out "fire-hunting" for deer, and seeing a number of bright eyes reflected from his torch, he fired upon them. Unfortunately the animals proved to be his neighbor's horses. Billy no sooner saw his mistake than he dropped his rifle and ran. The result he shall tell himself:

"I run on, come to mud-pond, and in I went, sock! sock! sock! last up I go to my armpits, and could go no further. Men come up and say, 'Here he went, boys! here he went!' 'I lay in the mud, still as a turkle, till they lost me. When they left me I tried to git out—had a hard time of it. Thar stood a jacker-mer-lantern grinnin' at me. I rake mud, fust with one hand, then with t'other—rake, rake. Last out I cum, muddy as a hog. I went home, told the fambly, left that night, fambly foltered, and all the poor men got for my shootin' thar hosses was my rifle and torch-pan. That was a mem'ble night—never forgit—never fire-hunt since."

Uncle Billy, who was a Baptist in good and regular standing, made up his mind that he had a "call" to preach. His brethren thought otherwise; but some of the young fellows encouraged him to hold forth. He followed their advice, and drew crowds for a while. Among his encouragers was one Jim Blevins, who used to "put up" the simple old man in subjects and matter. One evening before meeting Jim told Uncle Billy of a terrible sight which he had just seen, and urged him to make it the subject of warning to the people. The preacher complied; and here follows a report of the sermon, omitting the "doctrinal part."

"Sinner, you'd better 'pent! Danger abroad! Look out, I tell ye. Skin yer eyes good. Open yer ears wide. Listen, that you may hear. Your blood mout be 'quered o' me. O my soul!—Jim Blevins went on Fisher's Peak this mornin', and what did he see? He seen a flyin' snake—drefful critter—twelve foot long, stinger 'bout a feet long, eyes red like balls o' fire, lookin' fust this way, then t'other, to see what he could see, and a-squallin' wusser nur a painter—O sinner, 'pent!—'pent, I tell you, else yer a gone sucker. For sartin and for sure, ef he pops his stinger inter you, yer gone world 'thout eend.

"But, sinner, flyin' snakes is mighty bad; bad as they is, howsomever, 'tain't nothin' to what Jim Blevins seen arter that. Jim, soon as the flyin' snake went out'n sight, he run over back o' Fisher's Peak, and—O my soul!—what did he see? A yahoo, sinner—a yahoo! Jim hid, and it past along close by, and it was high as a house, horns ten foot long, mouf big as a hogshead—'pent, sinner, 'pent! It run by Jim, hollerin' 'yahoo! yahoo!' louder nur cannon at the battle o' Guilford Court House, whar Wallis was fout by Greene. Jim says the way he kills folks—sinner, 'pent!—he gits you on his horns, he tossee up—he tossee up, jist like trouncin' a bull-frog, till life clean gone—'pent, sinner, 'pent!—then he'll take you in his mouf, and he'll lick you down like a hongry bar does a piece o' honey-comb, as Jim Blevins says. Sinner, I've warned you; I'm clare o' yer blood. Ef that flyin' snake or that yahoo gits you, you can't blame me fur it. No, don't blame the old man nur Jim Blevins."

The above discourse came to the ears of Uncle Billy's church, and they "called in his gift." With one more clerical story which "Skitt" tells of his own denomination, the Baptists, we take leave of Surry County. A man by the name of Walker felt himself moved to preach, and looked out earnestly for some "call" from on high. One day he retired to a thick grove to "wrestle" with the subject. While there, a donkey who happened to be near by set up a most outrageous braying. To Walker's excited imagination these dulcet sounds were an angel's voice, and were transformed into articulate words, conveying the long-sought "call." He went forthwith to his church, and demanded a license, when the following dialogue took place between him and his pastor; the result being that the validity of the call was recognized, and Brother Walker was duly appointed to the ministry:

"PASTOR. Do you believe, Brother Walker, that you were called of God to preach, 'as was Aaron?"

"WALKER. Most sartinly I does.

"PASTOR. Give the Church, that is, the brothering, the proof.

"WALKER. I was mightily diffikilted and troubled on the subjeck, and I was detarmined to go inter the woods and wrestle it out.

"PASTOR. That's it, Brother Walker.

"WALKER. And while there wrestlin', Jacob-like, I hearn one ov the curiousest voices I uver hearn in all my borned days.

"PASTOR. You are on the right track, Brother Walker. Go on with your noration.

"WALKER. I couldn't tell for the life ov me whether the voice was up in the air ur down in the sky, it sounded so curious.

"PASTOR. Poor creetur! how he was diffikilted. Go on to norate, Brother Walker. How did it appear to sound unto you?

"WALKER. Why, this a-way: 'Waw-waw-ker—waw-waw-ker! Go preach, go preach, go preach, go preach-ee, go preach-ah, go preach-uh, go preach-ah-ee-uh-ah-ee.'

"PASTOR. Brothering and sisters, that's the right sort of a call. Enough said, Brother Walker. That's none ov yer college calls, nor money calls. No doctor ov divinity uver got sich a call as that. Brother Walker must have license, fur sartin and fur sure."

WRECKED AND RESCUED.

IT was a dark night of December, 1790, and the clock in the study of Rev. Isaac Hepworth, the clergyman of a New England seacoast town, had already struck the hour of twelve, when that divine finished and laid within his desk the sermon on which he had been too busily engaged to note the lapse of time.

Late as was the hour, the Rev. Isaac did not immediately retire to sleep, choosing rather to rest his weary brain and relax his constrained muscles beside the cheerful fire. So, throwing on another log, he wheeled round his study chair, settled himself comfortably therein, and placed his slippered feet upon the fender.

"A-h! This is comfort!" murmured the Rev. Isaac Hepworth, neatly folding the skirts of his dressing-gown across his knees.

Some fifteen minutes of intense quiet passed, and the clergyman, succumbing to the united temptations of fire, chair, and weariness, was dropping into a luxurious doze when he was suddenly and thoroughly aroused by a low tap upon his study window.

Springing to his feet a little nervously, Mr. Hepworth drew aside the curtain and peered out. A man's face, dimly visible in the darkness, was pressed close to the glass, and met the clergyman's astonished gaze with a reassuring nod.

"Oh, Jarvis, is it you? Wait, and I'll let you in."

Jarvis nodded again, and, falling back into the gloom, went round to the door, which Mr. Hepworth had opened very quietly, that he might not disturb his sleeping household.

"Well, Jarvis, what's the matter?" asked he, anxiously, when the two were shut into the snug little study.

"Why, something very queer's the matter,

Sir, and I'm right glad I found you up, for, according to my reckoning, the fewer that's let into it the better; and as soon as I see the lights in these winders, I said to myself, 'There, there won't be no need for Miss Hodson's knowing nothing about it.'

"About what, Jarvis?" asked Mr. Hepworth, mildly, as his sexton paused to enjoy the satisfaction of a vulgar man who possesses a secret which he intends and yet grudges to impart.

"Well, Sir, it wan't more than half an hour ago, and I was snug in bed sleeping as sound as any babe, when my wife she nudges me, and says she,

"'John,' says she, 'there's some one a knocking at our door.'

"'Pho! go to sleep, woman, and don't be disturbing me with your silly dreams,' says I; for I didn't like to be woke up, Sir; and I was just a going off agin, when sure enough I heard a kind of softly knock on my front door, sounding just as if some one wanted to wake us up, and yet hated to make a noise.

"Well, I jumped up and h'isted the window.

"'Who's there?' says I.

"'A friend,' says a man's voice, though I couldn't see no one 'cause of the dark.

"'Hain't you got no name?' asks I, kind of sharp, for it's a main cold night, Sir, and I wan't overly comfortable.

"'That's of no consequence. I want to speak with you, if you're the sexton of Mr. Hepworth's church, and you shall be paid handsomely for the trouble of dressing and coming down,' says the voice.

"Well, Sir, I considered that it wan't no ways Christianly not to hear what a feller-creter had to say, ef he wanted to say it bad enough to come out sech a night; and so says I,

"'Hold on, and I'll come down soon's I've put on my trowsers.'

"So I shet the winder, and though my wife she wan't no ways willing, and took on considerable for fear 'twas a plan to rob and murder, or else a ghost, I bade her hold her tongue, and down I went, and jest stopping in the entry to say over a prayer and a verse, I ondid the door and held up my candle to the face of the man that stood outside.

"He was young and no ways frightful to look upon, and he says right off,

"'That's right, my friend,' and he put this 'ere piece of money in my hand [showing a golden guinea]; and says he,

"'Now, I want you to come right along to the church, and open the door for me and my companion to go in, and then you must summon the clergyman to perform a marriage ceremony.'

"'Why, Sir,' says I, 'ef so be's you want to be married, why can't you go to the tavern and wait till morning; or ef suckumstances is sech as you can't wait, go to the minister's own house and be married in his study. Folks here don't never go to the meeting-house sech times, and more'n all, it's as cold and colder there than 'tis outer doors.'

"Upon that, Sir, the man he got kind of impatient, and says he,

"'Friend, it ain't advice I want of you but service.' And with that he put inter my hand this other piece of money."

And the sexton complacently displayed a second guinea.

"Well, Sir, upon that I considered, as I didn't know any thing onlawful in a man's being married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night, ef so be as he was a mind to, and the minister was a mind to marry him, so says I,

"'Well, Mister, you wait outside till I get my lantern, and I'll show you the way to the meeting-house and let you in, and then I'll go and tell the minister about it, and ef so be as he's a mind to come, why he will; and ef he ain't a mind to, why he won't.'

"'Has he a wife?' says the man next.

"'No, he hain't,' says I.

"'Have you a wife, then, goodman?' says he.

"'Yes, I have,' says I. 'And a good wife, too. It's she that was the widder Jones, and darter to old Samwel Rubbles of this town.'

"I was a going on, when the man he broke right in.

"'Can you persuade her to rise and accompany us to the church?' says he.

"'Lord, Sirs,' says I, right out (for which I hope I'll be forgiven), 'what upon earth ken you want o' her?'

"'My companion, the young lady that is to be my wife, should have the support of a woman's presence at such a time; and besides that, it is necessary to have two witnesses to the marriage,' says the man.

"'Wa'al, I don't know jest what to say,' says I, kind o' considering, and, Sir, that man he slips this other piece o' money inter my hand." And from his dexter pocket the venal sexton extracted a third guinea, and added it, with a humorous air of innocent astonishment, to the two already in his right hand.

"And then you went and called your wife?" suggested Mr. Hepworth, dryly.

"Why, yes, Sir. I considered that it *was* hard for a young woman to go and be married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night and no women folks about; and I conceited that Marthy like enough would take a notion to go, and be kind of riley ef I didn't give her the chance; and more'n all, I heerd her jest then call my name mighty softly over the balusters. So says I, 'Wa'al, I'll go see,' says I; and I shet to the door and went up stairs, and there was Marthy dressing herself faster'n ever I see her before, and all fer hurrying me off to get you."

"And were the strangers all this time out in the biting cold?" asked Mr. Hepworth, reprovingly.

"Why, yes, Sir. I thought 'twas safest so, for we never know what shape Satan may come in to destroy us, and I felt more kind o' easy to keep 'em outside. Marthy, when she got dressed, she went down and asked 'em in, but it wan't no wish of mine, nor she didn't stop to ask my

leave. Women folks is dreadful kind o' head-strong sometimes, Sir, though I 'spose you hain't never had no call to find it out," said the sexton, sighing.

"And these strangers, where are they now?" asked the clergyman, who, already cloaked and hatted, stood with the door in his hand waiting for his companion to precede him.

"In the meeting-house," said Mr. Jarvis, taking the hint, and passing out. "They wouldn't come in noways; but when I went out, the man he told us both to get inter a kerridge he had out in the road, and there was the young woman all curled away in one corner a crying; and the driver he druv right straight to the meeting-house as ef he'd been there afore. So I onlocked the door and lit a candle, and left 'em all there while I came to tell you, Sir."

"You would have done better, friend, in putting the end of your story nearer to the beginning," said the clergyman, a little indignantly. "We might have relieved the discomfort and anxiety of these poor people half an hour ago if you had been less diffuse in your narrative."

To this reproof John Jarvis listened in respectful though puzzled silence—a silence lasting until the two approached a bare, bleak, uncomely edifice—the universal type of the New England meeting-house of seventy years ago. A feeble light shone through the uncovered windows, and, pushing open the door, Mr. Hepworth stepped inside, not without a shiver at the deadly cold far more insupportable than the keen but living air without.

The bridal party (strange misnomer) were seated in a pew near the upper end of the church, and rising, as the quick step of the clergyman sounded hollowly up the uncarpeted aisle, they stood ready to receive him.

Foremost was a man of about thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and of gentlemanly bearing. Behind him followed the sturdy helpmate of John Jarvis, tenderly supporting a girlish figure with veiled face, whose stifled sobs attested her agitation.

"Mr. Hepworth, I believe," said the stranger, in a voice harmonizing well with his appearance.

"That is my name," said the clergyman, mildly. "Can I render you any service consistent with my duty, Sir?"

"The greatest. I wish to be married at once to this young lady. We are to sail for Europe on the morning tide. A boat now waits to convey us on board, and our passage is taken as man and wife. Our right to that position rests now with you."

"But you will surely tell me, Sir, the cause of this very unusual manner of proceeding? Are the young lady's parents aware of the step she has taken?"

"They are not, Sir," returned the stranger, firmly. "Her only parent, a father, is, on the contrary, bitterly opposed to my claims, and would force his daughter into another marriage as abhorrent to her feelings as to humanity.

She is of age to decide for herself, but has not the courage to openly maintain her rights in presence of her father. She has chosen me, and no power on earth shall prevent her from becoming my wife. If you refuse to perform the ceremony, we must embark unwedded, to the scandal of all who may hereafter hear the tale, and trust to have our marriage solemnized upon the other side the water."

"That were, indeed, a scandal!" ejaculated the clergyman, with horror.

"And yet to that extremity shall we be driven unless you will at once make us man and wife," said the stranger, coolly, as he drew out his watch and held it in the dim light of the candles. "It is now hard upon half past one. At two we are to take boat."

Mr. Hepworth turned to the bride.

"Daughter," said he, softly. "Have you considered what you do?"

"Yes, Sir. I hope I shall be forgiven," sobbed the girl.

"And is it your resolve, should I decline to solemnize so strange a marriage, to follow this man across the sea unwedded, at the imminent peril of your fair fame here, and eternal happiness hereafter?" asked the minister, solemnly.

The sobs became convulsive in their strength, but presently the timid voice again whispered,

"Yes, Sir. But you will not refuse—oh, will you?"

Mr. Hepworth walked nervously up and down the open space before the pulpit, and then returning to the group said, impressively,

"I will not refuse my ministration here; for if your avowals are an earnest of your intentions, I shall, by refusal, tempt you to a deeper sin than disobedience: but I warn you both, and especially you," turning to the bridegroom, "who, as the stronger and more responsible party, should bear the greater blame, that God's blessing rests not on those who seek it while openly violating His commands; and of these obedience to parents ranks next to obedience to Himself."

"Enough, Sir. We are not to be dissuaded from our purpose," replied the bridegroom, haughtily: adding more persuasively after a momentary pause: "And even by your own precept we are justified; for in choosing each other, and in resisting those who would separate us, we feel to be obeying the voice of God, even in opposition to that of a parent."

Mr. Hepworth to this argument opposed only a gesture of deprecation, and immediately took his place in front of the pulpit. As silently the others ranged themselves before him.

"Will you uncover your face, daughter?" asked the clergyman, kindly, as the bride showed no inclination to raise the veil behind which she had hitherto sheltered. Now, however, she immediately removed it, and the eyes of all her companions centred upon her face—those of the clergyman with benevolent scrutiny, of the Jarvisses with broad curiosity, of her bridegroom with tender and sympathizing love.

It was a lovely face—pale now and disfigured

by weeping, but undeniably beautiful, and, as Mr. Hepworth said to himself, not wanting in a latent strength such as the trials in the new path on which she now was entering might speedily render needful.

"Your name, my dear?" asked he, after a moment's attentive observation.

"Hope Murray," said the girl, faintly, a soft color stealing into her cheek beneath the gaze of all those eyes.

"And yours, Sir?"

"Miles Tresethen," said the stranger, meeting with unblenching gaze the look of severest scrutiny with which Mr. Hepworth turned from that fair childish face to that of the man who, as he had inly decided, had tempted her to her present rebellious disobedience. And yet Mr. Hepworth's growing anger paused, and even retrograded, as he met those clear, fearless eyes, noted the noble if proud bearing of the handsome head—came, though unconsciously, under the powerful influence of that presence.

"Judge not that ye be not judged," flashed through the clergyman's mind, and with a little sigh, he said, quietly,

"Take each other by the right hand." And in a few moments thereafter he gravely kissed the bride, saying, "May you be as happy, my dear, as an old man's wish can make you; and may your fault be forgiven you as freely as I would forgive, did it rest with me to do so!"

For an instant the girl clung about his neck as if he had been indeed her father, and then turned to her husband.

"We could not help it," said she, simply. "We loved each other so, and we were so unhappy."

"Good-by, Sir," said Tresethen, extending his hand, and grasping warmly that of the clergyman. "Accept my thanks—our thanks, for the sacrifice you have made to-night of prejudice to necessity. Never doubt that, on sober second thought, conscience will acquit you of all wrong."

"Can you speak as boldly for yourself?" asked Mr. Hepworth, dryly.

The bridegroom paused. The bride uplifted to his her tear-stained face.

"Before God I believe that I have done right," said Tresethen, solemnly; and the clergyman added nothing more except, "God bless you!" as he parted at the church-door with the newly-married couple.

"And here's another piece of money he give me as we came down the aisle behind you and the young woman," said John Jarvis, while the minister and he stood upon the steep steps of the meeting-house, listening to the quick rattle of the wheels whirling down the stony road toward the water; "and he said I was to come right along, and take the kerridge and hosses when they left 'em (that's his servant a-driving, Sir), and fetch 'em to you, and put 'em at your disposal, he said, Sir."

"At my disposal, Jarvis!"

"Yes, Sir. Give 'em to you, you know, Sir."

"But I do not wish for them, Jarvis. I can

not take them—indeed I will not. Go at once to the landing, and tell Mr. Tresethen that it is out of the question for me to accept his present, and ask what other disposal shall be made of the property."

Sexton Jarvis sped away, while his dame turned silently homeward, as did Mr. Hepworth, his brain whirling with the excitement of the two last hours.

As he reached the house he paused, and waited some moments without, although the rich red firelight streamed invitingly from the study window, and the night was bitterly cold.

But the rattle of distant wheels had reached his ear, and he stood patiently waiting until John Jarvis carefully checked the handsome horses close beside their reluctant owner.

"He won't take no for an answer," said the sexton, importantly. "And when I says, says I, 'Tan't no use. The minister says he can't nor he sha'n't take 'em;' he says, says he, 'Tell him they are his. He may use them himself, or sell them and give their price to the poor, but I have no more control over them.'"

"And is he gone?" asked Mr. Hepworth, anxiously.

"Yes, Sir. There was a boat waiting at the wharf (though the ship she belongs to must have run in sence dark. There wan't none in the harbor at dayli't down), and they was aboard when I come—that is, the man and his wife. The one that druv stood holding the horses till I came, and then he chucked the reins inter my hand and jumped inter the boat. The sailors pushed off, and in a minute more I couldn't hev told that there'd ever ben any sech doin's of it hadn't ben for the hosses and kerridge. What's to be done with 'em, Sir?"

"Why, we must put them in my little stable for to-night," said Mr. Hepworth, reluctantly. "And if there is really no owner for them but myself, I shall follow the suggestion of this strange young man, and sell them for the benefit of the poor of this parish. God knows they need relief."

Two days elapsed, and again Mr. Hepworth sat alone beside his study fire, this time in the daylight, thinking of the strange event so lately transpired, and anxiously pondering his own share therein, when a loud knock at the front door attracted his attention, and presently a stranger was ushered into the study.

This was a tall, stout man of middle life, with scowling brows, sanguine complexion, and a choleric expression, whether habitual or temporary Mr. Hepworth found it impossible to determine.

"You're Mr. Hepworth?" began the stranger, as soon as the door had closed behind him.

"Yes, Sir. Will you sit down?" said the clergyman, mildly.

"No, I won't. I want to know if you married my girl to that d—d scoundrel of an Englishman, who's carried her off."

"Sir, I shall answer no questions until you remember the decent respect you owe to my

cloth, if you choose to lay aside higher obligations," said the clergyman, severely.

"Well, well, beg your pardon, Sir, and all that; but it's enough to make a man swear. You have not told me yet whether you married them."

"I married Miles Tresethen and Hope Murray two nights ago, in the parish meeting-house of this town," said the minister, quietly.

"And by— Well, I an't going to swear, but what right had you to do so?"

"I did so because both parties assured me that Miss Murray was of age, that she chose to marry Mr. Tresethen in preference to any one else, and that they should certainly embark within half an hour in a vessel then awaiting them, married or unmarried. Should you have preferred so equivocal a position as that for your daughter, Mr. Murray?"

"What was the name of that vessel?" asked the angry man, waiving reply to the clergyman's question with an impatient gesture.

"I do not know, Sir."

"Perdition take them! I'll have 'em yet. I'll sail to-night—I know a ship. I'll be in England as soon as they, and I'll have her back if I kill that villain first. Disobedient jade—worthless trollop—"

"Mr. Murray, I must request you to leave my study and my house," exclaimed the mild Hepworth, with unwonted energy, as the pale, sweet face of Hope Murray rose to his memory from amidst this sea of angry words and epithets.

"But I tell you, Sir, that my life was bound up in that girl, and now she's gone. I should die if I couldn't swear!" exclaimed the father, with vehement simplicity. "I had such plans for her—I had such a match in view. She'd have been the first lady in the States in time. And now to go off with that miserable fellow—an Englishman too!"

"What are your objections to Mr. Tresethen, may I ask? I judged him very favorably in our brief interview," said Mr. Hepworth, pitying the genuine sorrow visible through all the offensive manner of the man.

"Why, Sir, his father was a Tory and a refugee. He came here a young man and made a fortune, then, when our troubles broke out, and I and others left all our own concerns and took up arms to fight for our freedom and our liberty, this miserable Englishman quietly transferred his ill-gotten gains to his own country, and skulked off after them. Then, with the devil's own luck (your pardon once more, Sir), he inherited a fine estate and lived in luxury, while our brave fellows, Sir, were eating their own shoes at Valley Forge, and tracking the snow with their bloody feet as they marched on without 'em. Then, when the war's all over, and matters settled down again, back comes this fellow, this Miles, who had been left in England for his education while his father was living here, to inquire after some landed property that the old fellow couldn't carry with him when he ran away, and was afraid to sell. My girl met

him, Sir, fell head over heels in love with him, and forgot her duty, her home, and her old father to run after him to the ends of the earth. But he sha'n't have her—he sha'n't keep her. I told 'em both, when they came asking my consent and all that, I never would consent—never, to my dying day, nor I won't."

"But if Mr. Miles Tresethen was educated in England, and never lived in this country at all, surely he need not share the odium of his father's desertion," suggested Mr. Hepworth.

"Well, perhaps not, but at any rate he's an Englishman, and we've had enough of Englishmen. I hate 'em, from the king upon his throne down to the meanest soldier in his army. We've all given our strength, and our hearts, and some of us our lives to getting rid of 'em, and clearing 'em out of the country, and now do you think I'm going to give my only child to one of 'em? Not I, Sir. I'll have her back. I'll get her divorced. I'll undo the knot you was so foolish as to tie, Sir. I'll have justice, and I'll have my girl."

And his anger having regained its full heat, temporarily checked by the calm presence of the clergyman, Mr. Murray was rushing indignantly from the room when he was checked by his host, who recounting briefly the incidents connected with the carriage and horses, requested that he would take them and dispose of them as he would.

But at this request the ire of the injured father reached its height; and with vehement protestations that horses, carriage, Englishman, and all should go to a very unpleasant place before he meddled with them, he slammed out of the house, leaving Mr. Hepworth to recover at his leisure from the horrified consternation into which he had been thrown.

Out on the wild Atlantic a hunted ship flew before the howling storm that rushed madly after. All day and all night and all another day the trembling quarry had sped on, and now at sunset of the second day the storm seemed gathering fresh strength, as if resolved at once to end the conflict by one overpowering effort.

It was the *Roebuck*, the ship on which James Murray had hastily embarked in pursuit of his daughter and her English husband; and as he now at nightfall came on deck and looked anxiously about, marking the fiercer gloom of sea and sky, the disordered ship and sullen crew, he remembered again the warning he had received just before sailing against trusting himself at sea with such a captain and such a crew; and, after the fashion of angry men, he cursed anew the cause of his present peril.

"If it hadn't been for that d—d Englishman," said he, "I should not have been here. And where is Hope—poor child!—and if she is lost, who will be her murderer? Who but that villain that tempted her away? I'll have his heart's-blood yet—trust me but I will!"

"Well, Mr. Murray, what did you see on deck?" asked a husky voice, as that gentleman

painfully descended the companion-ladder into the cabin.

"I saw every thing except the Captain," returned Murray, gruffly, casting a scowling glance at the bottle and tumbler sliding about upon the table.

"Ha, ha! that's meant for me, eh? Well, I'm just going up, though I don't know what in thunder to do when I get there, except what's been done already. Won't ye have a glass, Mr. Murray?"

"No, Sir!" returned the passenger, sternly. "If we are all to be swept into eternity before morning, as I expect, I for one will go like a man, and not like a brute."

"H-m! Surly devil! Go on deck to get rid of you, if nothing else," muttered the Captain, as he climbed the steep steps with more than usual difficulty.

Mr. Murray, after watching his clumsy movements with an expression of angry disgust until he had disappeared on deck, entered his own state-room, changed his dress, put his papers and money into an oilskin belt girt about his body, tied on his excellent life-preserver, and wrapping a heavy cloak about him, ascended in his turn to the deck.

The hour that had elapsed since his previous visit had wrought no material change. Perhaps through the intense blackness of the night the monotonous sweep of the wind sounded more fearfully; perhaps the leaping waves snatched more hungrily at their prey in the sheltering darkness; perhaps the doomed ship groaned more audibly and intelligibly; at least these things seemed so to the passenger, who now clung to the main shrouds and threw piercing glances hither and thither through the night. Sheltered beneath the windward bulwark crouched the Captain with his chief mate, their position only to be determined by their voices as they shouted an occasional order to the men, who sometimes sullenly obeyed, sometimes in the darkness contented themselves with muttering that it was impossible. At last a man came staggering aft with the request, or rather demand, from his comrades for the key of the spirit-room. It was received with an oath of denial, and the man sullenly withdrew; but the demand had aroused the officers to a sense of their imminent peril, as the storm had failed to do.

The Captain, rising with difficulty to his feet, began to make his way toward the hatch, intending to descend and broach the casks, well knowing, drunkard as he was, that if once the men gained access to them his shadow of control over them was lost, and with it all hope for the ship and those in it. As he passed Murray the latter said, indignantly,

"Why don't you have lanterns placed in the rigging, and send that look-out man back to his duty? He has left it to plot mutiny with his comrades there on the fore-castle. We shall all be murdered next, if you don't show some authority."

To this perhaps unwise but very natural reproof the angry skipper retorted with a string of oaths and coarse abuse, bidding his passenger attend to his own concerns, and expressing a hope that, in case of mutiny, he might become the first victim.

Mr. Murray turned contemptuously from him, and again fixed his eyes and his attention upon the dense mass of blackness ahead, into which the hunted ship was wildly plunging, trembling at every leap.

As Murray's attention again became fixed upon the night, he was aware of a new sound added to the wild swirl of winds and waves. A heavy rushing sound—a hissing of the waters as they parted perforce before some swift-advancing object—a shrieking of the wind as it tore through the shrouds, not only above his head but beyond in the black unknown. Murray fixed his straining eyes upon the point whence these sounds approached. Yes, a great black mass, shapeless and ominous as terror itself, bore down upon them, the seething waves and shrieking wind singing jubilee over the destruction in its path. On it came—there was no more doubt.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Murray. "Helmsman! mate! bestir yourselves! Ahoy! ahoy there!"

The wind snatched the words from his lips, rent them to fragments, and flung them scoffingly back upon him. It was barely that those in his own ship heard him, and then the mate, staggering to his feet, gazed blankly at the doom impending so closely over them a full minute before he shouted to the helmsman through his trumpet,

"Port there! port, you villain! port, you dog!"

It was too late. Before the man could obey the order fully, before the leaping ship could be put off her course, before one-tenth of that ship's crew knew that Death had laid his hand upon their garments, and claimed them for his own, the blow had fallen. The unknown ship, swerving slightly, as those on board her discovered too late the obstacle in their path, and vainly strove to evade it, came crashing down upon the *Roebuck*, amidst a wild confusion of sea and wind, of human shrieks and cries and oaths, of splintering wood and falling masts. Then, carried on by her fearful impetus, the stranger, cutting through the doomed *Roebuck*, passed on into the blackness, with no power, had she the inclination, to render assistance to her victims.

Seizing a spar that mercifully would have dealt him a death-blow, James Murray found himself floating in the water, surrounded on every side by drowning men and fragments of the shattered vessel. Clinging to his spar, he struggled to maintain his head above the blinding waves that sought to bury him while yet quick in the grave beneath his feet, and he succeeded.

The storm soon scattered the few survivors of the wreck who had not at once been drowned; and when at last the morning broke, and Murray, raising himself as well as he was able upon

the spar, looked despairingly about him, no trace remained of ship or company—nothing but the wild waste of waters, stretching far away to where on the horizon line the great waves reared their crests upon the sullen sky.

“Worse than death—worse a thousand times!” groaned the desolate survivor; and for a moment he was tempted to release himself from spar and life-preserver, and sink at once, escaping thus the torturing hours lying between him and the almost inevitable end. But in the powerful organization of the man vitality was strong and deeply seated; and after his first weak terror at the gloomy prospect, James Murray summoned his strength, and resolved to die, if die he must, when no farther efforts of his own could sustain him.

Hunger and thirst were now his greatest foes. Against the former he was fortified for a while by some bread and meat which he had placed in his pocket before coming on deck, thinking it possible that the crew might suddenly take to the boats without adequate preparation, and determining in such a case neither to be left behind, nor to die of starvation should the winds and waves allow a boat to live. But this food, saturated as it was with salt-water, would only increase the fearful thirst already tormenting him—a surer and a crueler foe to life than any hunger—and so Murray reflected, with a shudder. Still he resolved to neglect no means of preserving life, even though it must be in torture, and tying together his cravat and handkerchief, he passed them about his body, and firmly secured himself to the spar. This left both his hands at liberty, and gave him greater ease of position.

Extracting from his water-filled pocket a bit of the meat, he ate it hungrily, and could have cried at finding the bread a mere mass of saline pulp, entirely inedible. Somewhat refreshed by this slight nourishment, the lonely man looked once more about him, scanning the horizon with anxious scrutiny if haply a white-winged vessel might be on its way to rescue him. But the only comfort that could be gathered from all the untold miles of sea and sky around and above him was the hope that the storm was over. Surely the clouds were thinner and more broken; the rain had ceased; the fitful wind did not so incessantly lash the waves into more furious sweeps. Toward noon a watery sun shone for a moment through rifts of sullen cloud, was overwhelmed, but struggled out again with fuller rays, and from that gained steadily upon the clouds, until at setting he flashed out a broad banner of victorious rays far across the unquiet sea, still throbbing fiercely with its late emotion.

Still no hope, no rescue for James Murray. Every hour of that December day had stolen somewhat from the vigor that upheld him. His limbs were numb, although he tried to keep the blood alive in them by active motion. His teeth chattered, his eyes grew dim, a sick dizziness at his brain made sea and sky swim before his sight;

in his ears grew a drowsy song as of the sirens calling to him from beneath the waves.

“I can not live till morning; and oh, my child!” No anger now, only yearning love and bitterest sorrow. In that dreary trial the heart of the worldly man was learning the lessons that prosperity had never taught. Again he said:

“I hope she will never know how her poor father died; I hope she will be happy all her life. I wish she knew that I forgave her before I died. Poor dear, I said hard things to her that night before she left me. I would give all my slender chance of life to take them back. Why should she not choose for herself, as I did in my youth? Cruel and tyrannical! *She* did not say it, though. That poor little note she left for me had no such words as those in it. I tore it, and stamped upon the pieces before I burned them. God forgive me! Did her mother see me do that, I wonder. Fifteen years ago since Mary died, and she bid me to be father and mother both to that poor child. Have I done it? O God, let me live! Save me from this death, that I may make amends for the wrong I had sworn to do!”

He raised himself from the water as far as he might, and gazed once more on all around with a piteous earnestness such as no care for mere life had brought into that hard face.

Nothing but sea and sky, cloud and wave. Only there, on the horizon line, what is that? A wave leaping higher than its fellows? No, for it does not sink and rise as the waves do. It can not be a ship, it is so low in the water; there are no masts to be traced on that golden back-ground of the sunset clouds. A boat, perhaps; if so, are there men in it? Will it cross his path? Can he attract their notice?

A wild flutter of hope and desire thrill through the soul and body of that man, struggling so vehemently for life, and he begins with all the little strength at his command to swim toward the distant haven of his hope. But before he has made the least perceptible progress, before he has resolved one of all those doubts as to the nature of the object he so wildly strives to gain, heavy darkness shuts down upon him and it. It is no longer possible to distinguish the least trace of the boat, if such it was, and with a bitter groan James Murray ceases his efforts and sinks down upon the spar in listless inaction.

“It will be gone by morning,” said he, “or I shall be dead.”

But morning dawned, and he was not dead. Very weak and exhausted indeed, unable to swim or to make any other motion, but still alive, still conscious of that little link holding him to this lower world, still anxious for the sunrise, that he might with his dying eyes sweep the wide horizon line before he closed them forever.

So faint and weak he was he could not bring himself at once to make the exertion of rising on the spar that he might take that last look. It was not till the warm sunlight fell upon his face that he gathered his energies and feebly rose.

Oh, God is good! It is close upon him, drift-

ing slowly down across his very path. No boat, indeed, but the dismasted hulk of a vessel, its bows shattered and sunk, but its stern high and safe above the water, and human figures looking down from it curiously upon him.

He raised his arm and feebly waved it; as feebly shouted a reply to the hail that met his dull ears, and then the song of the siren shut out all other sound, a thick darkness closed his eyes, and he had fainted.

An hour after, when James Murray unclosed those heavy eyes, he stared incredulously into the face bending so tenderly over him, and moved uneasily within the arms that folded themselves about him. But he could not shake off the dream.

"Hope?" whispered he, incredulously.

"Yes, dear, dearest father, it is indeed your own wicked child, to whom God has kindly given time and space to ask your forgiveness."

The father feebly closed his eyes without reply—it was all so strange. It was so little while since he had longed to live that he might ask her forgiveness.

A man's voice spoke next:

"Let me pour some more of this brandy between his lips, dearest. You should not have spoken yet of such matters."

"I could not help it, Miles. I have so longed to say it. But see, he is getting better surely; see the color in his lips. Oh, father dear, open your eyes once more!"

James Murray did not resist that appeal, but opening his eyes, fixed them more lovingly upon his daughter's face than she remembered him ever to have done before.

Tears rushed into her own, but she restrained them at a look from her husband, and only stooped to kiss her father's cheek.

"It was Miles who saved you," whispered she, after a moment. "He leaped in and drew you to the vessel."

"Where is he now—Miles?" asked Mr. Murray, feebly.

"Here. Oh, darling father, you forgive us both—I see that you do!" And then the tears would come, and did.

"And now, Sir, if you are strong enough I will take you down to the cabin and put you in a berth," said Tresethen, presently. "We have the after-part of the ship at our command, and may be very comfortable here for a long time if the fair weather holds."

"Wait a while and I'll go down myself. I'm too heavy for any one to carry."

"I think not, Sir, if I may try." And the broad-shouldered young Englishman, raising his reluctant burden from the deck, carried him carefully down the steep steps, and after stripping off his wet and almost frozen clothes, placed him carefully in a berth and covered him deep with blankets.

"Now, if you will take a good long sleep, Sir," said he, cheerily, "I think you'll wake up all right, and Hope will have some hot tea ready for you."

Mr. Murray did not answer, but went to sleep with a queer smile upon his lips. To think that this should be the end of all the threats and curses he had heaped upon the head of that young man!

Hope was ready with the tea, and before night her father was nearer to being "all right" than could have been expected after the severe exposure he had undergone.

The next day he was able to sit up and hear the story of the *Tresethen's* voyage and present position. He was not surprised at learning that this very hulk on which they now found themselves was the remains of the destroyer of the *Roebuck*. That shock, so fatal to the smaller vessel, was not harmless to the larger. Her bows were badly stove, and shortly after the collision a cry was raised that the ship was sinking, and must immediately be deserted. With the selfishness of terror the crew seized upon the boats and refused to allow the passengers a place. The Captain, after exerting alike uselessly his authority and his powers of persuasion, declared finally that unless the passengers were taken he himself would remain behind.

"So much the better!" cried the brutal boatswain as he pushed off the overloaded boat, which was immediately hidden by the darkness. The three, thus abandoned, sat down quietly upon the quarter-deck and waited for their death. It did not come, and in the morning they perceived, that, having settled to a certain depth, the ship would sink no farther, at least toward the stern. The cabin and cabin stores were thus saved to them, insuring shelter and subsistence so long as the hulk should float in its present position. A quantity of charcoal stored in an empty stateroom promised the comfort of fire, and in all, except the uncertainty of permanent safety, their situation might be as agreeable and comfortable as it had been during the first days of their voyage. But a few more hours brought yet another shock to convince them that no man may calculate in what form his last hour shall meet him.

The Captain, whose great weakness was a love of gain, had mentioned several times that a great deal of money might be collected from the seamen's chests in the fore-castle, if we could get at them, as the sailors had, according to custom, received their wages for the outward voyage upon the day of sailing.

The next morning after the shipwreck he had been heard to quietly leave the cabin at an early hour and ascend the companion-way. Some time after, Tresethen, going up to join him, was startled at finding only his coat lying upon the deck. The Captain was never seen again; and the two survivors could only surmise that he (being a bold and skillful swimmer) had dived into the fore-castle to try to recover the treasure hidden there, and had either become entangled in the wreck, or struck his head in the descent so as to stun himself. At any rate the sea never gave up this one of its many secrets, and Tresethen and his bride remained alone, until, by almost a miracle, James Murray was brought to join them.

A week was passed away, and, spite of all the perils of their position—spite of their uncertain future—Hope thought and said that it was the happiest week of all her life. Her father having once made up his mind to forgive and like her husband, did it so heartily that his daughter-sometimes smiled merrily at finding her own opinions and arguments peremptorily set aside in favor of Tresethen's, and in noticing the honest admiration in the face of the older man, when his new son argued eloquently and firmly, although respectfully, with Murray's unreasoning prejudice against England and Englishmen.

Tresethen, too, beginning with a mere feeling of compassion and forbearance, grew to feel a real affection for Hope's father—to regard him with that complacent fondness one always feels for a person he has won over from opposition to amity.

But these pleasant days were drawing to a close. Hope, awaking one night from uneasy dreams, was startled by hearing the splash of water close to the edge of her berth, and putting out her hand, dipped it into the ice-cold element stealing so treacherously upon her sleep. Rousing hastily her husband and father, and procuring a light, her terrible suspicions were soon confirmed. The wreck was settling. They must at once abandon the cabins, and trust themselves to the shelterless deck. Hastily gathering what food was at hand, and snatching some clothing from the beds, the fugitives fled from the cruel foe, steadily if slowly pursuing them.

The first effort of both men was to shelter as much as possible the delicate girl so dear to both; but when Hope was wrapped closely in shawls and blankets, and seated between them upon the deck, there seemed no more to be done but to wait resignedly, till that creeping, sliding water, whose warning splash sounded every moment nearer, should at last reach and overwhelm them.

"What should be the cause of this sudden change?" asked Mr. Murray, breaking with an effort the painful silence.

"Captain Jones told me," said Tresethen, "the reason the vessel did not sink at once was that he had caused a bulkhead, as nearly airtight as he could get it, to be placed across some portion of the hold, thinking that, in case of just such a disaster as befell us, this confined body of air would, as it actually did, buoy up the stern and prevent the wreck from sinking. In the first moments after the collision he supposed that his experiment had failed, and did not mention it to us until several hours of safety had reassured him. I suppose this partition must now have given way at some point, so as slowly to admit the water. Probably it was just beneath our feet last night, while we sat so cheerfully talking over our future plans before separating for the night."

"Dreadful!" murmured Hope, hiding her face upon her husband's breast.

"Well, I don't know, daughter and son," said James Murray, after a little pause. "It don't strike me that we've been so hardly dealt with

after all. It would have been worse if I had died floating on that spar, and you had gone down when your shipmates did, and neither of us had ever said the words we have said since. It would have been worse, even if you had got safely to England and lived out your lives, with the weight on your consciences of having started wrong; while I, a poor, miserable, lonely old man, had staid in America cursing and swearing at my disobedient children."

"Oh, father!"

"Well, I did girl, and so that Mr. Hepworth will tell you—would have told you, I may as well say. No, children, I think, on the whole, Almighty God has done full as much for us as we any way deserve, considering we none of us have kept straight to the mark; and I for one have wandered off far enough. Now, son and daughter, don't you agree with me that we shall all go off into eternity the happier and the better for this last week we've spent together?"

"Indeed I do, Sir," said Miles, solemnly; and Hope, sobbing on her father's neck, answered him with quivering kisses.

"I know I haven't lived what the ministers call a godly life," said James Murray again, after a little thought. "But I hope I've been sorry first or last for all the wrong I've done; and I've heard it read that such as repented were to be forgiven. I don't know yet. We all shall soon. Hope, child, can't you say over one of those prayers I used to hear your mother teaching you in the old times?"

Controlling her own emotion with quiet womanly strength, Hope, after a little pause, repeated in her clear, low voice the simplest and the greatest of all petitions, the Lord's own prayer.

When she had done, no more was said for a long while. Each one took counsel with his own heart, and silently set his house in order for the mighty visitor who stood close without the door. At last Tresethen said, quietly,

"The day is dawning."

All eyes turned eastward and watched silently while the sun rose through a glory of purple and golden clouds and came to look at them. Presently his light and warmth revived their chilled frames, and, creeping closer together, they divided the food they had brought with them in their hasty flight. It was not much, not more than would last one day; but as all thought, though none said, it was very unlikely that another sunrise should find them in need of earthly food.

The bright winter day passed on. The air, though keen, was not insupportably cold, and the little party were well provided with wrappings of various sorts, and exerted themselves, from time to time, to take such exercise as the limits of the deck, now very nearly level with the water, would allow. But here again the waters stayed. For what reason they could not tell, but from an hour before sunset the settling of the wreck was suspended, and faint human hopes and longings came creeping back to the

three hearts that thought to have done with them forever.

Darkness fell, and the father slept, his head upon his daughter's lap. She, gathered to her husband's breast, neither spoke nor moved, and though her blue eyes did not close her spirit seemed far away. Tresethen, strong and manful, warded off as yet the subtle attacks of cold and hunger, watching sleeplessly the starry horizon, hoping, longing to see there the dim outline of a sail.

The long night passed, the morning broke. Hope quietly arousing herself drew forth the remnant of her yesterday's food and tried to slip a portion into her father's mouth that he might unconsciously swallow it. But Murray awaking suddenly detected the pious fraud, and smiling feebly, said,

"No, no, child; life is young and full of promise for you—keep it while you may. My race is run."

"Will you not take it, father? Indeed I do not want it."

"No, Hope; positively no."

"Then you must, Miles. You are the strongest of us all. Eat, and you may yet be saved."

"Do you think, my wife, that I would live so?" asked Tresethen, reproachfully. "What charm remains on earth for me, that I should take the morsel from your lips and watch you die of hunger in my arms? Eat this morsel yourself, my darling, if you love me!"

"No, Miles, I can not—I will not. Indeed, I think it would choke me were I to attempt it."

"Then we will divide it in three parts, and each agree to eat his own share for the sake of the others."

"I will try," said Hope, faintly; and James Murray, sitting upright, could not restrain the hungry glare of his hollow eyes as he seized the portion offered him by Tresethen. Hope—her husband's eye upon her—swallowed with difficulty her own morsel, watching in her turn Tresethen, who, making a very good pretense at eating, quietly hid his untasted food, reserving it for Hope.

Again the sun rose and looked pityingly down upon the forlorn group clinging to that sinking wreck.

The three watched it steadily.

"Hope! Mr. Murray! what is that? There, close under the sun—you can hardly see it for the light! Is it—can it be?—it is, a sail!"

"You're right, boy; it is surely a sail!" cried the father, rising excitedly to his feet.

Hope did not speak, but her dim eyes turned to Miles with a look of unspeakable thankfulness.

It was indeed a sail—a homeward-bound merchantman, sweeping gayly on before a strong east wind, directly in the path of the sinking hulk.

Every moment as it passed brought her nearer, and brought back life and hope to those three, so lately resigned to die.

Nearer and nearer, till the fluttering ensign

of distress held aloft by Tresethen was acknowledged from her decks; near and nearer, till she gracefully rounded to, and a boat was manned and lowered. Then, as it came leaping on across the waters, how those hungry eyes watched lest it should suddenly be swallowed up; lest it should not, after all, be meant for them; lest they should die some sudden death before it reached them. And then, when it was come—when rough hands, but tender hearts, helped them aboard with many a word of pity and of wonder—then how the truth of their safety in very deed came crowding in upon their hearts, till even Tresethen turned away his face, while Hope and Murray sobbed aloud.

All honor to that captain and that crew, Englishmen every one! All honor to the underlying good of human nature in its roughest form! How many ways it found to prove itself in the days before that merchantman dropped her anchor in Boston harbor! How affectionately Tresethen and Murray and Hope herself grasped the hard hands of those sailors as they parted from them at the wharf! How tenderly they ever recalled their faces and their names; and how gladly, years after, they ministered to the wants of one of them who, sick and poor, sent to ask their charity!

And so Miles and Hope came home to the roof whence they had stolen a while before; and that angry father, who had pursued them with such threats of vengeance, welcomed them there as one welcomes all that makes life dear; and when the year came round, and there was a baby to be christened, none but Mr. Hepworth should bestow that benediction on its little head, and sanction with his presence the merry dinner afterward which Mr. Murray gave, as he told every one, in honor of "My grandson, Sir, Miles Tresethen, Junior!"

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

WITH Humboldt terminated an important period in the history of science. Gay-Lussac, Laplace, Arago, and Cuvier, who were with him the master minds whose unwearied labors served so largely to advance its boundaries that those who immediately followed them found themselves in possession of an advance point never before gained in a single epoch, had one after the other been snatched away by death, and left him the sole (or nearly the sole, for the venerable Biot was then still living) representative of this great era. At last Humboldt, at the age of ninety, died in 1859; and those who had listened to the teachings of this great school of philosophers were left in possession of the great depository they had labored with such assiduity to enrich. Nor were the immediate recipients of this legacy of knowledge laggard in assuming the labors of their predecessors. Owen, Liebig, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and Agassiz constitute the master spirits of another epoch whose cycle has not yet been completed, but whose discoveries and contributions, as already establish-

ed, clearly demonstrate that it will fall but little behind the great scientific age that preceded it.

Of these, one of the most industrious as well as one of the most successful prosecutors of original scientific researches is Agassiz. He is of French origin, but a native of Switzerland, having been born in Motier, in the Canton of Fribourg, in 1807. He had scarcely completed his preparatory studies when he was appointed Professor of Natural History in the University of Neufchatel, which position he continued to occupy until his departure for the United States in 1846.

It is a remarkable fact that Guyot, whom Ritter declared to be one of his best pupils, and who was Professor of Physical Geography in the University of Neufchatel; Matile, the Professor of History in the same institution; and Agassiz, should, after many years' conjoint labor as colleagues, find themselves residents of the United States, and professors of various schools in this country. It is pleasant to say that a warm friendship, begun in youth and continued through the varying shades of manhood, still subsists between these early associates.

In 1833 Agassiz began the publication of his great work on "Fossil Fishes," in five quarto volumes, accompanied by about four hundred folio plates, comprising the figures and descriptions of nearly one thousand specimens of fossil fishes. This work at once won the admiration of all the savans of Europe, and established for him a reputation which he has since so honorably maintained.

Born in the midst of those wonderful and majestic creations which tower up on every side in the lofty pinnacles and deep ravines of the Swiss Alps, his attention was early directed to an explanation of their phenomena. Every one knows that the deep valleys of these mountainous regions contain immense rivers denominated glaciers, as those of the Aar and Chamouni, whose waters are constantly frozen, and which gradually flow down to empty themselves into the Rhone with a motion so imperceptible that its progress is only determined by fixing points that may be permanent upon the icy current and contiguous shore, and at intervals of several months noticing the distance which those objects on the ice have receded from those on the bank of the stream. Hugri, who had placed a cabin on the Aar in 1827, found that in 1830 it had moved about 110 yards downward. Agassiz, in 1840, by fixing the position of the rock on the Aar, which he denominated "Hôtel des Neufchâtelois," found that its motion was at the rate of 243 feet each year; at which rate of progress the frozen stream would finally flow from the lakes, whence it was collected to the Rhone, at an average rate of one mile in about twenty-two years.

But the phenomena of motion, however interesting, was of far less importance, as a question of large generalization, than what is known as "the glacial theory," which Agassiz announced in a paper read before the Helvetic Society of Natural History in 1837, which was a

remarkable advance in geological discoveries. It may be well to state that a few years since two theories were advocated to account for all the changes that had taken place on the surface of the globe. One of these, known as the Wernerian theory from its author, ascribed all these changes to the action of water. The other, known as the Huttonian theory, attributed them with equal force to the effect of fire. The action of both fire and water are so manifest upon the surface of the globe, that although each theory had many warm and able advocates, yet the great majority of the scientific world were disposed not to place implicit confidence in either, although attributing to each a great share in these effects. While discussions were going on in regard to which had the greatest agency in shaping the outer or external crust of the earth into the mountains and valleys that now diversify its surface, Agassiz, by his close and searching observations on the glaciers, attempted to show that water had exercised an influence in the arrangement of the visible parts of the earth as it now presents itself in a form heretofore never thought of.

"The appearance of the Alps," says Agassiz, in the promulgation of this theory, "the result of the greatest convulsion which has modified the surface of our globe, *found its surface covered with ice, at least from the North Pole to the Mediterranean and Caspian seas.*" From the effects produced by the motion of this great icy covering in scratches upon the rocks, not only in the Alps, where the glaciers are seen at this day, but in Norway and Scotland, and, still later, on the American continent, he inferred that the whole surface had been subjected to the action of this ice movement, which had left enduring traces of its progress in the inscriptions it had surely although rudely traced on the adjacent rocks in its passage downward to what now form the beds of the ocean and great seas.

This glacial theory presupposes that this globe, which we inhabit with such conscious security, and which in its arrangement in the great solar circle is so disposed as to give a due proportion of dryness and moisture, and heat and cold to its various parts, so as to fit them for the abode of man and those animals which exist with him, was at least north of the Mediterranean at a day no farther distant than that which witnessed the upheaval of the Alps, entirely enveloped in one dense and unyielding investure of ice; that the whole of the North American continent was at that time subjected to a degree of cold so intense as to destroy every species of animal life and every particle of vegetation; and that with a restoration of this part of the earth's surface to a sufficient degree of heat—for it appears to have previously possessed an elevated temperature far more tropical than it now enjoys—it came forth from its icy investure bleak and barren, and entirely devoid of animate existence. While it is true that these very original and ingenious speculations have not as yet obtained general acceptance, it is nevertheless certain that

such geologists as Buckland and Lyell in England, and Professor Hitchcock in the United States, have either adopted in whole or in part the theory as established by the facts upon which they have been enabled to generalize. Professor Hitchcock has found in the New England States evidences of striation of rocks which go far toward the establishment of this theory; and I may add, that I have likewise seen in the mountain gorges of Western Maryland similar striations which it seems scarcely possible to account for on any other supposition.

But whether this theory be true or not, yet the deductions of Agassiz on the glacial movements form very important contributions to science, and are both exact and interesting. It is, however, rather as a naturalist than a physicist that Agassiz has gained his greatest reputation; and when, at the suggestion of Humboldt, he was requested by the King of Prussia to visit the United States in order to investigate its fossil remains, it was rather as the author of the elaborate work on "Fossil Fishes," than as the promulgator of a new physical theory of the earth's perturbations, that he was warmly welcomed by scientific men.

He arrived in the United States in 1846, accompanied by Count Portralis, who, as an attaché to the Coast Survey, has since contributed to the pages of its reports much exact information connected with this important branch of the public service. Agassiz had, while in Europe, received an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and soon after his arrival in Boston he was introduced in this manner to the public as a lecturer on Natural History. Possessing great natural powers as a public speaker, with a reasonably fair acquaintance with the English language, and ardent enthusiasm for the subject he was engaged in delineating, it is not remarkable that his lectures should have been exceedingly popular, or that his audiences should have filled to overflowing the edifice in which they were delivered.

He originally contemplated a tarry of two years in the United States, and was provided by the Prussian Government with funds for this object; but soon after his arrival he met with Professor Bache, who not only tendered to him the use of the vessels engaged in the Coast Survey for the purpose of prosecuting his researches, but employed him on the special service of examining the formation of the Florida Reefs. This piece of good fortune determined him to remain an indefinite period in the United States, in which he found a vast and hitherto nearly unexplored field for research in the department of natural history, to which he particularly devoted his attention. This resolve was finally made a permanent one by his appointment to the Professorship of Zoology and Geology in the Lawrence Scientific School, then just established. He has since become a permanent resident of Cambridge, has associated himself by marriage with a Boston lady, and drawn around him a circle of home associations which promise to pos-

sess sufficient power to retain him hereafter in his adopted country.

My acquaintance with Agassiz began at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Providence in 1855. This meeting was remarkable for the circumstance that the plan and organization of the Dudley Observatory was there arranged and prosecuted chiefly by Dr. Armsby of Albany, with such zeal that when the Association assembled at Albany the following year the whole arrangement was so far developed that its organization was inducted by an able address by Edward Everett.

At Providence the harmony of the meeting was for a time disturbed by a rival faction, which was somewhat jealous of the mode in which the appointments were made by those who were intrusted with the management of the Association. One of the most effective and conciliatory speakers on this occasion was Agassiz, who by his tact succeeded in a great degree in restoring harmony, upon the very eve of what promised to be an unpleasant if not irreconcilable discord which threatened the very existence of the Association.

During the week appropriated to the meetings of the Association I frequently met him at the dinner parties and evening receptions given by the citizens to the members. Agassiz, who was at that time somewhat under fifty years of age, possessed a remarkably fine personal appearance, and a physique which, while not overburdened with flesh, exhibited much power of endurance. Among the eminent savans assembled on this occasion, including Pierce of Harvard, Alexander of Princeton, Olmsted of Yale, Henry of the Smithsonian, Bache of the Coast Survey, Henry and William B. Rogers, and Sir William Logan, Agassiz had unquestionably the finest head and the most strikingly intellectual countenance. He was indeed not only a highly intellectual person in appearance, but a very handsome man, and withal was possessed of the blandest and most engaging manners.

The topics usually discussed at the social reunions were of a scientific character. On one occasion the party invited to dinner had assembled with the single exception of Agassiz. While waiting his coming the conversation turned upon the characteristics of the toad, and called forth a difference of opinion, which upon his arrival was referred to him for settlement.

"Yes," replied Agassiz, in answer to the appeal, "on my way hither I saw a toad jumping in the path before me, and put him in my pocket for future examination. Here he is:" and to the surprise of the party he drew forth a living specimen of the object under discussion, and placing him in the palm of his hand commenced a dissertation upon its peculiarities and habits with as perfect nonchalance as if he had been invited thither for the express purpose. It is needless to say that the party listened with the utmost attention to his explanations, and relinquished the subject on the announcement that the dinner waited their attendance, in all proba-

bility better acquainted with the habits of this unobtrusive yet very useful being than they ever would have been but for this accidental circumstance.

On this occasion Agassiz was the chief talker, for two reasons: first, because he talked admirably; and, second, because each of the other guests desired most to hear him. He never speaks for effect—at least it so impressed me, not only on this but frequent other occasions where we have chanced to meet—but from the fullness of his heart. He enters with great warmth into the subject that engages his attention, and is happy to find one whom he can interest in it; and thus, while carrying learned men far beyond the boundaries of their own knowledge in the topic of which he is master, he appears perfectly unconscious of any superiority over those with whom he is conversing. He tells what he has to say, either in private conversation or in public, with great earnestness, and listens with respectful attention to what is told him by others.

Agassiz occupies, as a summer retreat, a cottage on one of the boldest and most weather-beaten cliffs on the promontory of Nahant. From this spot he can look out upon the ocean as it stretches uninterruptedly away toward the continent of Europe, and be lulled to sleep by the ceaseless surging of its waves upon the rocky shore. While I was at Nahant a few years since he was away at Cambridge, busily employed in the arrangement of the Zoological Museum which he has since developed in such an admirable manner and in such gigantic proportions. We met, however, at the railway station at Lynn, where I left the cars in order to visit Prescott. He appeared jaded, and was far from the possession of his ordinary good health. He had not attended the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science the previous year, and upon my calling his attention to the circumstance, he replied that for some time he had not been well.

I remarked that, during the summer months at least, I had expected to find him at Nahant, where he might procure a stock of health to enable him to prosecute his labors with more energy during the remainder of the year.

"You are right," he replied, "you are right: but with the resolve not to come to town during the summer, I find that I am so much interested in the classification of my Museum that I have spent nearly the whole summer there."

I expressed the hope that, on his present visit to Nahant, he would find it sufficiently attractive to wean him for a few weeks at least from his dearly loved fossil remains, and be induced to snuff the fresh air from the ocean, instead of that exhaled from the musty preparations of a cabinet of natural history in the process of preparation; and thus we parted, I must confess upon my part, with the most serious misgivings as to his capability long to continue the laborious task he was imposing upon himself in the arrangement of his Museum, and the preparation of his "Contributions to the Natural History of the

United States," which at that time, as now, occupied a large share of his attention.

I was therefore agreeably surprised in meeting him at Newport on the occasion of the re-assembling of the Scientific Association at that place in August, 1860, to find that every trace of bodily ailment had passed away, and that he appeared as fresh and vigorous as I had ever seen him. He had the year previous paid a visit to Switzerland, where his mother, venerable with years but erect and dignified in carriage, as well as his sister, Madame Françillon, and her children reside.

Professor Silliman, in his last visit to Europe, bore a note of introduction from Agassiz to his mother and sister, and paid them a visit at Lausanne, a Swiss town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, where they resided. He first met with Madame Françillon Agassiz, who, according to the custom, bears her maiden name as well as that of her husband's, where the family occupies a prominent position in society. He found this lady, who appeared with a smiling face, brilliant black eyes, and the softened features of her brother, surrounded by a beautiful group of children seven in number. She extended to him and his daughter a cordial welcome, and in the frankest manner had spread for their reception a welcome board, on which a finely flavored cup of tea—a great fondness for which is one of the Professor's weaknesses—carried his thoughts back to his New England home and his own table, around which Agassiz and himself had spent many a pleasant hour.

Although the evening was rainy it did not deter Agassiz's sister from accompanying her new friends to her mother's, to whom their coming had been announced by her little son, who was the bearer of the introductory note from Agassiz. She had mislaid her spectacles and could not read the note, but she said that when her grandson told her that two American gentlemen, accompanied by a lady, were coming in a few minutes, she felt assured that they were the friends of her son Louis. When Professor Silliman explained their intimacy; that he had often been a guest in his family; that he knew his interesting American wife; and when he still further gave a friendly notice of her son's domestic happiness, and of his high standing and success in his adopted country, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart which fourscore years had failed to chill.

Agassiz had made such progress in the arrangement of his Museum as to make a description of his plans a subject of interest to the scientific world, and he was invited to give to the Association a general view of its arrangement. It is the custom of the Association, after a short time spent in general business, to divide into sections for the reading and discussing of scientific papers. On the occasion referred to, both sections adjourned in order to enable all the members to listen to Agassiz, and long before

he made his appearance every available place was occupied by members or visitors at Newport; for this was the height of the season at this fashionable watering-place, and its gay visitors were in attendance in large numbers.

The meetings of the Association were held at the State House—a venerable building familiar to the visitors of Newport, whose associations are connected with some of the most stirring events in our national history; and the room occupied on this occasion was the great State-chamber, from whose frames looked out the commanding portraits of many of those distinguished men, who, on more than one trying occasion, had made these walls echo back their masterly and impassioned eloquence.

Agassiz gracefully acknowledged the compliment extended to him; and after a brief and apposite allusion to the historic character of the edifice, at once began his explanation of the arrangement of the Museum, which, with the "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States"—which is a part of his plan—may be considered the crowning work of his life. This Museum is a conception of the grandest kind, and is intended not only to represent the present state of knowledge of Natural History, but its future development for a long period. The visitor on entering finds himself in an apartment which serves the purpose of an ante-room, in which is arranged a general classification of all the subjects to which the whole is appropriated. This room is intended as a general introduction to Natural History, in which the earlier or more rudimentary stages of its progress can be traced before the student enters into the exact details found in their appropriate departments within. On more than one occasion, while Agassiz was eloquently describing his vast plan, I felt amazed that Boston should be the only city in the Union capable of developing so noble a foundation; and asked myself over and over again why New York, whose men of wealth exceeded in numbers those of any other city on the continent, should not by private benefaction endeavor to cope with its New England rival. Here is a comparatively small town, the commercial capital of one of the most sterile sections of the country, possessing a Review which for half a century has been a model of literary excellence; an institution of learning which, during the same period, has stood at the head of its class; and a scientific school and a museum of natural history of which the whole nation have good reason to be proud; and a director of its cabinet of natural history whom kings and emperors have in vain sought, by the most brilliant offers, to entice from his simple republican home to do honor to their proud capitals. Among these offers the most tempting are those of Professor of Natural Sciences in the University of Göttingen, to fill the post so ably occupied by Blumenbach; and the director of the "Jardin des Plantes" in Paris, which is certainly the most enviable situation a man of science could occupy. During the recent visit of Prince Jerome to the

United States he called on Agassiz while in Boston, and, in the name of his royal cousin, renewed this latter offer, which had already been twice tendered to him by the Emperor. Yet up to this period he has never hesitated as to his objects of life, and the situation he seeks to occupy.

Mere pecuniary compensation seems to have had but little influence with Agassiz, who has always looked to this source only as a means to accomplish great ends. While a youth, as a student of medicine at Zurich and afterward at Munich, where he became the intimate friend of Oken the zoologist, Martins the botanist, Schelling the philosopher, and Dollinger the founder of the school of modern physiology, he was sustained by a small income allowed by his father, which was entirely withdrawn upon his receiving the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

He had, while a student, made, under his able masters, much progress in Natural History, and especially in the fresh-water fish of Europe, of which he had elaborately drawn a large number of specimens. His ardent desire to prosecute these studies in Paris was fortunately gratified by a singular, and what might be called an almost providential, circumstance. Mr. Christinat, a clergyman and friend of his father's, chanced to come into possession of a small sum of money, which he immediately offered to his young friend to enable him to prosecute his studies. Agassiz accepted the offer and went to Paris, where he became acquainted with Arago, Humboldt, Cuvier, and the other distinguished savans, who were assembled from all parts of Europe in this great centre of scientific intelligence. Cuvier, to whom he showed his drawings, was so much impressed with the proficiency he had already made in this department that he at once offered to him his own collections, and at the same time received him as a warm friend into his family circle.

The means, however, furnished by Mr. Christinat proved inadequate to sustain him until he should have completed his studies, and he was about to return home with a sorrowful heart when he met Professor Mitscherlich, who was then on a visit to Paris, who observed his sorrowful mood and kindly asked him the cause of his depressed feelings.

"I told him," said Agassiz, "that I had to go, for I had nothing left. I was then," he said, "but twenty-four years of age, and had no more means to meet my expenses."

The next morning, as he was seated at breakfast in front of the yard of the hotel where he lived, he saw the servant of Humboldt approach, who handed him a letter with the remark that it required no answer, and immediately left. The letter was couched in these words:

"MY FRIEND,—I hear that you intend leaving Paris in consequence of some embarrassment. This shall not be. I wish you to remain here so long as the object for which you came is not accomplished. I inclose you a check for £50. It is a loan which you may repay when you can."

With the means thus generously furnished he did remain and complete the course of investi-

gation he had contemplated. Years after, when Agassiz found himself in a situation to repay this loan, he wrote to Humboldt, asking for the privilege to remain forever in his debt, satisfied that it would be more in accordance with his feelings than to recover the money he had lent. That Agassiz was correct in his judgment is evident not only from the circumstance that their relations always continued to be of the most friendly character, but because Agassiz's visit to America was made with means supplied by the Prussian Government at the suggestion of Humboldt, with which his influence on all matters of science was supreme.

This instance of Humboldt's generosity was not a solitary one.

"What he has done for me," said Agassiz, "I know he has done for many others, in silence and unknown to the world. He may be said, especially in his later years, to have been the friend of every cultivated man, wishing to lose no opportunity to do all the good of which he was capable; for he had a degree of benevolence and generosity that was unbounded."

These intimate personal relations gave him an excellent opportunity of forming a judgment of Humboldt's character. "He was brought up," he said, "in connection with courtiers and men in high positions in life. He was no doubt imbued with the prejudices of his caste. He was a nobleman of high descent; and yet the friend of kings was a bosom friend of Arago; and he was the man who could, after his return from America, refuse the highest position at the court of Berlin—that of Secretaryship of Public Instruction—preferring to live in Paris in a modest way in the society of those illustrious men who then made Paris the centre of intellectual culture."

Of his writings he says: "There is a fullness and richness of expression and substantial power which is most remarkable. He has aimed to present what nature has presented to him. You see his works, page after page running into volumes without divisions into chapters or heads of any sort; and so conspicuous is this peculiarity of style in his compositions that I well remember hearing Arago say: 'Humboldt, you don't know how to write a book. You write without end; but that is not a book. It is a picture without a frame.'"

"Such an expression," he added, "from one scientific man to another, without giving offense, could only come from a man as intimately associated as Arago was with Humboldt. Each understood the other, and held his intellectual attainments in the highest estimation."

While Agassiz was engaged in obtaining evidences in corroboration of his glacial theory he visited Great Britain, and was the guest of the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Egerton, afterward Earl of Ellesmere. He was warmly welcomed by Sir Roderic Murchison, Lyell, Buckland, Owen, and other scientific men, and every facility was afforded for a thorough investigation. In Scotland he met with Hugh Miller, who

showed him a portion of a crustacea found in the old red sandstone. The specimen was not only new to Agassiz, but apparently so small a part of the whole as to preclude the possibility of developing its true character, and yet Agassiz sketched out with so much certainty its shape as to find credence not only with the geologist but with the naturalist. He had not, it is true, the same means of verifying his opinion that was given to Professor Owen—who, from a single bone, described the true skeleton of the bird to which it belonged, and which, with the entire skeleton afterward obtained, is now one of the greatest curiosities in the British Museum—but sufficient to establish its true position among ancient fossils.

While Agassiz was at Charleston, South Carolina, he announced his remarkable and original views concerning the diversity of the human race, which has probably more than any other subject enunciated by him given rise to a widespread and frequently profitless discussion. The theory of Agassiz in respect to the origin of the human race is, that like all other organized beings it could not have originated in single individuals, but must have been created in that numeric harmony which is characteristic of each species. He was first led to this conclusion from the observation of the local habits of animals and plants, each occupying its own geographical position although frequently possessed of the power of extensive migration.

This doctrine was warmly opposed, more especially by divines, on the ground that it directly impugned the Biblical account of the origin of man as detailed in the first part of the book of Genesis. Among the ablest opponents of this theory were the Rev. Dr. Bachman—a very able divine and a distinguished naturalist, to whom Audubon is much indebted for suggestions in relation to the contents of his valuable work—and the Rev. Dr. Smyth, both of whom were residents of Charleston, and each the author of a work intended to controvert Agassiz's theory.

Both of these volumes were handed to me by the Rev. Dr. Morris—an able entomologist and the librarian of the Peabody Institute at Baltimore—about the time of their publication, some ten years since. A perusal of them failed to satisfy me of the inconsistency of such a theory as was attributed to Agassiz. I soon afterward read his own statement of his views, as published in the *Christian Examiner* for 1850; and am free to say that I do not discover in them any facts inconsistent with the Mosaic account, or which tend in the least by their admission to shake my own religious belief. Agassiz's teachings, so far from leading to skepticism tend directly to the contemplation of a Supreme Being as the great first cause, and supporter of the order and harmony of the universe.

"The geographical distribution of organized beings," said Agassiz, "displays more fully the direct intervention of a Supreme Intelligence than any other adaptation of the physical world."

"The great difficulty," he added, "in the

whole of this subject, as a matter of pure scientific inquiry, is that it is looked at as the result of absolute changes from such means as we are already acquainted with. Now there will be no scientific evidence of God's working in nature until naturalists shall have shown *that the whole creation is the expression of a thought, and not the product of physical agents.*"

Surely this is not the language of one who has failed to discover the hand of God in the great works of the creation. In regard to the unity or diversity of the human race, he says: "All the statements of the Bible have reference either to the general unity which we all acknowledge among men, as well as their diversity, or to the genealogy of one particular race, the history of which is more fully recorded in Genesis. But there is nowhere any mention of those physical differences characteristic of the colored races of men, such as the Mongolians and negroes, which may be quoted as evidence that the sacred writers considered them as descended from a common stock. Have we not, on the contrary, the distinct assertion that the Ethiopian can not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots?"

"When I was a medical student in the University of Heidelberg in 1826," said Agassiz, "I obtained a sight of a stuffed skin of a gar-pike in the Museum of Carlsruhe. I instantly became satisfied that this genus stood alone in the class of fishes, and that we could not by any possibility associate it with any of the types of living fishes, nor succeed in finding any among living types fairly to associate it with."

This single circumstance, apparently trivial in itself, produced a deep impression upon the mind of Agassiz, and gradually led him to adopt the views in regard to classification he has enunciated in his works and adopted in his Museum at Cambridge. "To the gar-pike, standing alone and isolated among all living beings," he declares, "I am indebted for my escape from all fanciful attempts at symmetrical classifications."

This remarkable fish, which is only found in the waters of the temperate portion of the North American continent, was first made known to naturalists by Catesby, who published a figure and short account of it in his "Natural History of South Carolina."

At a somewhat later period, when Agassiz's attention was directed to fossil fishes, he was particularly struck not only with the great difference in the characters of the class of fishes in the early geological age, as compared with those now existing, but with the marked similarity between these ancient inhabitants of the earth and the gar-pike. It is, in fact, the living representative of those species whose former existence is made known to us by the impressions they have left in the rocks formed during the period of their annihilation, and although now isolated in the present creation, yet it had once many and diverse living representatives all over Europe, as well as in Asia and America.

The inference from these facts is, that North

America was a vast continent long before the other portions of the globe underwent those physical changes that have given to them their present structure, and at the same time destroyed their former animal and vegetable life. Hence, so far from being denominated the New World, it should, so far as its physical structure goes, be called the Old; because it is in North America alone that the naturalist finds a country which has remained undisturbed from the period when the ancient representatives of the gar-pike peopled its waters, while in all others these changes have been so great as to exclude such forms from the animals suited to them.

The gar-pike (*Lepidosteus*) is one of the swiftest fishes with which naturalists are acquainted. "He darts," says Agassiz, "like an arrow through the waters, and the facility with which he overcomes rapids, even the rapids of the Niagara, shows that the Falls of St. Marys would be no natural barrier to him if there were no natural causes to keep him within the limits in which he is found; and which extend from Lake Michigan, St. Clair, and Mud Lake, through Lakes Erie and Ontario, down to the St. Lawrence and its outlet to the sea, in which he does not venture far, though he does not altogether avoid brackish and salt water."

Yet, notwithstanding this very extensive distribution of the gar-pike in the waters of the contiguous lakes, he has never been found in Lake Superior, and is presumed by Agassiz not to inhabit it.

This remarkable location of both animals and vegetables within certain circumscribed boundaries is one of the most interesting facts developed by the study of Natural History, and comes with particular significance in its application to the study of these phenomena on this continent. The questions whether the wild bear of the Northern States is identical with the one found in similar countries in Europe, and presents the changes that characterize him, from the peculiar circumstances by which he is surrounded; or, whether the many birds that inhabit the North American forests are derived from a similar stock in Europe, or were created within the limits in which they are now found; or, still more, whether the alligator, the snapping turtle, and the rattlesnake, which are only to be found in America, derived their origin from a country in which their species is now extinct, can only be determined by that sort of careful scrutiny which such minds as those of Agassiz are enabled to bestow upon the subject.

The habits of Agassiz are essentially those of a hard student. He is an early riser, and is seldom absent from his Museum after nine o'clock in the morning. In early life it was his custom to devote the greater part of the night to writing, and he seldom retired before two or three o'clock in the morning. Of late, however, the failure of his eyesight has rendered an interdiction of night labor a matter of absolute necessity: and perhaps fortunately so; because in the ardor of his pursuits he gives but slight attention to his

bodily health, and might easily have shattered even his hardy constitution.

There is probably no scientific man of his age who is moved by less disinterested motives in the performance of his duty than Agassiz. With the brilliant offers of place and preferment open to him from abroad, he is content to labor in his self-allotted task without for a moment being diverted from the chief object that engrosses his

attention. "I feel," he says, "that the task allotted to me is the development of the Natural History of this continent. Here I am not trammelled by the forms which others have prescribed, and which, to some extent, I must follow, in Europe, but am free to make my own selection and arrangement. Both as to the object and the mode of its performance I am satisfied that America, and not Europe, is my field and my home."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE LOVES AND HOPES OF ALBERT FITZALLEN.

FELIX GRAHAM, when he left poor Mary Snow, did not go on immediately to the doctor's shop. He had made up his mind that Mary Snow should never be his wife, and therefore considered it wise to lose no time in making such arrangements as might be necessary both for his release and for hers. But, nevertheless, he had not the heart to go about the work the moment that he left her. He passed by the apothecary's, and looking in saw a young man working sedulously at a pestle. If Albert Fitzallen were fit to be her husband and willing to be so, poor as he was himself, he would still make some pecuniary sacrifice by which he might quiet his own conscience and make Mary's marriage possible. He still had a sum of £1200 belonging to him, that being all his remaining capital; and the half of that he would give to Mary as her dower. So in two days he returned, and again looking in at the doctor's shop, again saw the young man at his work.

"Yes, Sir, my name is Albert Fitzallen," said the medical aspirant, coming round the counter. There was no one else in the shop, and Felix hardly knew how to accost him on so momentous a subject, while he was still in charge of all that store of medicine, and liable to be called away at any moment to relieve the ailments of Clapham. Albert Fitzallen was a pale-faced, light-haired youth, with an incipient mustache, with his hair parted in equal divisions over his forehead, with elaborate shirt-cuffs elaborately turned back, and with a white apron tied round him so that he might pursue his vocation without injury to his nether garments. His face, however, was not bad, nor mean, and had there not been about him a little air of pretension, assumed perhaps to carry off the combined apron and beard, Felix would have regarded him altogether with favorable eyes.

"Is it in the medical way?" asked Fitzallen, when Graham suggested that he should step out with him for a few minutes. Graham explained that it was not in the medical way—that it was in a way altogether of a private nature; and then the young man, pulling off his apron and wiping his hands on a thoroughly medicated towel, invoked the master of the establishment

from an inner room, and in a few minutes Mary Snow's two lovers were walking together, side by side, along the causeway.

"I believe you know Miss Snow," said Felix, rushing at once into the middle of all those delicate circumstances.

Albert Fitzallen drew himself up, and declared that he had that honor.

"I also know her," said Felix. "My name is Felix Graham—"

"Oh, Sir, very well," said Albert. The street in which they were standing was desolate, and the young man was able to assume a look of decided hostility without encountering any other eyes than those of his rival. "If you have any thing to say to me, Sir, I am quite prepared to listen to you—to listen to you, and to answer you. I have heard your name mentioned by Miss Snow." And Albert Fitzallen stood his ground as though he were at once going to cover himself with his pistol arm.

"Yes, I know you have. Mary has told me what has passed between you. You may regard me, Mr. Fitzallen, as Mary's best and surest friend."

"I know you have been a friend to her; I am aware of that. But, Mr. Graham, if you will allow me to say so, friendship is one thing, and the warm love of a devoted bosom is another."

"Quite so," said Felix.

"A woman's heart is a treasure not to be bought by any efforts of friendship," said Fitzallen.

"I fully agree with you there," said Graham.

"Far be it from me to make any boast," continued the other, "or even to hint that I have gained a place in that lady's affections. I know my own position too well, and say proudly that I am existing only on hope." Here, to show his pride, he hit himself with his closed fist on his shirt-front. "But, Mr. Graham, I am free to declare, even in your presence, though you may be her best and surest friend"—and there was not wanting, from the tone of his voice, a strong flavor of scorn as he repeated these words—"that I do exist on hope, let your claims be what they will. If you desire to make such hope on my part a cause of quarrel, I have nothing to say against it." And then he twirled all that he could twirl of that incipient mustache.

"By no means," said Graham.

"Oh, very well," said Fitzallen. "Then we understand that the arena of love is open to us both. I do not fail to appreciate the immense advantages which you enjoy in this struggle." And then Fitzallen looked up into Graham's ugly face, and thought of his own appearance in the looking-glass.

"What I want to know is this," said Felix. "If you marry Mary Snow, what means have you of maintaining her? Would your mother receive her into her house? I presume you are not a partner in that shop; but would it be possible to get you in as a partner, supposing Mary were to marry you and had a little money as her fortune?"

"Eh!" said Albert, dropping his look of pride, allowing his hand to fall from his lips, and standing still before his companion with his mouth wide open.

"Of course you mean honestly by dear Mary."

"Oh, Sir, yes, on the honor of a gentleman. My intentions, Sir, are —. Mr. Graham, I love that young lady with a devotion of heart that—that—that— Then you don't mean to marry her yourself; eh, Mr. Graham?"

"No, Mr. Fitzallen, I do not. And now, if you will so far confide in me, we will talk over your prospects."

"Oh, very well. I'm sure you are very kind. But Miss Snow did tell me—"

"Yes, I know she did, and she was quite right. But as you said just now, a woman's heart can not be bought by friendship. I have not been a bad friend to Mary, but I had no right to expect that I could win her love in that way. Whether or no you may be able to succeed, I will not say, but I have abandoned the pursuit." In all which Graham intended to be exceedingly honest, but was, in truth, rather hypocritical.

"Then the course is open to me," said Fitzallen.

"Yes, the course is open," answered Graham.

"But the race has still to be run. Don't you think that Miss Snow is of her nature very—very cold?"

Felix remembered the one kiss beneath the lamp-post—the one kiss given and received. He remembered also that Mary's acquaintance with the gentleman must necessarily have been short; and he made no answer to this question. But he made a comparison. What would Madeline have said and done had he attempted such an iniquity? And he thought of her flashing eyes and terrible scorn, of the utter indignation of all the Staveley family, and of the wretched abyss into which the offender would have fallen.

He brought back the subject at once to the young man's means, to his mother, and to the doctor's shop; and though he learned nothing that was very promising, neither did he learn any thing that was the reverse. Albert Fitzallen did not ride a very high horse when he learned that his supposed rival was so anxious to assist him. He was quite willing to be guided

by Graham, and, in that matter of the proposed partnership, was sure that old Balsam, the owner of the business, would be glad to take a sum of money down. "He has a son of his own," said Albert, "but he don't take to it at all. He's gone into wine and spirits; but he don't sell half as much as he drinks."

Felix then proposed that he should call on Mrs. Fitzallen, and to this Albert gave a blushing consent. "Mother has heard of it," said Albert, "but I don't exactly know how." Perhaps Mrs. Fitzallen was as attentive as Mrs. Thomas had been to stray documents packed away in odd places. "And I suppose I may call on—on—Mary?" asked the lover, as Graham took his leave. But Felix could give no authority for this, and explained that Mrs. Thomas might be found to be a dragon still guarding the Hesperides. Would it not be better to wait till Mary's father had been informed? And then, if all things went well, he might prosecute the affair in due form and as an acknowledged lover.

All this was very nice, and as it was quite unexpected Fitzallen could not but regard himself as a fortunate young man. He had never contemplated the possibility of Mary Snow being an heiress. And when his mother had spoken to him of the hopelessness of his passion, had suggested that he might perhaps marry his Mary in five or six years. Now the dearest wish of his heart was brought close within his reach, and he must have been a happy man. But yet, though this certainly was so, nevertheless there was a feeling of coldness about his love, and almost of disappointment as he again took his place behind the counter. The sorrows of Lydia in the play when she finds that her passion meets with general approbation are very absurd, but nevertheless are quite true to nature. Lovers would be great losers if the path of love were always to run smooth. Under such a dispensation, indeed, there would probably be no lovers. The matter would be too tame. Albert did not probably bethink himself of a becoming disguise, as did Lydia—of an amiable ladder of ropes, of a conscious moon, or a Scotch parson; but he did feel, in some undefined manner, that the romance of his life had been taken away from him. Five minutes under a lamp-post with Mary Snow was sweeter to him than the promise of a whole bevy of evenings spent in the same society, with all the comforts of his mother's drawing-room around him. Ah yes, dear readers—my male readers, of course, I mean—were not those minutes under the lamp-post always very pleasant?

But Graham encountered none of this feeling when he discussed the same subject with Albert's mother. She was sufficiently alive to the material view of the matter, and knew how much of a man's married happiness depends on his supplies of bread-and-butter. Six hundred pounds! Mr. Graham was very kind—very kind indeed. She hadn't a word to say against Mary Snow. She had seen her, and thought her very pretty and modest looking. Albert was certainly warmly attached to the young

lady. Of that she was quite certain. And she would say this of Albert—that a better-disposed young man did not exist any where. He came home quite regular to his meals, and spent ten hours a day behind the counter in Mr. Balsam's shop—ten hours a day, Sundays included, which Mrs. Fitzallen regarded as a great drawback to the medical line—as should I also, most undoubtedly. But six hundred pounds would make a great difference. Mrs. Fitzallen little doubted but that sum would tempt Mr. Balsam into a partnership, or perhaps the five hundred, leaving one hundred for furniture. In such a case Albert would spend his Sundays at home, of course. After that, so much having been settled, Felix Graham got into an omnibus and took himself back to his own chambers.

So far was so good. This idea of a model wife had already become a very expensive idea, and in winding it up to its natural conclusion poor Graham was willing to spend almost every shilling that he could call his own. But there was still another difficulty in his way. What would Snow père say? Snow père was, he knew, a man with whom dealings would be more difficult than with Albert Fitzallen. And then, seeing that he had already promised to give his remaining possessions to Albert Fitzallen, with what could he bribe Snow père to abandon that natural ambition to have a barrister for his son-in-law? In these days, too, Snow père had derogated even from the position in which Graham had first known him, and had become but little better than a drunken, begging impostor. What a father-in-law to have had! And then Felix Graham thought of Judge Staveley.

He sent, however, to the engraver, and the man was not long in obeying the summons. In latter days Graham had not seen him frequently, having bestowed his alms through Mary, and was shocked at the unmistakable evidence of the gin-shop which the man's appearance and voice betrayed. How dreadful to the sight are those watery eyes; that red, uneven, pimpled nose; those fallen cheeks; and that hanging, slobbered mouth! Look at the uncombed hair, the beard half shorn, the weak, impotent gait of the man, and the tattered raiment, all eloquent of gin! You would fain hold your nose when he comes nigh you, he carries with him so foul an evidence of his only and his hourly indulgence. You would do so, had you not still a respect for his feelings, which he himself has entirely forgotten to maintain. How terrible is that absolute loss of all personal dignity which the drunkard is obliged to undergo! And then his voice! Every tone has been formed by gin, and tells of the havoc which the compound has made within his throat. I do not know whether such a man as this is not the vilest thing which grovels on God's earth. There are women whom we affect to scorn with the full power of our contempt; but I doubt whether any woman sinks to a depth so low as that. She also may be a drunkard, and as such may more nearly move our pity and

affect our hearts, but I do not think she ever becomes so nauseous a thing as the man that has abandoned all the hopes of life for gin. You can still touch her; ay, and if the task be in one's way, can touch her gently, striving to bring her back to decency. But the other! Well, one should be willing to touch him too, to make that attempt of bringing back upon him also. I can only say that the task is both nauseous and unpromising. Look at him as he stands there before the foul, reeking, sloppy bar, with the glass in his hand, which he has just emptied. See the grimace with which he puts it down, as though the dram had been almost too unpalatable. It is the last touch of hypocrisy with which he attempts to cover the offense; as though he were to say, "I do it for my stomach's sake; but you know how I abhor it." Then he skulks sullenly away, speaking a word to no one, shuffling with his feet, shaking himself in his foul rags, pressing himself into a heap—as though striving to drive the warmth of the spirit into his extremities! And there he stands lounging at the corner of the street, till his short patience is exhausted, and he returns with his last penny for the other glass. When that has been swallowed the policeman is his guardian.

Reader, such as you and I have come to that, when abandoned by the respect which a man owes to himself. May God in his mercy watch over us and protect us both!

Such a man was Snow père as he stood before Graham in his chambers in the Temple. He could not ask him to sit down, so he himself stood up as he talked to him. At first the man was civil, twirling his old hat about, and shifting from one foot to the other; very civil, and also somewhat timid, for he knew that he was half drunk at the moment. But when he began to ascertain what was Graham's object in sending for him, and to understand that the gentleman before him did not propose to himself the honor of being his son-in-law, then his civility left him, and, drunk as he was, he spoke out his mind with sufficient freedom.

"You mean to say, Mr. Graham"—and under the effect of gin he turned the name into Gorm—"that you are going to throw that young girl over?"

"I mean to say no such thing. I shall do for her all that is in my power. And if that is not as much as she deserves, it will, at any rate, be more than you deserve for her."

"And you won't marry her?"

"No, I shall not marry her. Nor does she wish it. I trust that she will be engaged, with my full approbation—"

"And what the deuce, Sir, is your full approbation to me? Whose child is she, I should like to know? Look here, Mr. Gorm; perhaps you forget that you wrote me this letter when I allowed you to have the charge of that young girl?" And he took out from his breast a very greasy pocket-book, and displayed to Felix his own much-worn letter—holding it, however, at a distance, so that it should not be torn from his

hands by any sudden raid. "Do you think, Sir, I would have given up my child if I didn't know she was to be married respectable? My child is as dear to me as another man's."

"I hope she is. And you are a very lucky fellow to have her so well provided for. I've told you all I've got to say, and now you may go."

"Mr. Gorm!"

"I've nothing more to say; and if I had, I would not say it to you now. Your child shall be taken care of."

"That's what I call pretty cool on the part of any gen'leman. And you're to break your word—a regular breach of promise, and nothing ain't to come of it! I'll tell you what, Mr. Gorm, you'll find that something will come of it. What do you think I took this letter for?"

"You took it, I hope, for Mary's protection."

"And by — she shall be protected."

"She shall, undoubtedly; but I fear not by you. For the present I will protect her; and I hope that soon a husband will do so who will love her. Now, Mr. Snow, I've told you all I've got to say, and I must trouble you to leave me."

Nevertheless there were many more words between them before Graham could find himself alone in his chambers. Though Snow père might be a thought tipsy—a sheet or so in the wind, as folks say, he was not more tipsy than was customary with him, and knew pretty well what he was about. "And what am I to do with myself, Mr. Gorm?" he asked in a sniveling voice, when the idea began to strike him that it might perhaps be held by the courts of law that his intended son-in-law was doing well by his daughter.

"Work," said Graham, turning upon him sharply and almost fiercely.

"That's all very well. It's very well to say 'Work!'"

"You'll find it well to do it, too. Work, and don't drink. You hardly think, I suppose, that if I had married your daughter I should have found myself obliged to support you in idleness?"

"It would have been a great comfort in my old age to have had a daughter's house to go to," said Snow, naïvely, and now reduced to lachrymose distress.

But when he found that Felix would do nothing for him; that he would not on the present occasion lend him a sovereign, or even half a crown, he again became indignant and paternal, and in this state of mind was turned out of the room.

"Heaven and earth!" said Felix to himself, clenching his hands and striking the table with both of them at the same moment. That was the man with whom he had proposed to link himself in the closest ties of family connection. Albert Fitzallen did not know Mr. Snow; but it might be a question whether it would not be Graham's duty to introduce them to each other.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MISS STAVELEY DECLINES TO EAT MINCED VEAL.

THE house at Noningsby was now very quiet. All the visitors had gone, including even the Arbuthnots. Felix Graham and Sophia Furnival, that terrible pair of guests, had relieved Mrs. Staveley of their presence; but, alas! the mischief they had done remained behind them. The house was very quiet, for Augustus and the judge were up in town during the greater part of the week, and Madeline and her mother were alone. The judge was to come back to Noningsby but once before he commenced the circuit which was to terminate at Alston; and it seemed to be acknowledged now on all sides that nothing more of importance was to be done or said in that locality until after Lady Mason's trial.

It may be imagined that poor Madeline was not very happy. Felix had gone away, having made no sign, and she knew that her mother rejoiced that he had so gone. She never accused her mother of cruelty, even within her own heart. She seemed to realize to herself the assurance that a marriage with the man she loved was a happiness which she had no right to expect. She knew that her father was rich. She was aware that in all probability her own fortune would be considerable. She was quite sure that Felix Graham was clever and fit to make his way through the world. And yet she did not think it hard that she should be separated from him. She acknowledged from the very first that he was not the sort of man whom she ought to have loved, and therefore she was prepared to submit.

It was, no doubt, the fact that Felix Graham had never whispered to her a word of love, and that therefore, on that ground, she had no excuse for hope. But had that been all, she would not have despaired. Had that been all, she might have doubted, but her doubt would have been strongly mingled with the sweetness of hope. He had never whispered a syllable of love, but she had heard the tone of his voice as she spoke a word to him at his chamber door; she had seen his eyes as they fell on her when he was lifted into the carriage; she had felt the tremor of his touch on that evening when she walked up to him across the drawing-room and shook hands with him. Such a girl as Madeline Staveley does not analyze her feelings on such a matter, and then draw her conclusions. But a conclusion is drawn; the mind does receive an impression; and the conclusion and impression are as true as though they had been reached by the aid of logical reasoning. Had the match been such as her mother would have approved, she would have had a hope as to Felix Graham's love—strong enough for happiness.

As it was, there was no use in hoping; and therefore she resolved—having gone through much logical reasoning on this head—that by her all ideas of love must be abandoned. As regarded herself, she must be content to rest by her mother's side as a flower ungathered. That

she could marry no man without the approval of her father and mother was a thing to her quite certain; but it was, at any rate, as certain that she could marry no man without her own approval. Felix Graham was beyond her reach. That verdict she herself pronounced, and to it she submitted. But Peregrine Orme was still more distant from her; Peregrine Orme, or any other of the curled darlings who might come that way playing the part of a suitor. She knew what she owed to her mother, but she also knew her own privileges.

There was nothing said on the subject between the mother and child during three days. Lady Staveley was more than ordinarily affectionate to her daughter, and in that way made known the thoughts which were oppressing her; but she did so in no other way. All this Madeline understood, and thanked her mother with the sweetest smiles and the most constant companionship. Nor was she, even now, absolutely unhappy or wretchedly miserable; as under such circumstances would be the case with many girls. She knew all that she was prepared to abandon, but she understood also how much remained to her. Her life was her own, and with her life the energy to use it. Her soul was free. And her heart, though burdened with love, could endure its load without sinking. Let him go forth on his career. She would remain in the shade, and be contented while she watched it.

So strictly wise and philosophically serene had Madeline become within a few days of Graham's departure, that she snubbed poor Mrs. Baker, when that good-natured and sharp-witted housekeeper said a word or two in praise of her late patient.

"We are very lonely, ain't we, Miss, without Mr. Graham to look after?" said Mrs. Baker.

"I am sure we are all very glad that he has so far recovered as to be able to be moved."

"That's in course—though I still say that he went before he ought. He was such a nice gentleman. Where there's one better there's twenty worse; and as full of cleverness as an egg's full of meat." In answer to which Madeline said nothing.

"At any rate, Miss Madeline, you ought to say a word for him," continued Mrs. Baker; "for he used to worship the sound of your voice. I've known him to lie there and listen, listen, listen, for your very footfall."

"How can you talk such stuff, Mrs. Baker? You have never known any thing of the kind; and even if he had, how could you know it? You should not talk such nonsense to me, and I beg you won't again." Then she went away, and began to read a paper about sick people written by Florence Nightingale.

But it was by no means Lady Staveley's desire that her daughter should take to the Florence Nightingale line of life. The charities of Noningsby were done on a large scale, in a quiet, handsome, methodical manner, and were regarded by the mistress of the mansion as a very material part of her life's duty; but she would

have been driven distracted had she been told that a daughter of hers was about to devote herself exclusively to charity. Her ideas of general religion were the same. Morning and evening prayers, church twice on Sundays, attendance at the Lord's table at any rate once a month, were to herself—and in her estimation for her own family—essentials of life. And they had on her their practical effects. She was not given to backbiting—though, when stirred by any motive near to her own belongings, she would say an ill-natured word or two. She was mild and forbearing to her inferiors. Her hand was open to the poor. She was devoted to her husband and her children. In no respect was she self-seeking or self-indulgent. But, nevertheless, she appreciated thoroughly the comforts of a good income—for herself and for her children. She liked to see nice-dressed and nice-mannered people about her, preferring those whose fathers and mothers were nice before them. She liked to go about in her own carriage, comfortably. She liked the feeling that her husband was a judge, and that he and she were therefore above other lawyers and other lawyers' wives. She would not like to have seen Mrs. Furnival walk out of a room before her, nor perhaps to see Sophia Furnival when married take precedence of her own married daughter. She liked to live in a large place like Noningsby, and preferred country society to that of the neighboring town.

It will be said that I have drawn an impossible character, and depicted a woman who served both God and Mammon. To this accusation I will not plead, but will ask my accusers whether in their life's travail they have met no such ladies as Lady Staveley?

But such as she was, whether good or bad, she had no desire whatever that her daughter should withdraw herself from the world, and give up to sick women what was meant for mankind. Her idea of a woman's duties comprehended the birth, bringing up, education, and settlement in life of children, also due attendance upon a husband, with a close regard to his special taste in cookery. There was her granddaughter Marian. She was already thinking what sort of a wife she would make, and what commencements of education would best fit her to be a good mother. It is hardly too much to say that Marian's future children were already a subject of care to her. Such being her disposition, it was by no means matter of joy to her when she found that Madeline was laying out for herself little ways of life, tending in some slight degree to the monastic. Nothing was said about it, but she fancied that Madeline had doffed a ribbon or two in her usual evening attire. That she read during certain fixed hours in the morning was very manifest. As to that daily afternoon service at four o'clock—she had very often attended that, and it was hardly worthy of remark that she now went to it every day. But there seemed at this time to be a monotonous regularity about her visits to the poor, which

told to Lady Staveley's mind—she hardly knew what tale. She herself visited the poor, seeing some of them almost daily. If it was foul weather they came to her, and if it was fair weather she went to them. But Madeline, without saying a word to any one, had adopted a plan of going out exactly at the same hour with exactly the same object, in all sorts of weather. All this made Lady Staveley uneasy; and then, by way of counterpoise, she talked of balls, and offered Madeline *carte blanche* as to a new dress for that special one which would grace the assemblies. "I don't think I shall go," said Madeline; and thus Lady Staveley became really unhappy. Would not Felix Graham be better than no son-in-law? When some one had once very strongly praised Florence Nightingale in Lady Staveley's presence, she had stoutly declared her opinion that it was a young woman's duty to get married. For myself, I am inclined to agree with her. Then came the second Friday after Graham's departure, and Lady Staveley observed, as she and her daughter sat at dinner alone, that Madeline would eat nothing but potatoes and sea-kale. "My dear, you will be ill if you don't eat some meat."

"Oh no, I shall not," said Madeline, with her prettiest smile.

"But you always used to like minced veal."

"So I do, but I won't have any to-day, mamma, thank you."

Then Lady Staveley resolved that she would tell the judge that Felix Graham, bad as he might be, might come there if he pleased. Even Felix Graham would be better than no son-in-law at all.

On the following day, the Saturday, the judge came down with Augustus, to spend his last Sunday at home before the beginning of his circuit, and some little conversation respecting Felix Graham did take place between him and his wife.

"If they are both really fond of each other they had better marry," said the judge, curtly.

"But it is terrible to think of their having no income," said his wife.

"We must get them an income. You'll find that Graham will fall on his legs at last."

"He's a very long time before he begins to use them," said Lady Staveley. "And then you know The Cleeve is such a nice property, and Mr. Orme is—"

"But, my love, it seems that she does not like Mr. Orme."

"No, she doesn't," said the poor mother, in a tone of voice that was very lachrymose. "But if she would only wait she might like him—might she not now? He is such a very handsome young man."

"If you ask me, I don't think his beauty will do it."

"I don't suppose she cares for that sort of thing," said Lady Staveley, almost crying. "But I'm sure of this, if she were to go and make a nun of herself it would break my heart—it would indeed. I should never hold up my head again."

What could Lady Staveley's idea have been of the sorrows of some other mothers, whose daughters throw themselves away after a different fashion?

After lunch on Sunday the judge asked his daughter to walk with him, and on that occasion the second church service was abandoned. She got on her bonnet and gloves, her walking-boots and winter shawl, and putting her arm happily and comfortably within his, started for what she knew would be a long walk.

"We'll get as far as the bottom of Cleeve Hill," said the judge.

Now the bottom of Cleeve Hill, by the path across the fields and the common, was five miles from Noningsby.

"Oh, as for that, I'll walk to the top if you like," said Madeline.

"If you do, my dear, you'll have to go up alone," said the judge. And so they started.

There was a crisp, sharp enjoyment attached to a long walk with her father which Madeline always loved, and on the present occasion she was willing to be very happy; but as she started, with her arm beneath his, she feared she knew not what. She had a secret, and her father might touch upon it; she had a sore, though it was not an unwholesome, festering sore, and her father might probe the wound. There was, therefore, the slightest shade of hypocrisy in the alacrity with which she prepared herself, and in the pleasant tone of her voice as she walked down the avenue toward the gate.

But by the time that they had gone a mile, when their feet had left the road and were pressing the grassy field-path, there was no longer any hypocrisy in her happiness. Madeline believed that no human being could talk as did her father, and on this occasion he came out with his freshest thoughts and his brightest wit. Nor did he, by any means, have the talk all to himself. The delight of Judge Staveley's conversation consisted chiefly in that—that though he might bring on to the carpet all the wit and all the information going, he rarely uttered much beyond his own share of words. And now they talked of pictures and politics—of the new gallery that was not to be built at Charing Cross, and the great onslaught which was not to end in the dismissal of Ministers. And then they got to books—to novels, new poetry, magazines, essays, and reviews; and with the slightest touch of pleasant sarcasm the judge passed sentence on the latest efforts of his literary contemporaries. And thus at last they settled down on a certain paper which had lately appeared in a certain Quarterly—a paper on a grave subject, which had been much discussed—and the judge on a sudden stayed his hand and spared his railery. "You have not heard, I suppose, who wrote that?" said he. No; Madeline had not heard. She would much like to know. When young people begin their world of reading there is nothing so pleasant to them as knowing the little secrets of literature: who wrote this and that, of which folk are then talking; who man-



FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

ages this periodical, and puts the salt and pepper into those reviews. The judge always knew these events of the inner literary world, and would communicate them freely to Madeline as they walked. No; there was no longer the slightest touch of hypocrisy in her pleasant manner and eager voice as she answered, "No, papa,

I have not heard. Was it Mr. So-and-so?" and she named an ephemeral literary giant of the day. "No," said the judge, "it was not So-and-so; but yet you might guess, as you know the gentleman." Then the slight shade of hypocrisy came upon her again in a moment. "She couldn't guess," she said; "she didn't

know." But as she thus spoke the tone of her voice was altered. "That article," said the judge, "was written by Felix Graham. It is uncommonly clever, and yet there are a great many people who abuse it."

And now all conversation was stopped. Poor Madeline, who had been so ready with her questions, so eager with her answers, so communicative and so inquiring, was stricken dumb on the instant. She had ceased for some time to lean upon his arm, and therefore he could not feel her hand tremble; and he was too generous and too kind to look into her face; but he knew that he had touched the fibres of her heart, and that all her presence of mind had for the moment fled from her. Of course such was the case, and of course he knew it. Had he not brought her out there that they might be alone together when he subjected her to the violence of this shower-bath?

"Yes," he continued, "that was written by our friend Graham. Do you remember, Madeline, the conversation which you and I had about him in the library some time since?"

"Yes," she said, "she remembered it."

"And so do I," said the judge, "and have thought much about it since. A very clever fellow is Felix Graham. There can be no doubt of that."

"Is he?" said Madeline.

I am inclined to think that the judge also had lost something of his presence of mind, or, at least, of his usual power of conversation. He had brought his daughter out there with the express purpose of saying to her a special word or two; he had beat very wide about the bush with the view of mentioning a certain name; and now that his daughter was there, and the name had been mentioned, it seemed that he hardly knew how to proceed.

"Yes, he is clever enough," repeated the judge, "clever enough; and of high principles and an honest purpose. The fault which people find with him is this—that he is not practical. He won't take the world as he finds it. If he can mend it, well and good; we all ought to do something to mend it; but while we are mending it we must live in it."

"Yes, we must live in it," said Madeline, who hardly knew at the moment whether it would be better to live or die in it. Had her father remarked that they must all take wings and fly to heaven, she would have assented.

Then the judge walked on a few paces in silence, bethinking himself that he might as well speak out at once the words which he had to say. "Madeline, my darling," said he, "have you the courage to tell me openly what you think of Felix Graham?"

"What I think of him, papa?"

"Yes, my child. It may be that you are in some difficulty at this moment, and that I can help you. It may be that your heart is sadder than it would be if you knew all my thoughts and wishes respecting you, and all your mother's. I have never had many secrets from my

children, Madeline, and I should be pleased now if you could see into my mind and know all my thoughts and wishes as they regard you."

"Dear papa!"

"To see you happy—you and Augustus and Isabella—that is now our happiness; not to see you rich or great. High position and a plentiful income are great blessings in this world, so that they be achieved without a stain. But even in this world they are not the greatest blessings. There are things much sweeter than them." As he said this, Madeline did not attempt to answer him, but she put her arm once more within his, and clung to his side.

"Money and rank are only good, if every step by which they are gained be good also. I should never blush to see my girl the wife of a poor man whom she loved; but I should be stricken to the core of my heart if I knew that she had become the wife of a rich man whom she did not love."

"Papa!" she said, clinging to him. She had meant to assure him that that sorrow should never be his, but she could not get beyond the one word.

"If you love this man, let him come," said the judge, carried by his feelings somewhat beyond the point to which he had intended to go. "I know no harm of him. I know nothing but good of him. If you are sure of your own heart, let it be so. He shall be to me as another son—to me and to your mother. Tell me, Madeline, shall it be so?"

She was sure enough of her own heart; but how was she to be sure of that other heart? "It shall be so," said her father. But a man could not be turned into a lover and a husband because she and her father agreed to desire it—not even if her mother would join in that wish. She had confessed to her mother that she loved this man, and the confession had been repeated to her father. But she had never expressed even a hope that she was loved in return. "But he has never spoken to me, papa," she said, whispering the words ever so softly lest the winds should carry them.

"No; I know he has never spoken to you," said the judge. "He told me so himself. I like him the better for that."

So then there had been other communications made besides that which she had made to her mother. Mr. Graham had spoken to her father, and had spoken to him about her. In what way had he done this, and how had he spoken? What had been his object, and when had it been done? Had she been indiscreet, and allowed him to read her secret? And then a horrid thought came across her mind. Was he to come there and offer her his hand because he pitied and was sorry for her? The Friday fastings and the evening church and the sick visits would be better far than that. She could not, however, muster courage to ask her father any question as to that interview between him and Mr. Graham.

"Well, my love," he said, "I know it is im-

pertinent to ask a young lady to speak on such a subject; but fathers are impertinent. Be frank with me. I have told you what I think, and your mamma agrees with me. Young Mr. Orme would have been her favorite—"

"Oh, papa, that is impossible!"

"So I perceive, my dear, and therefore we will say no more about it. I only mention his name because I want you to understand that you may speak to your mamma quite openly on the subject. He is a fine young fellow, is Peregrine Orme."

"I'm sure he is, papa."

"But that is no reason you should marry him if you don't like him."

"I could never like him—in that way."

"Very well, my dear. There is an end of that, and I'm sorry for him. I think that if I had been a young man at The Cleeve, I should have done just the same. And now let us decide this important question. When Master Graham's ribs, arms, and collar-bones are a little stronger, shall we ask him to come back to Noningsby?"

"If you please, papa."

"Very well, we'll have him here for the assize week. Poor fellow! he'll have a hard job of work on hand just then, and won't have much time for philandering. With Chaffanbrass to watch him on his own side, and Leatherham on the other, I don't envy him his position. I almost think I should keep my arm in the sling till the assizes were over, by way of exciting a little pity."

"Is Mr. Graham going to defend Lady Mason?"

"To help to do so, my dear."

"But, papa, she is innocent; don't you feel sure of that?"

The judge was not quite so sure as he had been once. However, he said nothing of his doubts to Madeline. "Mr. Graham's task on that account will only be the more trying if it becomes difficult to establish her innocence."

"Poor lady!" said Madeline. "You won't be the judge; will you, papa?"

"No, certainly not. I would have preferred to have gone any other circuit than to have presided in a case affecting so near a neighbor, and I may almost say a friend. Baron Maltby will sit in that court."

"And will Mr. Graham have to do much, papa?"

"It will be an occasion of very great anxiety to him, no doubt." And then they began to return home—Madeline forming a little plan in her mind by which Mr. Furnival and Mr. Chaffanbrass were to fail absolutely in making out that lady's innocence, but the fact was to be established to the satisfaction of the whole court, and of all the world, by the judicious energy of Felix Graham.

On their homeward journey the judge again spoke of pictures and books, of failures and successes, and Madeline listened to him gratefully. But she did not again take much part in the conversation. She could not now express a

very fluent opinion on any subject, and, to tell the truth, could have been well satisfied to have been left entirely to her own thoughts. But just before they came out again upon the road her father stopped her and asked a direct question.

"Tell me, Madeline, are you happy now?"

"Yes, papa."

"That is right. And what you are to understand is this: Mr. Graham will now be privileged by your mother and me to address you. He has already asked my permission to do so, and I told him that I must consider the matter before I either gave it or withheld it. I shall now give him that permission." Whereupon Madeline made her answer by a slight pressure upon his arm.

"But you may be sure of this, my dear; I shall be very discreet, and commit you to nothing. If he should choose to ask you any question, you will be at liberty to give him any answer that you may think fit." But Madeline at once confessed to herself that no such liberty remained to her. If Mr. Graham should choose to ask her a certain question, it would be in her power to give him only one answer. Had he been kept away, had her father told her that such a marriage might not be, she would not have broken her heart. She had already told herself that, under such circumstances, she could live, and still live, contented. But now—now if the siege were made, the town would have to capitulate at the first shot. Was it not an understood thing that the governor had been recommended by the king to give up the keys as soon as they were asked for?

"You will tell your mamma of this, my dear," said the judge, as they were entering their own gate.

"Yes," said Madeline. But she felt that, in this matter, her father was more surely her friend than her mother. And indeed she could understand her mother's opposition to poor Felix much better than her father's acquiescence.

"Do, my dear. What is any thing to us in this world if we are not all happy together? She thinks that you have become sad, and she must know that you are so no longer."

"But I have not been sad, papa," said Madeline, thinking with some pride of her past heroism.

When they reached the hall door she had one more question to ask; but she could not look in her father's face as she asked,

"Papa, is that review you were speaking of here at Noningsby?"

"You will find it on my study table; but remember, Madeline, I don't above half go along with him."

The judge went into his study before dinner, and found that the review had been taken.

CHAPTER LIX.

NO SURRENDER.

SIR PEREGRINE ORME had gone up to London, had had his interview with Mr. Round,

and had failed. He had then returned home, and hardly a word on the subject had been spoken between him and Mrs. Orme. Indeed, little or nothing was now said between them as to Lady Mason or the trial. What was the use of speaking on a subject that was in every way the cause of so much misery? He had made up his mind that it was no longer possible for him to take any active step in the matter. He had become bail for her appearance in court, and that was the last trifling act of friendship which he could show her. How was it any longer possible that he could befriend her? He could not speak up on her behalf with eager voice, and strong indignation against her enemies, as had formerly been his practice. He could give her no counsel. His counsel would have taught her to abandon the property in the first instance, let the result be what it might. He had made his little effort in that direction by seeing the attorney, and his little effort had been useless. It was quite clear to him that there was nothing further for him to do—nothing further for him, who but a week or two since was so actively putting himself forward and letting the world know that he was Lady Mason's champion.

Would he have to go into court as a witness? His mind was troubled much in his endeavor to answer that question. He had been her great friend. For years he had been her nearest neighbor. His daughter-in-law still clung to her. She had lived at his house. She had been chosen to be his wife. Who could speak to her character if he could not do so? And yet, what could he say if so called on? Mr. Furnival, Mr. Chaffanbrass—all those, who would have the selection of the witnesses, believing themselves in their client's innocence, as no doubt they did, would of course imagine that he believed in it also. Could he tell them that it would not be in his power to utter a single word in her favor?

In these days Mrs. Orme went daily to the Farm. Indeed, she never missed a day from that on which Lady Mason left The Cleeve up to the time of the trial. It seemed to Sir Peregrine that his daughter's affection for this woman had grown with the knowledge of her guilt; but, as I have said before, no discussion on the matter now took place between them. Mrs. Orme would generally take some opportunity of saying that she had been at Orley Farm; but that was all.

Sir Peregrine during this time never left the house once except for morning service on Sundays. He hung his hat up on its accustomed peg when he returned from that ill-omened visit to Mr. Round, and did not move it for days, ay, for weeks, except on Sunday mornings. At first his groom would come to him, suggesting to him that he should ride, and the woodman would speak to him about the young coppices; but after a few days they gave up their efforts. His grandson also strove to take him out, speaking to him more earnestly than the servants

would do; but it was of no avail. Peregrine, indeed, gave up the attempt sooner, for to him his grandfather did in some sort confess his own weakness. "I have had a blow," said he; "Peregrine, I have had a blow. I am too old to bear up against it—too old and too weak." Peregrine knew that he alluded in some way to that proposed marriage, but he was quite in the dark as to the manner in which his grandfather had been affected by it.

"People think nothing of that now, Sir," said he, groping in the dark as he strove to administer consolation.

"People will think of it—and I think of it. But never mind, my boy. I have lived my life, and am contented with it. I have lived my life, and have great joy that such as you are left behind to take my place. If I had really injured you I should have broken my heart—have broken my heart."

Peregrine of course assured him that let what would come to him the pride which he had in his grandfather would always support him. "I don't know any body else that I could be so proud of," said Peregrine; "for nobody else that I see thinks so much about other people. And I always was, even when I didn't seem to think much about it—always."

Poor Peregrine! Circumstances had somewhat altered him since that day, now not more than six months ago, in which he had pledged himself to abandon the delights of Cowcross Street. As long as there was a hope for him with Madeline Staveley all this might be very well. He preferred Madeline to Cowcross Street with all its delights. But when there should be no longer any hope—and indeed, as things went now, there was but little ground for hoping—what then? Might it not be that his trial had come on him too early in life, and that he would solace himself in his disappointment, if not with Carrot Bob, with companionships and pursuits which would be as objectionable, and perhaps more expensive?

On three or four occasions his grandfather asked him how things were going at Noningsby, striving to interest himself in something as to which the outlook was not altogether dismal, and by degrees learned—not exactly all the truth—but as much of the truth as Peregrine knew.

"Do as she tells you," said the grandfather, referring to Lady Staveley's last words.

"I suppose I must," said Peregrine, sadly. "There's nothing else for it. But if there's any thing that I hate in this world it's waiting."

"You are both very young," said his grandfather.

"Yes; we are what people call young, I suppose. But I don't understand all that. Why isn't a fellow to be happy when he's young as well as when he's old?"

Sir Peregrine did not answer him, but no doubt thought that he might alter his opinion in a few years. There is great doubt as to what may be the most enviable time of life with a

man. I am inclined to think that it is at that period when his children have all been born but have not yet began to go astray or to vex him with disappointment; when his own pecuniary prospects are settled, and he knows pretty well what his tether will allow him; when the appetite is still good and the digestive organs at their full power; when he has ceased to care as to the length of his girdle, and before the doctor warns him against solid breakfasts and port-wine after dinner; when his affectations are over and his infirmities have not yet come upon him; while he can still walk his ten miles, and feel some little pride in being able to do so; while he has still nerve to ride his horse to hounds, and can look with some scorn on the ignorance of younger men who have hardly yet learned that noble art. As regards men, this, I think, is the happiest time of life; but who shall answer the question as regards women? In this respect their lot is more liable to disappointment. With the choicest flowers that blow the sweetest aroma of their perfection lasts but for a moment. The hour that sees them at their fullest glory sees also the beginning of their fall.

On one morning before the trial Sir Peregrine rang his bell and requested that Mr. Peregrine might be asked to come to him. Mr. Peregrine was out at the moment, and did not make his appearance much before dark, but the baronet had fully resolved upon having this interview, and ordered that the dinner should be put back for half an hour. "Tell Mrs. Orme, with my compliments," he said, "that if it does not put her to inconvenience we will not dine till seven." It put Mrs. Orme to no inconvenience; but I am inclined to agree with the cook, who remarked that the compliments ought to have been sent to her.

"Sit down, Peregrine," he said, when his grandson entered his room with his thick boots and muddy gaiters. "I have been thinking of something."

"I and Samson have been cutting down trees all day," said Peregrine. "You've no conception how the water lies down in the bottom there; and there's a fall every yard down to the river. It's a sin not to drain it."

"Any sins of that kind, my boy, shall lie on your own head for the future. I will wash my hands of them."

"Then I'll go to work at once," said Peregrine, not quite understanding his grandfather.

"You must go to work on more than that, Peregrine." And then the old man paused. "You must not think that I am doing this because I am unhappy for the hour, or that I shall repent it when the moment has gone by."

"Doing what?" asked Peregrine.

"I have thought much of it, and I know that I am right. I can not get out as I used to do, and do not care to meet people about business."

"I never knew you more clear-headed in my life, Sir."

"Well, perhaps not. We'll say nothing about that. What I intend to do is this: to give up the property into your hands at Lady-day. You shall be master of The Cleeve from that time forth."

"Sir?"

"The truth is, you desire employment, and I don't. The property is small, and therefore wants the more looking after. I have never had a regular land steward, but have seen to that myself. If you'll take my advice you'll do the same. There is no better employment for a gentleman. So now, my boy, you may go to work and drain wherever you like. About the Crutehley bottom I have no doubt you're right. I don't know why it has been neglected." These last words the baronet uttered in a weak, melancholy tone, asking, as it were, forgiveness for his fault; whereas he had spoken out the purport of his great resolution with a clear, strong voice, as though the saying of the words pleased him well.

"I could not hear of such a thing as that," said his grandson, after a short pause.

"But you have heard it, Perry, and you may be quite sure that I should not have named it had I not fully resolved upon it. I have been thinking of it for days, and have quite made up my mind. You won't turn me out of the house, I know."

"All the same. I will not hear of it," said the young man, stoutly.

"Peregrine!"

"I know very well what it all means, Sir, and I am not at all astonished. You have wished to do something out of sheer goodness of heart, and you have been balked."

"We will not talk about that, Peregrine."

"But I must say a few words about it. All that has made you unhappy, and—and—and—" He wanted to explain that his grandfather was ashamed of his baffled attempt, and for that reason was cowed and down at heart at the present moment; but that in the three or four months when this trial would be over and the wonder passed away, all that would be forgotten, and he would be again as well as ever. But Peregrine, though he understood all this, was hardly able to express himself.

"My boy," said the old man, "I know very well what you mean. What you say is partly true, and partly not quite true. Some day, perhaps, when we are sitting here together over the fire, I shall be better able to talk over all this; but not now, Perry. God has been very good to me, and given me so much that I will not repine at this sorrow. I have lived my life, and am content."

"Oh yes, of course all that's true enough. And if God should choose that you should die, you know, or I either, some people would be sorry, but we shouldn't complain ourselves. But what I say is this: you should never give up as long as you live. There's a sort of feeling about it which I can't explain. One should always say to one's self, No surrender." And Pere-



THE TWO PEREGRINES.

grine, as he spoke, stood up from his chair, thrust his hands into his trowsers-pockets, and shook his head.

Sir Peregrine smiled as he answered him. "But, Perry, my boy, we can't always say that. When the heart, and the spirit, and the body

have all surrendered, why should the voice tell a foolish falsehood?"

"But it shouldn't be a falsehood," said Peregrine. "Nobody should ever knock under of his own accord."

"You are quite right there, my boy; you are

quite right there. Stick to that yourself. But remember that you are not to knock under to any of your enemies. The worst that you will meet with are folly, and vice, and extravagance."

"That's of course," said Peregrine, by no means wishing on the present occasion to bring under discussion his future contests with any such enemies as those now named by his grandfather.

"And now suppose you dress for dinner," said the baronet. "I've got ahead of you there, you see. What I've told you to-day I have already told your mother."

"I'm sure she doesn't think you right."

"If she thinks me wrong she is too kind and well-behaved to say so—which is more than I can say for her son. Your mother, Perry, never told me that I was wrong yet, though she has had many occasions—too many, too many. But come, go and dress for dinner."

"You are wrong in this, Sir, if ever you were wrong in your life," said Peregrine, leaving the room. His grandfather did not answer him again, but followed him out of the door, and walked briskly across the hall into the drawing-room.

"There's Peregrine been lecturing me about draining," he said to his daughter-in-law, striving to speak in a half-bantering tone of voice, as though things were going well with him.

"Lecturing you!" said Mrs. Orme.

"And he's right, too. There's nothing like it. He'll make a better farmer, I take it, than Lucius Mason. You'll live to see him know the value of an acre of land as well as any man in the county. It's the very thing that he's fit for. He'll do better with the property than ever I did."

There was something beautiful in the effort which the old man was making when watched by the eyes of one who knew him as well as did his daughter-in-law. She knew him, and understood all the workings of his mind, and the deep sorrow of his heart. In very truth the star of his life was going out darkly under a cloud; but he was battling against his sorrow and shame—not that he might be rid of them himself, but that others might not have to share them. That doctrine of "No surrender" was strong within his bosom, and he understood the motto in a finer sense than that in which his grandson had used it. He would not tell them that his heart was broken—not if he could help it. He would not display his wound if it might be in his power to hide it. He would not confess that lands, and houses, and seigniorial functions were no longer of value in his eyes. As far as might be possible he would bear his own load till that and the memory of his last folly might be hidden together in the grave.

But he knew that he was no longer fit for a man's work, and that it would be well that he should abandon it. He had made a terrible mistake. In his old age he had gambled for a large stake, and had lost it all. He had ventured to love—to increase the small number of

those who were nearest and dearest to him, to add one to those whom he regarded as best and purest—and he had been terribly deceived. He had for many years almost worshiped the one lady who had sat at his table, and now in his old age he had asked her to share her place of honor with another. What that other was need not now be told. And the world knew that this woman was to have been his wife! He had boasted loudly that he would give her that place and those rights. He had ventured his all upon her innocence and her purity. He had ventured his all—and he had lost.

I do not say that on this account there was any need that he should be stricken to the ground—that it behooved him, as a man of high feeling, to be broken-hearted. He would have been a greater man had he possessed the power to bear up against all this, and to go forth to the world bearing his burden bravely on his shoulders. But Sir Peregrine Orme was not a great man, and possessed few or none of the elements of greatness. He was a man of a singularly pure mind, and endowed with a strong feeling of chivalry. It had been every thing to him to be spoken of by the world as a man free from reproach—who had lived with clean hands and with clean people around him. All manner of delinquencies he could forgive in his dependents which did not tell of absolute baseness; but it would have half-killed him had he ever learned that those he loved had become false or fraudulent. When his grandson had come to trouble about the rats he had acted, not over-cleverly, a certain amount of paternal anger; but had Peregrine broken his promise to him, no acting would have been necessary. It may therefore be imagined what were now his feelings as to Lady Mason.

Her he could forgive for deceiving him. He had told his daughter-in-law that he would forgive her; and it was a thing done. But he could not forgive himself in that he had been deceived. He could not forgive himself for having mingled with the sweet current of his Edith's life the foul waters of that criminal tragedy. He could not now bid her desert Lady Mason; for was it not true that the woman's wickedness was known to them two, through her resolve not to injure those who had befriended her? But all this made the matter worse rather than better to him. It is all very well to say, "No surrender;" but when the load placed upon the back is too heavy to be borne, the back must break or bend beneath it.

His load was too heavy to be borne, and therefore he said to himself that he would put it down. He would not again see Lord Alston and the old friends of former days. He would attend no more at the magistrates' bench, but would send his grandson out into his place. For the few days that remained to him in this world he might be well contented to abandon the turmoils and troubles of life. "It will not be for long," he said to himself, over and over again. And then he would sit in his arm-chair for hours,

intending to turn his mind to such solemn thoughts as might befit a dying man. But as he sat there he would still think of Lady Mason. He would remember her as she had leaned against his breast on that day that he kissed her; and then he would remember her as she was when she spoke those horrid words to him—"Yes; I did it; at night, when I was alone." And this was the woman whom he had loved! This was the woman whom he still loved—if all the truth might be confessed.

His grandson, though he read much of his grandfather's mind, had failed to read it all. He did not know how often Sir Peregrine repeated to himself those words, "No surrender," or how gallantly he strove to live up to them. Lands and money and seats of honor he would surrender, as a man surrenders his tools when he has done his work; but his tone of feeling and his principle he would not surrender, though the maintenance of them should crush him with their weight. The woman had been very vile, desperately false, wicked beyond belief, with premeditated villainy, for years and years—and this was the woman whom he had wished to make the bosom companion of his latter days!

"Samson is happy now, I suppose, that he has got the axe in his hand," he said to his grandson.

"Pretty well for that, Sir, I think."

"That man will cut down every tree about the place if you'll let him." And in that way he strove to talk about the affairs of the property.

CHAPTER LX.

WHAT REBEKAH DID FOR HER SON.

EVERY day Mrs. Orme went up to Orley Farm and sat for two hours with Lady Mason. We may say that there was now no longer any secret between them, and that she whose life had been so innocent, so pure, and so good, could look into the inmost heart and soul of that other woman whose career had been supported by the proceeds of one terrible life-long iniquity. And now, by degrees, Lady Mason would begin to plead for herself, or, rather, to put in a plea for the deed she had done, acknowledging, however, that she, the doer of it, had fallen almost below forgiveness through the crime. "Was he not his son as much as that other one; and had I not deserved of him that he should do this thing for me?" And again, "Never once did I ask of him any favor for myself from the day that I gave myself to him, because he had been good to my father and mother. Up to the very hour of his death I never asked him to spend a shilling on my own account. But I asked him to do this thing for his child; and when at last he refused me, I told him that I myself would cause it to be done."

"You told him so?"

"I did; and I think that he believed me. He knew that I was one who would act up to

my word. I told him that Orley Farm should belong to our babe."

"And what did he say?"

"He bade me beware of my soul. My answer was very terrible, and I will not shock you with it. Ah me! it is easy to talk of repentance, but repentance will not come with a word."

In these days Mrs. Orme became gradually aware that hitherto she had comprehended but little of Lady Mason's character. There was a power of endurance about her, and a courage that was almost awful to the mind of the weaker, softer, and better woman. Lady Mason, during her sojourn at The Cleeve, had seemed almost to sink under her misfortune; nor had there been any hypocrisy, any pretense in her apparent misery. She had been very wretched; as wretched a human creature, we may say, as any crawling God's earth at that time. But she had borne her load, and, bearing it, had gone about her work, still striving with desperate courage as the ground on which she trod continued to give way beneath her feet, inch by inch. They had known and pitied her misery; they had loved her for misery—as it is in the nature of such people to do; but they had little known how great had been the cause for it. They had sympathized with the female weakness which had succumbed when there was hardly any necessity for succumbing. Had they then known all, they would have wondered at the strength which made a struggle possible under such circumstances.

Even now she would not yield. I have said that there had been no hypocrisy in her misery during those weeks last past; and I have said so truly. But there had perhaps been some pretenses, some acting of a part, some almost necessary pretense as to her weakness. Was she not bound to account to those around her for her great sorrow? And was it not above all things needful that she should enlist their sympathy and obtain their aid? She had been obliged to cry to them for help, though obliged also to confess that there was little reason for such crying. "I am a woman, and weak," she had said, "and therefore can not walk alone, now that the way is stony." But what had been the truth with her? How would she have cried, had it been possible for her to utter the sharp cry of her heart? The waters had been closing over her head, and she had clutched at a hand to save her; but the owner of that hand might not know how imminent, how close was the danger.

But in these days, as she sat in her own room with Mrs. Orme, the owner of that hand might know every thing. The secret had been told, and there was no longer need for pretense. As she could now expose to view the whole load of her wretchedness, so also could she make known the strength that was still left for endurance. And these two women who had become endeared to each other under such terrible circumstances, came together at these meetings with more of the equality of friendship than had ever existed at The Cleeve. It may seem strange that it

should be so—strange that the acknowledged forger of her husband's will should be able to maintain a better claim for equal friendship than the lady who was believed to be innocent and true! But it was so. Now she stood on true ground; now, as she sat there with Mrs. Orme, she could speak from her heart, pouring forth the real workings of her mind. From Mrs. Orme she had no longer aught to fear; nor from Sir Peregrine. Every thing was known to them, and she could now tell of every incident of her crime with an outspoken boldness that in itself was incompatible with the humble bearing of an inferior in the presence of one above her.

And she did still hope. The one point to be gained was this: that her son, her only son, the child on whose behalf this crime had been committed, should never know her shame, or live to be disgraced by her guilt. If she could be punished, she would say, and he left in ignorance of her punishment, she would not care what indignities they might heap upon her. She had heard of penal servitude, of years, terribly long, passed in all the misery of vile companionship; of solitary confinement, and the dull madness which it engenders; of all the terrors of a life spent under circumstances bearable only by the uneducated, the rude, and the vile. But all this was as nothing to her compared with the loss of honor to her son. "I should live," she would say, "but he would die. You can not ask me to become his murderer!"

It was on this point that they differed always. Mrs. Orme would have had her confess every thing to Lucius, and strove to make her understand that if he were so told, the blow would fall less heavily than it would do if the knowledge came to him from her conviction at the trial. But the mother would not bring herself to believe that it was absolutely necessary that he should ever know it. "There was the property! Yes; but let the trial come, and if she were acquitted, then let some arrangement be made about that. The lawyers might find out some cause why it should be surrendered." But Mrs. Orme feared that if the trial were over, and the criminal saved from justice, the property would not be surrendered. And then how would that wish of repentance be possible? After all, was not that the one thing necessary?

I will not say that Mrs. Orme in these days ever regretted that her sympathy and friendship had been thus bestowed, but she frequently acknowledged to herself that the position was too difficult for her. There was no one whose assistance she could ask; for she felt that she could not in this matter ask counsel from Sir Peregrine. She herself was good, and pure, and straight-minded, and simple in her perception of right and wrong; but Lady Mason was greater than she in force of character—a stronger woman in every way, endowed with more force of will, with more power of mind, with greater energy, and a swifter flow of words. Sometimes she almost thought it would be better that she should stay away from Orley Farm;

but then she had promised to be true to her wretched friend, and the mother's solicitude for her son still softened the mother's heart.

In these days, till the evening came, Lucius Mason never made his way into his mother's sitting-room, which, indeed, was the drawing-room of the house—and he and Mrs. Orme, as a rule, hardly ever met each other. If he saw her as she entered or left the place, he would lift his hat to her and pass by without speaking. He was not admitted to those councils of his mother's, and would not submit to ask after his mother's welfare or to inquire as to her affairs from a stranger. On no other subject was it possible that he should now speak to the daily visitor and the only visitor at Orley Farm. All this Mrs. Orme understood, and saw that the young man was alone and comfortless. He passed his hours below, in his own room, and twice a day his mother found him in the parlor, and then they sat through their silent, miserable meals. She would then leave him, always saying some soft words of motherly love, and putting her hand either upon his shoulder or his arm. On such occasions he was never rough to her, but he would never respond to her caress. She had ill-treated him, preferring in her trouble the assistance of a stranger to his assistance. She would ask him neither for his money nor his counsel, and as she had thus chosen to stand aloof from him, he also would stand aloof from her. Not for always—as he said to himself over and over again; for his heart misgave him when he saw the lines of care so plainly written on his mother's brow. Not for always should it be so. The day of the trial would soon be present, and the day of the trial would soon be over; then again would they be friends. Poor young man! Unfortunate young man!

Mrs. Orme saw all this, and to her it was very terrible. What would be the world to her if her boy should frown at her, and look black when she caressed him? And she thought that it was the fault of the mother rather than of the son; as indeed was not all that wretchedness the mother's fault? But then again, there was the one great difficulty. How could any step be taken in the right direction till the whole truth had been confessed to him?

The two women were sitting together in that up stairs room, and the day of the trial was now not a full week distant from them, when Mrs. Orme again tried to persuade the mother to intrust her son with the burden of all her misery. On the preceding day Mr. Solomon Aram had been down at Orley Farm, and had been with Lady Mason for an hour.

"He knows the truth!" Lady Mason had said to her friend. "I am sure of that."

"But did he ask you?"

"Oh no, he did not ask me that. He asked of little things that happened at the time; but from his manner I am sure he knows it all. He says that I shall escape."

"Did he say escape?"

"No; not that word, but it was the same

thing. He spoke to Lucius, for I saw them on the lawn together."

"You do not know what he said to him?"

"No; for Lucius would not speak to me, and I could not ask him." And then they both were silent, for Mrs. Orme was thinking how she could bring about that matter that was so near her heart. Lady Mason was seated in a large old-fashioned arm-chair, in which she now passed nearly all her time. The table was by her side, but she rarely turned herself to it. She sat leaning with her elbow on her arm, supporting her face with her hand; and opposite to her, so close that she might look into her face and watch every movement of her eyes, sat Mrs. Orme—intent upon that one thing, that the woman before her should be brought to repent the evil she had done.

"And you have not spoken to Lucius?"

"No," she answered. "No more than I have told you. What could I say to him about the man?"

"Not about Mr. Aram. It might not be necessary to speak of him. He has his work to do; and I suppose that he must do it in his own way?"

"Yes; he must do it in his own way. Lucius would not understand."

"Unless you told him every thing, of course he could not understand."

"That is impossible."

"No, Lady Mason, it is not impossible. Dear Lady Mason, do not turn from me in that way. It is for your sake, because I love you, that I press you to do this. If he knew it all—"

"Could you tell your son such a tale?" said Lady Mason, turning upon her sharply, and speaking almost with an air of anger.

Mrs. Orme was for a moment silenced, for she could not at once bring herself to conceive it possible that she could be so circumstanced. But at last she answered. "Yes," she said, "I think I could, if—" And then she paused.

"If you had done such a deed! Ah, you do not know, for the doing of it would be impossible to you. You can never understand what was my childhood, and how my young years were passed. I never loved any thing but him—that is, till I knew you, and—and—" But instead of finishing her sentence she pointed down toward The Cleeve. "How, then, can I tell him? Mrs. Orme, I would let them pull me to pieces, bit by bit, if in that way I could save him."

"Not in that way," said Mrs. Orme; "not in that way."

But Lady Mason went on pouring forth the pent-up feelings of her bosom, not regarding the faint words of her companion. "Till he lay in my arms I had loved nothing. From my earliest years I had been taught to love money, wealth, and property; but as to myself the teachings had never come home to me. When they bade me marry the old man because he was rich, I obeyed them—not caring for his riches, but knowing that it behooved me to relieve them of

the burden of my support. He was kinder to me than they had been, and I did for him the best I could. But his money and his wealth were little to me. He told me over and over again that when he died I should have the means to live, and that was enough. I would not pretend to him that I cared for the grandeur of his children who despised me. But then came my baby, and the world was all altered for me. What could I do for the only thing that I had ever called my own? Money and riches they had told me were every thing."

"But they had told you wrong," said Mrs. Orme, as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"They had told me falsely. I had heard nothing but falsehoods from my youth upward," she answered, fiercely. "For myself I had not cared for these things; but why should not he have money and riches and land? His father had them to give over and above what had already made those sons and daughters so rich and proud. Why should not this other child also be his father's heir? Was he not as well born as they? was he not as fair a child? What did Rebekah do, Mrs. Orme? Did she not do worse; and did it not all go well with her? Why should my boy be an Ishmael? Why should I be treated as the bondwoman, and see my little one perish of thirst in this world's wilderness?"

"No Saviour had lived and died for the world in those days," said Mrs. Orme.

"And no Saviour had lived and died for me," said the wretched woman, almost shrieking in her despair. The lines of her face were terrible to be seen as she thus spoke, and an agony of anguish loaded her brow, upon which Mrs. Orme was frightened to look. She fell on her knees before the wretched woman, and taking her by both her hands strove all she could to find some comfort for her.

"Ah, do not say so. Do not say that. Whatever may come, that misery—that worst of miseries need not oppress you. If that indeed were true!"

"It was true; and how should it be otherwise?"

"But now, now. It need not be true now. Lady Mason, for your soul's sake say that it is so now."

"Mrs. Orme," she said, speaking with a singular quiescence of tone after the violence of her last words, "it seems to me that I care more for his soul than for my own. For myself I can bear even that. But if he were a cast-away—"

I will not attempt to report the words that passed between them for the next half hour, for they concerned a matter which I may not dare to handle too closely in such pages as these. But Mrs. Orme still knelt there at her feet, pressing Lady Mason's hands, pressing against her knees, as with all the eagerness of true affection she endeavored to bring her to a frame of mind that would admit of some comfort. But it all ended in this: Let every thing be told to

Lucius, so that the first step back to honesty might be taken, and then let them trust to Him whose mercy can ever temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

But, as Lady Mason had once said to herself, repentance will not come with a word. "I can not tell him," she said at last. "It is a thing impossible. I should die at his feet before the words were spoken."

"I will do it for you," said Mrs. Orme, offering from pure charity to take upon herself a task perhaps as heavy as any that a human creature could perform. "I will tell him."

"No, no!" screamed Lady Mason, taking Mrs. Orme by both her arms as she spoke. "You will not do so: say that you will not. Remember your promise to me. Remember why it is that you know it all yourself."

"I will not, surely, unless you bid me," said Mrs. Orme.

"No, no; I do not bid you. Mind, I do not bid you. I will not have it done. Better any thing than that, while it may yet be avoided. I have your promise; have I not?"

"Oh yes; of course I should not do it unless you told me." And then, after some further short stay, during which but little was said, Mrs. Orme got up to go.

"You will come to me to-morrow," said Lady Mason.

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Orme.

"Because I feared that I had offended you."

"Oh no; I will take no offense from you."

"You should not, for you know what I have to bear. You know, and no one else knows. Sir Peregrine does not know. He can not understand. But you know and understand it all. And, Mrs. Orme, what you do now will be counted to you for great treasure—for very great treasure. You are better than the Samaritan, for he went on his way. But you will stay till the last. Yes; I know you will stay." And the poor creature kissed her only friend—kissed her hands and her forehead and her breast. Then Mrs. Orme went without speaking, for her heart was full, and the words would not come to her; but as she went she said to herself that she would stay till the last.

Standing alone on the steps before the front-door she found Lucius Mason all alone, and some feeling moved her to speak a word to him as she passed. "I hope all this does not trouble you much, Mr. Mason," she said, offering her hand to him. She felt that her words were hypocritical as she was speaking them; but under such circumstances what else could she say to him?

"Well, Mrs. Orme, such an episode in one's family history does give one some trouble. I am unhappy—very unhappy; but not too much so to thank you for your most unusual kindness to my poor mother." And then, having been so far encouraged by her speaking to him, he accompanied her round the house on to the lawn, from whence a path led away through a

shrubbery on to the road which would take her by the village of Coldharbor to The Cleeve.

"Mr. Mason," she said, as they walked for a few steps together before the house, "do not suppose that I presume to interfere between you and your mother."

"You have a right to interfere now," he said.

"But I think you might comfort her if you would be more with her. Would it not be better if you could talk freely together about all this?"

"It would be better," he said; "but I fear that that is no longer possible. When this trial is over, and the world knows that she is innocent; when people shall see how cruelly she has been used—"

Mrs. Orme might not tell the truth to him, but she could with difficulty bear to hear him dwell thus confidently on hopes which were so false. "The future is in the hands of God, Mr. Mason; but for the present—"

"The present and the future are both in His hands, Mrs. Orme. I know my mother's innocence, and would have done a son's part toward establishing it, but she would not allow me. All this will soon be over now, and then, I trust, she and I will once again understand each other. Till then I doubt whether I should be wise to interfere. Good-morning, Mrs. Orme; and pray believe that I appreciate at its full worth all that you are doing for her." Then he again lifted his hat and left her.

Lady Mason from her window saw them as they walked together, and her heart for a moment misgave her. Could it be that her friend was treacherous to her? Was it possible that even now she was telling every thing that she had sworn that she would not tell? Why were they two together, seeing that they passed each other day by day without intercourse? And so she watched with anxious eyes till they parted, and then she saw that Lucius stood idly on the terrace swinging his stick as he looked down the hill toward the orchard below him. He would not have stood thus calmly had he already heard his mother's shame. This she knew; and having laid aside her immediate fears she retreated back to her chair. No; she would not tell him: at any rate till the trial should be over.

THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

"I HOPE you will give the scoundrels of the Hartford Convention their just deserts."—

"I hope you will do justice to the patriotic members of the Hartford Convention." Such are the opposing injunctions given in letters recently received by the writer concerning a History of the War of 1812 from two correspondents who were young and ardent politicians fifty years ago. They are strangers to each other, and live four hundred miles apart. They have each borne, during that long half century, in the midst of the ever-changing scenes of political life, the deep impressions made upon their minds in young manhood by the opinions prevalent when the

second war for Independence was drawing to a close. They represent the opposing political parties of that period—Federalists and Democrats. One party regarded the Hartford Convention as a conclave of wise and devoted patriots; the other party regarded it as a nest of traitors. We of to-day may look back upon those scenes of tumult without passion, and with vision unobscured by the smoke and dust of contending factions. These have long since been cleared away by the sweeping wings of Time, and acts and actors appear in full proportions and perfect features in the mirror of historic truth. Let us see what that mirror reflects concerning the Hartford Convention, its origin and its motives.

From the beginning the interests of different sections of the new Republic were diverse, and, to the common and more narrow view, conflicting. The bleak hills of New England, on which snows lay a third of the year, and whose fertile valleys were far inferior in area to the hills and the mountains, were not so inviting to the hand of labor as the gently-rolling plains and broad savannas south of the Potomac and the Roanoke, nor promised half so generous returns for the expenditure of toil. The hardy New Englanders, reared among mountain winds, on which a pabulum of physical vigor and purity always floats, and inspired by rugged and ever-varying scenery, which gives lasting stimulus to the brain, were restless and active; and while many delved in the stingy soil many others went out upon the ocean, from every creek and estuary and harbor, in search of wealth and enjoyment. They became a commercial people, and cherished Manufactures, the godmother of Commerce.

The soft climate and generous soil of the South enticed labor by truthful promises of large reward. The songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the delicious dreamy loveliness of nature in earth and sky, made it a paradise where in no serpent was visible. But the tempter was there. Idleness, with its siren voice, called Labor away to the intoxications of Ease and fatal Indulgence. The sinews of Industry were palsied by the charm, and the European was soon made to dread the drudgery of the field. The African came to his relief. He took the hoe and the seed from the white man's hand, and made the fields blossom more beautiful than ever. The "dominant race" gladly accepted the relation of master and slave. The tobacco and rice of the South were more remunerative than the wheat and flax of the North, in proportion to the intelligent labor bestowed on their cultivation, and the master was content. Soon came the Cotton Plant, like a beautiful white fairy, from other lands, with wealth-bearing pinions and the mien of a king. The planters received the stranger with joy. Labor and capital were in their hands, and the theatre for their employment was in the fertile fields around them. They cared nothing for the ocean except as a highway for the new monarch, nor for ships except as vehicles for his majesty. The inhabit-

ants below the Potomac and the Roanoke became an agricultural people. Over all that region the brain of the white man planned and the sinews of the negro executed.

In the North the "dominant race" *labored*; in the South it merely *governed*.

The industrial pursuits of each section were distinct in character, but, rightly considered, were wedded in interest. But political jealousies, arising from the conflicts between National and State sovereignty, caused a conflict of interests; and from the beginning the idea was prevalent that one section was endeavoring to control the National Government for the promotion of its own interests at the expense of those of the other. Virginia charged such motives upon New England until Jefferson, the great expounder of her political dogmas, was seated in the Presidential chair, when New England retorted in kind. During the first quarter of the present century, while the three successive Presidents were Virginians, commercial New England was politically opposed to the National Administration, supposed to be managed in the interest of the agricultural South; and in the great arena of political combat—the National Congress—these industries formed the chief topic for debate, crimination and recrimination, in connection with certain political ideas held in common by the opposing parties respectively with England and France. These two nations were waging a tremendous war against each other. The opponents of the Administration were the *Federal* party, who, during the presidencies of Washington and Adams, sympathized with England as the exponent and champion of law and order. The Administration party were Republicans or Democrats, who, with Jefferson as their leader, sympathized with France, during that time, as the champion of popular liberty and the enemy of tyrants. Hence the Democrats were called the "French party," and the Federalists the "English party." These were political watchwords down to the close of the war of 1812.

In 1806 the conflict for power between England and France was fearful, and each party soon aimed tremendous blows at the other, unmindful of the fact that they fell as destructively upon neutral nations. By a British Order in Council, issued in May of that year, the whole coast of Europe, from Brest in France to the mouth of the Elbe in Germany—a line six hundred miles in extent—was declared to be in a state of blockade, and neutral vessels were prohibited entering any of the ports on that coast. This was a measure which had been resorted to by England twice before for starving France. She was then Mistress of the Seas; and she used her power regardless of right or justice.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, retaliated. From the imperial camp at Berlin, in November following, he issued a Decree declaring all the British islands in a state of blockade. This was followed in January by a British Order in Council, which forbade neutral vessels trading from

one port to another of France or her allies, or which was in possession of her armies, or of any country from which British vessels were excluded. This was followed in December by another Decree, issued by Napoleon from his "Royal Palace at Milan," which declared all vessels bound to or sailing from England, or which had submitted to English search, to be subject to capture and condemnation. Thus, by really "paper blockades" (for neither party had ships sufficient to enforce the Orders and Decrees), the commerce of the world was suddenly paralyzed. That of the United States, which for some years had been very lucrative, was utterly prostrated. England was most blamed, because she inaugurated the iniquitous measures against the interests of neutrals; but toward both nations the Americans felt the greatest indignation.

Negotiations were immediately opened with both belligerent governments for the removal of these disastrous restrictions upon commerce. But all peaceful efforts were made in vain. Napoleon was determined to make the Americans his allies, if possible; and England, with her usual domineering spirit, was equally determined to punish all who might in any way favor her deadly enemy. An English publicist, employed by the Government to present an excuse to the world for conduct which she knew to be indefensible by the law of nations, declared that the neutral commerce of the Americans, by which France was benefited, was "war in disguise." Making this sophistry her defensive plea, England proceeded to destroy that commerce.

Negotiations having failed, the United States Government resolved to try the effects of non-intercourse, used so potently during the days preceding the Revolution. At about the same time when the Milan Decree was issued the President of the United States recommended to Congress the laying of an Embargo, universal in extent and unlimited in duration. The Administration party were in a large majority in the National Congress, and a most stringent Embargo was put in operation. It bound the coasting trade and the land intercourse between the States and the neighboring British colonies. What little vitality American commerce had preserved was by this measure totally destroyed, and a large portion of the community, especially in the Eastern States, were instantly thrown out of employment and reduced to distress.

The Embargo created intense excitement throughout the country, especially in New England. The Federal party took a bold stand against it as an Administration measure, and mercantile communities vehemently denounced it as cruel and positively unnecessary. During two years that the Embargo or other restrictive measures were in force it was evaded and defied. It was denounced in town meetings as tyrannical; and New England magistrates refused to enforce its provisions, because the law was unconstitutional. The Sovereignty of the States was

invoked to interfere; and in some instances partisan and personal feeling was so strong that men openly defended the course of Great Britain as just and necessary—"essential to her existence." Threats of disunion and secession were heard from several quarters; and so general and open was the opposition to the administrators of the National Government by the leaders of the Federal party in New England, that the impression went abroad that the Eastern States were ready to leave the Union, and form a separate and independent government. "Look, Sir"—said Dewitt Clinton, in the Senate of New York, in February, 1809—"Look, Sir, at the storm which is gathering in the East. Its clouds are black, heavy, and portentous. Look at the resolves of several of the towns, and even of the capital of Massachusetts. Observe the disorganizing, Jacobinical, seditious, and traitorous spirit which pervades them. The Legislatures of the different States are invited to array themselves against the General Government. The very men who, a few years ago, were the strenuous advocates for smiting down the State governments, for a strong National Executive that would maintain the Union of the States—for an energetic, absorbing National Government—are now the warm partisans of State supremacy. The resolutions of Boston are more seditious and reprehensible than any that were passed at the time of the Whisky Insurrection of Pennsylvania." Others sounded alarm notes, and suspicions of positive disloyalty on the part of New England were felt throughout the Union.

At this juncture a secret agent was sent to Boston from the representative of the British Government in Canada, to watch the course of political events there, sound the leading Federalists as to their willingness, in the event of a separation, to make a connection with Great Britain, and to do all in his power to foment greater discord between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union. He remained there several weeks, but saw no reason for avowing his true character to any one, not even to the British consul. At length he became convinced that he could not serve his employer as he had expected. "Weak men," he said, "are sure to temporize when great events call upon them for decision." His mission was speedily ended by recall. Mr. Erskine, the British minister at Washington, to the disappointment of his Government, made arrangements for the settlement of disputes between the United States and Great Britain, which caused the President to proclaim the Embargo to be at an end. This silenced the opposition. Their disunion schemes, if they ever had any, were left without present excuse; and in his wrathful disappointment, the Secretary of the Governor-General of Canada wrote to the British spy: "I am cruelly out of spirits at the idea of England truckling to such a debased and accursed Government as that of the United States." Once again the secret machinations of the ruling powers of England to destroy

the American Government were frustrated, as they ever will be.

England repudiated the peaceful and just arrangements made by Mr. Erskine, and commercial restrictions were again imposed by the Government of the United States. The old party animosities were revived in all their vigor, and in the spring of 1812 a new cause for mutual exasperation and for suspicion of the loyalty of New England appeared. Hitherto the mission of the British spy had been unknown in the United States. He failed to get his promised reward in Canada, and after waiting a long time in vain he went to England with certificates of his fidelity as a spy. He was received with the greatest favor into aristocratic circles. He was admitted to membership in the *PITT CLUB* without the formality of an election; and he had free entrance to exclusive circles so long as his money lasted. But when that failed, and he became a supplicant at the feet of Lord Liverpool for the reward of his faithfulness, he was coolly referred back to the successor of his employer in Canada. The spy (John Henry) was exasperated. He sailed for Boston instead of for Quebec, and laid the whole secrets of his mission at the feet of the President of the United States for a handsome consideration. Preparations for declaring war against Great Britain were then maturing. These disclosures would greatly aid the war party and confound the opposition; so the President published them to the world, saying, in his message to Congress: "They prove that at a recent period, while the United States, notwithstanding the wrongs sustained by them, ceased not to observe the laws of peace and neutrality toward Great Britain, and in the midst of peace and amicable profession and negotiations on the part of the British Government, through its public minister here, a secret agent of that Government was employed in certain States, more especially at the seat of the government of Massachusetts, in fomenting disaffection to the constituted authorities of the nation, and in intrigues with the disaffected, for the purpose of bringing about resistance to the laws, and eventually, in concert with a British force, of destroying the Union and forcing the Eastern part thereof into a political connection with Great Britain."

A most profound sensation was produced by these disclosures throughout the country. The old suspicions of New England disloyalty were intensified, and the Administration party and all who were in favor of war made the most of the excitement. That most was but little. The fact remains that the British Government had been treacherously endeavoring to destroy the Union while professing friendship, but investigation led to no discovery of a shadow of proof that any American in New England or elsewhere had been a party to the shameful scheme.

War was declared in June, 1812, by a vote, in the House of Representatives, of 79 against 49. Of the 79 votes Pennsylvania and the States south of it gave 62. In the Senate the majority

and geographical character of the vote were about the same. It was essentially a Southern measure. New England complained. War put her commerce in jeopardy, while it threatened no great harm to the planter. War was declared because American commerce and sailors' rights were injured by Great Britain, but by that portion of the Union, South and West, where commerce and sailors' rights were almost practically unknown. "The war," says a late writer (Edwin Williams), "may be said to have been a measure of the South and West to take care of the interests of the North, much against the will of the latter."

Before and after the declaration of war the Federalists, especially in New England, vehemently opposed it. It could not be denied that the Americans had just cause for the measure. England, the old oppressor, was again before them with her frowns and superciliousness. Her complicity in the destruction of American commerce, and her persistence in the nefarious practice of impressing American seamen into the British service, were a sufficient justification for an independent nation to seek redress by an appeal to arms.

But New England was more exposed to desolation and more inviting to invasion than any other section of the country. The war was with a powerful maritime nation, whose privateers would soon sweep the coast marine of New England from the sea, and whose ships-of-the-line might lay the sea-port towns in ashes from Fairfield to Castine. The people of New England were peaceful and opposed to war; their representatives in Congress had voted against the war; then why should they give it support and countenance?

The war had been declared only after long-suffering and patient attempts to procure redress without a resort to arms. A majority of the people of the republic were in favor of this method of vindicating their national honor and independence; and the representatives of that majority had made the declaration. It was therefore unpatriotic to cast obstacles in the way. Yet it was done with fearful effect. The more desperate opponents of the war and of the Administration—politicians whom true patriots despised—formed a "Peace party," avowedly for the purpose of embarrassing the Government, and compelling it to make peace with Great Britain on any terms. They controlled the press extensively, and through it they operated powerfully upon the public mind. They decried national victories, and magnified those of the British. They were professional alarmists. They used every exertion to destroy the public credit. They discouraged Government loans, promoted smuggling, and in every conceivable way gave "aid and comfort to the enemy" without performing overt acts of treason.

Many of the clergy and magistrates arrayed themselves against the Government. Disunion was openly advocated. "The Union has been long since virtually dissolved," said the rector

of Trinity Church, Boston, "and it is full time that this part of the disunited States should take care of itself." "If at the command of wicked rulers," said the pastor of the church at Medford, "they undertake an unjust war, each man who volunteers his services in such a cause, or loans his money for its support, or by his conversation, his writings, or any other mode of influence encourages its prosecution, that man is an accomplice in the wickedness, loads his conscience with the blackest crimes, brings the guilt of blood upon his soul, and *in the sight of God and His law is a murderer.*" "The Israelites became weary of yielding the fruit of their labor to pamper their splendid tyrants," said a Doctor of Divinity at Byfield. "They left their political woes. They *separated*. Where is *our Moses*?" And when the brave soldiers of the West had fallen at the Raisin and the Thames, in conflict with the savages of the forest brought against them by the British, this same D.D. said, exultingly, "Those Western States, which have been violent for this abominable war of murder—those States which have thirsted for blood—God has given them blood to drink! Their men have fallen. Their lamentations are deep and loud."

Thus spoke the pulpit here and there, while magistrates and public officers set the Government at defiance. Three of the New England Governors refused to respond to the call of the President for militia, appealing to the Constitution and the "reserved rights" of the States for justification. The use of the jails of Massachusetts for British prisoners was refused; and in many ways New England stood in an attitude of half-rebellion against the National Government during a greater portion of the war. They argued that the Divine law of self-preservation was superior to all human law; and then pointed to the fact, with much force, that the militia of New England, especially of the portion bordering on the sea, were needed for the defense of their coast.

In the autumn of 1814, when the war had been prosecuted for more than two years, and the utter prostration of business had produced wide-spread distress, especially in New England—when the banks of the country had suspended specie payments, and the Government was bankrupt, clamors for peace became more tumultuous than ever. Negotiations for peace were already in progress at Ghent in Belgium; but the unfair demands and denials of Great Britain gave very little promise of satisfactory results. That haughty power would not consent to make peace except on very humiliating terms for the Americans; and yet there were those who could not value national independence, or comprehend their duty to posterity, who thought that peace would be cheaply purchased even on such terms. While the Legislature of New York pronounced the terms proposed by the British "extravagant and disgraceful," and that of Virginia called them "arrogant and insulting," the New England Legislatures had no word of condemnation.

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The National Government, meanwhile, was putting forth all its strength in the prosecution of the war, and in the autumn of 1814 measures were adopted for filling the ranks of the existing army to the full amount of 62,000 men, and the creation of an additional regular force of 40,000, to be locally employed for the defense of the frontier and sea-coast, the whole number to be raised by conscription or draft. This brought matters to a crisis in New England. In some of the other States the matter of local defenses had been left almost wholly to the discretion of their respective Governors. But the President, made suspicious of the loyalty of the New England people by the manifestations of opposition to the General Government which had appeared there for several years preceding, insisted upon the exclusive control of all military movements there. Because the Massachusetts militia had not been placed under General Dearborn's orders, the Secretary of State, in an official letter to Governor Strong, refused to pay the expenses of defending Massachusetts against the common enemy. Similar action for similar cause had been had in Connecticut. Great discontent followed; and a clamor was immediately raised that New England was abandoned to the enemy by the National Government. A joint Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature reported that, in the position in which that State stood, no choice was left her between submission to the enemy, which was not to be thought of, and the appropriation to her own defense of those revenues derived from her people, but which the General Government had hitherto thought proper to expend elsewhere. This was a covert threat of independent action on the part of New England. The Committee then proceeded to recommend "a conference between those States, the affinity of whose interests is closest, and whose habits of intercourse, from local and other causes, are most frequent, to the end that, by a comparison of their sentiments and views, *some mode of defense suited to the circumstances and exigencies of those States, and measures for accelerating the return of prosperity* may be devised; and also to enable the delegates from those States, should they deem it expedient, to lay the foundation of a radical reform in the national compact, by inviting to a future Convention a deputation from all the States in the Union."

The Democratic members of the Massachusetts Legislature vehemently assailed this report and its recommendations. They denounced it as a disguised movement to prepare the way for a dissolution of the Union. The protests of the minority were of no avail. The report of the Committee was adopted by a vote of three to one; and as the country was in a state of great alarm, owing to the recent destruction of the National capital by the enemy, and the prospect of a more vigorous prosecution of the war along the coast from the Chesapeake to the Penobscot, immediate action followed. A circular letter was addressed by the Massachusetts Legislature

to the Governors of the other New England States, inviting the appointment of delegates to meet in Convention at an early day, "to deliberate upon the dangers to which the Eastern section of the Union is exposed by the course of the war, and which there is too much reason to believe will thicken round them in its progress; and to devise, if practicable, means of security and defense which may be consistent with the preservation of their resources from total ruin, and adapted to their local situation, mutual relations, and habits, and not repugnant to their obligations as members of the Union." They also proposed a consideration of some amendments to the Constitution on the subject of slave representation, that might secure to the New England States equal advantages with others. "This Legislature," said the circular, "is content, for its justification, to repose on the purity of its own motives, and upon the *known attachment of its constituents to the National Union*, and to the rights and independence of their country."

The proposition of Massachusetts was acceded to, and a convention of delegates representing the New England States was appointed to be held at Hartford, in Connecticut, on the 15th of December. This movement created much alarm at the seat of Government, more especially because at about the same time the Legislature of Massachusetts appropriated a million of dollars toward the support of ten thousand men to relieve the militia in service, and to be, like that militia, exclusively under State control. All sorts of wild rumors and suggestions were put afloat, and the accusations of plottings and treasons made against the Federal party, from the alleged monarchial schemes of Hamilton to the failure of John Henry, were spread before the excited public mind in the most startling colors. A new organization called "Washington Benevolent Societies," nominally for charitable purposes, but really with political aims, distinguished the Federalists at this time and drew upon them the most vigilant suspicions. President Madison, naturally timid, was greatly harassed by fears of sedition and disunion, and the extreme doctrines of State rights which he had put forth by resolutions of the Virginia Legislature in 1798, for a political purpose, now assumed a fearful ghostly shape in New England garb. The Democratic press in all parts of the country exhibited real or feigned alarm; and the thoughts of millions were turned toward Hartford, a small commercial town of only four thousand inhabitants, on the memorable day appointed for the assembling of that mysterious Convention.

On Thursday morning, the 15th of December, 1815, the famous Hartford Convention commenced its sessions. Twenty-six delegates were present: namely, George Cabot, Nathan Dane, William Prescott, Harrison Gray Otis, Timothy Bigelow, Joshua Thomas, Samuel Sumner Wilde, Joseph Lyman, Stephen Longfellow, Jun., Daniel Waldo, Hodijah Baylies, and George Bliss,

from *Massachusetts*; Chauncey Goodrich, John Treadwell, James Hillhouse, Zephaniah Swift, Nathaniel Smith, Calvin Goddard, and Roger Minot Sherman, from *Connecticut*; Daniel Lyman, Samuel Ward, Edward Manton, and Benjamin Hazard, from *Rhode Island*; Benjamin West, and Mills Olcott, from *New Hampshire*; and William Hall, Jun., from *Vermont*. George Cabot of Boston was chosen President of the Convention, and Theodore Dwight of Hartford was appointed Secretary. The sessions of the Convention continued three weeks, and were held with closed doors. Major (afterward General) Jesup, a young Kentuckian, was then stationed with his regiment at Hartford. He had been ordered there nominally for the purpose of recruiting for the regular army, but really under instructions, no doubt, to watch the movements of the supposed traitorous conclave. It was believed that with this force at hand, and New York troops under the vigilant Governor Tompkins at supporting distance, any sudden rebellious manifestation might be suppressed.

The doubt, perplexity, and alarm created by this Convention were heightened by the tone of the Federal newspapers in New England, and especially in Boston, during its sittings. Writers in those papers, who were evidently disunionists, seemed apprehensive that the delegates were too conservative, and would not take the high and independent stand which the crisis demanded. They called loudly for relief; and throughout all their essays a desire for a withdrawal from the Union and a separate peace with England was plainly manifested. The Byfield Doctor of Divinity already alluded to had said in the pulpit: "New England, if invaded, would be obliged to defend herself. Do you not thus owe it to your children, and owe it to your God, to make peace for yourselves?" And this suggestion of his appeal became the text for many a lay sermon that heightened the suspicion of New England loyalty in the public mind, and fixed upon the Hartford Convention a stigma which, in the lapse of half a century, has not been entirely removed.

Day after day the Convention proceeded in its work with closed doors. Its session was opened every morning with prayer by Hartford clergymen, among whom the Rev. Dr. Strong was the most prominent. On the second day a committee appointed to inquire "what subjects will be proper to be considered by the Convention? and to report such propositions for that purpose," submitted the following as proper topics for their consideration: "The powers claimed by the Executive of the United States to determine, conclusively, in respect to calling out the militia of the States into the service of the United States; and the dividing the United States into military districts, with an officer of the army in each thereof, with discretionary authority from the Executive of the United States to call for the militia to be under the command of such officer. The refusal of the Executive of the United States to supply or pay the militia of certain

States, called out for their defense, on the grounds of their not having been called out under the authority of the United States, or not having been, by the Executive of the State, put under the command of the commander over the military district. The failure of the Government of the United States to supply and pay the militia of the States, by them admitted to have been in the United States service. The Report of the Secretary of War to Congress on filling the ranks of the army, together with a bill or act on that subject. A bill before Congress, providing for classifying and drafting the militia. The expenditure of the revenue of the nation in offensive operations on the neighboring provinces of the enemy. The failure of the Government of the United States to provide for the common defense; and the consequent obligations, necessity, and burdens devolved on the separate States to defend themselves—together with the mode and the ways and means in their power for accomplishing the object." Such was the work which the Convention, at the outset, proposed for itself.

On the 20th, a committee appointed for the purpose reported "a general project of such measures" as might be proper for the Convention to adopt. On the 24th, after receiving a communication from several citizens belonging to the county of Washington, in the State of New York, they adopted a report that it would be expedient for the Convention to "prepare a general statement of the unconstitutional attempts of the Executive Government of the United States to infringe upon the rights of the individual States in regard to the militia, and of the still more alarming claims to infringe on the rights of the States manifested in the letter of the Secretary of War," etc., and to recommend to the Legislatures of the States the adoption of the most effectual and decisive measures to protect the militia and the States from the usurpations contained in these proceedings. Also to prepare a statement concerning the general subject of State defenses, and to recommend an earnest application to the National Government for an arrangement with the States by which they would be allowed to retain a portion of the taxes levied by Congress, to be devoted to the expenses of self-defense, and for the reimbursement of money already expended by them for such purpose. They also proposed, by amendments to the Constitution, to accomplish the following results: 1. The restriction of the power of Congress to declare and make war. 2. A restraint of the exercise of unlimited power by Congress to make new States and admit them into the Union. 3. A restraint of the powers of Congress in laying embargoes and restrictions on commerce. 4. A stipulation that a President of the United States shall not be elected from the same State two consecutive terms; and, 5. That the same person shall not be elected President a second time. 6. That alterations be made concerning slave representation and taxation.

On the 4th of January, 1815, a Report with

Resolutions, to be laid before the Legislatures of the respective States represented in the Convention, was adopted; and the next morning, at nine o'clock, after prayer by Dr. Strong, the Convention finally adjourned. The Report, moderate but firm, able in construction, and forcible though heretical in arguments and conclusions, was immediately published and extensively circulated throughout the country. It exhibited the ring of the metal of the protest of the minority of the Twelfth Congress against the declaration of war, written chiefly by the now venerable Josiah Quincy of Boston, the last survivor of that Congress. It was read with the greatest avidity. It disappointed the expectations of the ultra-Federalists and the suspicious Democrats. The few disunionists of New England found in it no promises of a separation; and the Administration party perceived in it no signs of sedition or treason. It presented a concise view of the current and past policy of the Government, and summed up the sentiments of the Convention in the following resolutions, which were recommended for adoption to the State Legislatures:

"*Resolved*, That it be and hereby is recommended to the Legislatures of the several States represented in this Convention to adopt all such measures as may be necessary effectually to protect the citizens of said States from the operation and effects of all acts which have been or may be passed by the Congress of the United States, which shall contain provisions subjecting the militia or other citizens to forcible drafts, conscriptions, or impressments, not authorized by the Constitution of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That it be and hereby is recommended to the said Legislatures to authorize an immediate and earnest application to be made to the Government of the United States, requesting their consent to some arrangement whereby the said States may, separately or in concert, be empowered to assume upon themselves the defense of their territory against the enemy; and a reasonable portion of the taxes collected within said States may be paid into the respective treasuries thereof, and appropriated to the payment of the balance due said States, and to the future defense of the same. The amount so paid into the said treasuries to be credited, and the disbursements made as aforesaid to be charged, to the United States.

"*Resolved*, That it be and it hereby is recommended to the Legislatures of the aforesaid States to pass laws (where it has not already been done) authorizing the Governors or Commanders-in-chief of their militia, to make detachments of the same, or to form voluntary corps, as shall be most convenient and conformable to their Constitutions, and to cause the same to be well armed, equipped, and disciplined, and held in readiness for service; and, upon the request of the Governor of either of the other States, to employ the whole of such detachments or corps, as well as the regular force of the State, or such part thereof as may be re-

quired, and can be spared consistently with the safety of the State, in assisting the State making such request, to repel any invasion thereof which shall be made or attempted by the public enemy."

There were other resolutions, but they referred to amendments of the Constitution already alluded to. The most that can be said against the resolutions just quoted is, that they abandon the doctrine of a consolidated nation formed by the ratification of the Constitution by the people, for which the Washingtonian Federalists so strenuously contended, and are deeply tinged with the fatal heresy of State supremacy, or, at least, State independence, which has produced fearful effects in our day.

It was resolved that, should the proposed application to Congress be fruitless, and the existing circumstances seem to warrant, a Committee appointed for the purpose should call another Convention to meet in Boston in June following. This contingency did not occur. The Legislatures of Massachusetts and Connecticut accepted the report, and appointed commissioners to go to Washington to lay the proposed arrangement as to taxes before Congress; a proposition in the *form* of a request, but, under the circumstances, with the *spirit* of a demand. Peace came at this moment, with her insignia of reconciliation, and by a sweep of her wand all disputes raised by the presence of war were instantly hushed.

When the Hartford Convention adjourned on the 5th of January the opinion was prevalent that another Convention would be held. On that account the injunction of secrecy was not removed, and the journal of the Convention was sealed and placed in the hands of the President. Because it was not published conjecture invented many reasons, all unfavorable to the movement and the participators in it. It was asserted by the opposite party that treasonable schemes were proposed in the Convention, and the names of members were given as the authors of them. Some went so far as to describe the manner in which they were received, debated, and disposed of. The members of the Convention took no steps to refute the many charges against them. The journal was placed in the office of the Secretary of the State of Massachusetts in the autumn of 1819, where it might be read by all who chose to peruse it. It was accompanied by the following certificate: "I, George Cabot, late President of the Convention assembled at Hartford on the fifteenth day of December, 1814, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is the original and only journal of the proceedings of that Convention; and that the twenty-seven written pages which compose it, and the printed report, comprise a faithful and complete record of all the motions, resolutions, votes, and proceedings of that Convention. And I do further certify, that this journal has been constantly in my exclusive custody from the time of the adjournment of the Convention to the delivery of it into the office of the Secretary of this Commonwealth."

The journal was afterward published in pamphlets and newspapers. Its freedom from all treasonable or even seditious features (unless we regard the belief in the political heresy of State supremacy to be such) would immediately destroy the political capital created by the mystery that had enshrouded it, so it was immediately asserted and widely believed, in the face of the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Cabot, that the obnoxious parts of it—the demon hoofs and horns of treason—had been suppressed in the publication. For long years that Convention remained a by-word and a reproach to the Federal party and other organizations that succeeded it. Even the testimony in a court of justice, under oath, of a man so universally esteemed as Roger Minot Sherman, when he said, in 1831—"I believe I know their proceedings perfectly, and that every measure, done or proposed, has been published to the world"—could not remove the prejudice concerning that Convention, its aims and its doings, which unscrupulous politicians were ever ready to foster. Even now, the Hartford Convention is associated in the minds of many with the Nullification movements in South Carolina in 1832-33, and the rampant treason in arms in the Slave States in 1861-62. It is surprising to see the writer of a current history of this rebellion use the following language—"Well would it have been for the country—for the lately seceded States—if the loyal people of the cotton-growing Commonwealths had crushed their disloyal leaders, as the New Englanders crushed out the treason hatched by the Hartford Disunion Convention!"

He who will take pains to inquire, without prejudice, will be satisfied that the twenty-six eminent men who composed the Hartford Convention were as wise as loyal and patriotic as the average of the legislators and politicians of that day or since. They represented the conservative sentiment of discontented New England during a season of great trial.

THE UNSIGNED RECEIPT.

THE year before I retired from practice I had, among the young gentlemen who read law under my direction, one whose name was Edward Marsh. He was quite clever and assiduous. His father had been a client of mine for many years, and, previous to his insolvency, a very profitable one. From regard for him, and in consideration of his altered circumstances, I declined to accept the customary fee for directing his son's studies. Young Marsh is now practicing law in one of our Western States, where he is quite distinguished. I am told that they talk of him for a judgeship, although he has only been four years at the bar. He has ability, doubtless, and learning, probably; but at the outset of my legal career they did not place boys on the bench. The profession is going to the dogs, and the judiciary along with it.

However, I did not commence an essay upon the bench and bar. I intended to tell the story

of a case in which this young Marsh figured a little, though not so prominently as others.

I came into the case in this way. I had been engaged in court all day in a very fatiguing suit, and merely visited my office to obtain some papers that I wished to examine at home at my leisure. While I was at my secretary there came a tap at the door, and on bidding the intruder enter Marsh came in.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but I would like to have a little conversation with you."

"Very good. Go on."

"I wish, as a favor to me, you would undertake the case of Evans."

"I do not wish to; I have declined already. How will it serve you?"

"Why, you see, Sir, I and Kitty—that is, Kitty and I—"

He paused, in embarrassment, and I turned in some surprise.

"Pray, who is Kitty, Mr. Marsh?"

"Miss Kitty Evans."

"Oh, I see," I rejoined, laughing. "Kitty is our daughter, and you want me to take up the case of the father-in-law elect."

"Why, you see, Sir, the rest of the bar share your aversion to the case; and he prefers you, at any rate. If you would take it at my instance it would be of service to me."

Under the circumstances I reconsidered my refusal, and told Marsh to send Kitty's father to me on the following day. The lover departed in high spirits.

This Evans was a real-estate agent and rent collector, who had acquired some money by his profession. He was indefatigable in dunning delinquent tenants, and sufficiently prompt in paying over the proceeds, so that he had a number of patrons. But he had not the best reputation along with this. He was regarded as a rather slippery fellow. The little intercourse I had had with him had satisfied me he was not a desirable client—the impression on my mind was adverse to his fairness and honesty, and I shunned him.

The particular case in which he desired my services was as follows:

Among the patrons of Evans had been a wealthy man named Clarence Preston. The collections made for him during one quarter had amounted to eighteen hundred and twenty dollars, which had been paid over, less the five per cent. commission, in the presence of Preston's attorney. Evans took a receipt, but went away leaving it on his patron's table. He called to get it on the following morning, but was astounded to learn that Mr. Preston had been attacked by apoplexy about two hours after he had left the house and died at midnight. Mr. Van Buren, the attorney, had placed his seal on all the papers of the deceased. When the executor took charge Evans renewed his application for the receipt. Mr. Schermerhorn, the executor, made search accordingly, and found a paper partly answering Evans's description, but

differing in one important particular. It recited and acknowledged the payment of seventeen hundred and twenty-nine dollars; but it was without signature. Evans then went to the attorney as a witness, but, to his consternation, the latter denied that any money had been paid, or receipt given therefor, in his presence. The executor, under these circumstances, brought suit to recover the rents collected, and claimed eighteen hundred and sixty-five dollars as due to the estate.

When Evans called on me, according to appointment, I questioned him closely.

"Are you sure," I asked, "that the receipt had been signed when you left?"

"Positively. There was no blotting-paper, and I let it lie for a few minutes on the table to dry, and that is how I came, engrossed with the conversation we had, to forget it."

"Did Mr. Schermerhorn show you the unsigned receipt?"

"Yes. It was the same I had written. I knew it by my own handwriting, and by a couple of specks in the paper. I had neglected to bring my receipt-book with me, and wrote the receipt on a loose piece of paper lying on the table."

"Might it not have been an unsigned duplicate?"

"No; I only prepared one for Preston to sign."

"Were there any marks showing an erasure of the signature?"

"Not the slightest that I could see, and I held it up to the light. There is the mystery. The place where the signature had been was apparently plain, white paper."

"Have you the number and description of the notes you paid?"

"A description of one only—not its letter or number. That was a hundred-dollar bill on the Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia. It had on its back the initials of the tenant—John Y. Carter—from whom I received it. The other notes were those of the Shoe and Leather Bank, with which I deposit. A private mark of my own was also on the Philadelphia note."

"Well," I said, "in accepting your case I am bound to believe your statement; but a court and jury are not, and will not be likely to do so. You will have probably to pay the money in the end, and it would be as well to do it without the expense and trouble of a suit."

"I don't intend to pay money twice; at least not if I can help it," said Evans. "Something may turn up in the mean while. Fight them."

"Very well. As I have agreed to take the case in hand, fight them we will; but you have neither force nor material for a contest. It is simply your story against evidence oral and written."

I knew Mr. Schermerhorn, the sole executor, very well. He lived in the same block that I did, and I determined to drop in on him after dinner, and discuss the matter in a friendly way. It was quite unprofessional to do this, of course; but the whole case was exceptional.

I found Schermerhorn to be frank and communicative.

"It is a matter of personal indifference to me," said he, "and if it looked even fair, I should make a mere show of opposition. But I don't believe a single word of Evans's story. Between ourselves, your client is at a very silly and unprofitable piece of roguery. He is too sharp a fellow to have left a receipt behind him, even if he took one upon a loose piece of paper. But that isn't his way. He would have brought his receipt-book. The claim is an after-thought on hearing of Preston's sudden death."

"But," I suggested, "how does it happen then that the receipt, even if unsigned, was found among Preston's papers?"

"That is not easily accounted for, but it might be. Evans might have left it then, intending to pay the money, but neglecting it, or might have left it before. At all events it proves nothing for you. For there is Van Buren—an upright man of unimpeachable character—who is ready to swear that no money was paid that night, and no receipt passed. He was with Preston when Evans came in, and remained with him after he went, until he was attacked with the apoplectic fit. You won't gainsay his evidence?"

"I am not so sure of that."

"Not so sure! Why, man, you can only do it on the supposition that Van Buren himself pocketed the money, and then blew the signature away—for it shows no mark of an erasure. That would be absurd."

"Impossible, possibly, but not impossible, and so not absurd."

"Yes, absurd!" he rejoined. "For why not destroy the receipt when the money was taken?"

I felt the force of this. I was worsted in the encounter, and withdrew with the conviction that my case was desperate. Before I left, I said:

"I am instructed, and must make what defense I can. Will you have the receipt at trial, or put me to the trouble of compelling its production?"

"No need of process. The receipt, as you call it, will be in court; but it is useless to you, as you will say yourself whenever you see it."

Time slipped away. I should have nearly forgotten the case, until it had gone through its routine, took its place on the calendar, and had its day fixed. But Marsh kept it before me, always having discovered, weekly or oftener, some important point, which amounted to nothing, or conceived some apt suggestion, which turned out to be of no value. I understood and overlooked this meddling, on account of its object. It gave him pretexts for more frequent visits to Evans's pretty daughter.

I was no longer young, but I looked on a lover's expedients with a forgiving eye.

The day of trial came. The plaintiff, who had very able counsel, was ready; and so was I, for defendant, though I could see very little chance of success.

The plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Demarest, opened with a succinct statement. The defendant had collected rents to the amount of eighteen hundred and sixty-five dollars, as the agent of Clarence Preston, now deceased. He had neglected and refused to pay these over, and for this sum, now due the estate, suit was brought.

The leases were brought in to show the amount of rents, and these I admitted to save time. The tenants were brought forward with their receipts to prove the amounts were actually paid to Evans, except in one instance where a tenant was out of town. There his clerk was sworn, who witnessed the payment and the signing of the receipt by Evans—it was for three hundred dollars. On cross-examination he admitted that he did not see the amount to count it, that was actually paid; but saw his employer pay money in gold to Evans, and brought the receipt-book himself, for Evans to sign a receipt, which he, the clerk, had written for three hundred. He had been instructed to write one for that amount in the hearing of Evans.

The plaintiff rested his case, and I opened for the defense. My statement was what the reader expects; but we denied having received so much, as we had allowed one tenant, the one whose clerk had testified, forty-five dollars for taxes, water-rents, and assessments. Deducting this, and our commission, the sum was seventeen hundred and twenty-nine dollars, which we had paid over.

The new law, just then going into effect, allowed a party to be examined in his own behalf, and I put Evans on the stand. He testified to the state of facts already laid before the reader, and mentioned, at my instance, the kind of money received, and the fact that one bill was not bankable, but he had taken it, subject to Preston's approval. Before going to Preston's house, he drew from the Shoe and Leather Bank the amount required, excepting the hundred-dollar bill named, having deposited the rents there, from time to time, as he received them.

A sharp cross-examination now commenced.

"Now, Sir," said the opposite counsel, "you have stated that a receipt was signed on a loose piece of paper. Who drew that receipt up?"

"I did."

"It was entirely in your handwriting then?"

"Yes, Sir, all except the signature."

"How many such receipts did you write?"

"Only one."

"Are you positive of that?"

"Quite positive."

The counsel here produced a manuscript. It was the blank receipt found by Schermerhorn. He showed it to Evans, so folded that the place for the signature was concealed.

"Did you ever see that paper before?"

"Yes, Sir—twice. Once when Mr. Preston signed it, and once since, when Mr. Schermerhorn showed it to me."

"When Mr. Preston signed it. You believe Mr. Preston's signature is attached to it, then?"

"No, Sir; because I have seen it since without a signature. But it *was* there."

"Could you not have been mistaken?"

"No, Sir. I wrote the body of that receipt, and saw Mr. Preston sign it. There was no blotting-paper on the table, and I let it lie there to dry. That was how I came to forget it."

"Who was present when the receipt was given?"

"Mr. Van Buren yonder."

"Do you think he saw the money paid?"

"Certainly. He spoke in such a way that he must have seen it."

"Will you detail that conversation?"

"Substantially. I said to Mr. Preston that Barnes, one of the tenants, had paid me in uncurrent money—that hundred-dollar bill on a Philadelphia Bank. Van Buren said, 'It is so small a shave, Preston, that you can stand it.' Mr. Preston laughed, and took the money."

"And you positively swear that such a conversation substantially took place on that occasion?"

"I do."

"Now, Sir, let me put a hypothetical case to you, and ask you if it be not possible that it might have occurred. Might you not have written this receipt, and then have felt disinclined to pay at the moment? Did you not, in fact, excuse yourself from paying on the ground of dilatoriness on the part of tenants?"

"No, Sir!" returned Evans, indignantly. "I paid, as I have stated, and I took that receipt."

"But that receipt has no signature."

"I know it, and I can't account for it. But it had. That is certainly the one I wrote, and which Mr. Preston afterward signed in my presence. I particularly identify it by two flaws or specks in the paper which I noticed as I wrote the receipt for signature, and which are there now."

"You have an excellent memory," said Demarest, dryly. "You bank at the Shoe and Leather?"

"Yes."

"Are you not in the habit of paying your collections over in a check drawn to the order of parties?"

"Yes, Sir; but Mr. Preston always seemed to prefer that I should bring money."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, not in words."

"This, then, was an isolated instance?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" returned the counsel. "You can stand aside, Sir."

Evans still lingered on the stand. The jury-men looked carelessly around the court-room. Some fidgeted in their seats, others yawned. They had evidently made up their minds, and adversely to us. I was too well-read in jury nature not to perceive it.

"Are you through, Sir?" said the judge to me.

"Yes, Sir." But here an idea struck me. "Stay a moment, Mr. Evans. It is possible

that on closer examination some of your testimony may lead to an explanation of one or two doubtful points. Let me have that receipt."

It was handed me.

"Are you sure, Sir, as to the mode of signature? Is it not possible that it was signed in lead pencil?"

"Not at all leading that question," suggested Demarest; but I would not hear the implied objection.

"No, Sir," persisted Evans. "It was signed with ink, and that is why I left it on the table to dry."

I looked at the paper carefully. I could find no traces of signature by the eye; but on passing the end of my little finger over the spot where the signature should have been, I thought I could detect a slight roughness. I mentioned this, and suggested that if we had a magnifying glass such as engravers use we might discover whether there had been any erasure.

"Send for one, then, by all means," said the judge. "I am disposed to allow all the latitude admissible in the case."

I at once dispatched Marsh to the shop of a noted optician, a client of mine, just up Broadway, for a lens.

"In the mean while," continued the judge, "to economize time, suppose you go on with your other witnesses."

"We rest here," I replied, "reserving the farther examination of this paper."

The plaintiff's counsel now called Van Buren to the stand to rebut. This was a summary of his testimony:

He had visited his client, Preston, on the third of November, the evening in question. While they were conversing Evans was announced. He came in, and after some preliminary remarks sat down and wrote a receipt, which he believed was the one produced. After he had done so he said that the tenants had not all paid up, but as he expected the remainder on the next day he would wait and make one payment of it. To this Mr. Preston acceded, and after some indifferent remarks Evans left. Van Buren sat on, continuing the conversation. When Mr. Preston was attacked with apoplexy, the lawyer alarmed the house. A doctor came, but could do nothing effectual for the relief of the patient. When the latter died Van Buren gathered the papers on the table, and thrust them in a long, narrow drawer in the secretary, which, with the rest, he sealed. He believed this receipt was among them, but he did not examine particularly. He sealed the papers because he had drawn up Mr. Preston's will, and knew that it contained a recommendation to the executor to continue him (Van Buren) in the service of the estate. As to the conversation detailed by Evans it never took place. He saw no such note as described, no money paid at all, and no receipt signed by Preston. His testimony was clear, prompt, and decided. It seemed conclusive.

The executor next took the stand, and identi-

fied the blank receipt as one he had found in the narrow drawer along with other papers. Mr. Van Buren was present when the seals were broken. There was no other receipt. No such sum of money, nor any notes answering the description, had been found in the house, nor on the person of Mr. Preston.

The cross-examination of both these witnesses was ineffectual in varying their several statements.

The case rested. Marsh did not return, but the optician came himself with a small glass, and an envelope directed to me. I opened the latter. It contained a hundred-dollar bill and a slip of paper, on which was written:

"Examine the bearer about the inclosed. Delay the case until my return. I am off to Jersey City for an important witness. Hurrah for success and Kitty!"

I smiled at the closing words, examined the bank-bill, and held my peace. I then made a close and tedious scrutiny of the receipt with the magnifier.

"Well, Mr. Latitat," said the judge, impatiently, "what do you make out?"

"I find traces of a signature, your Honor," was my reply. "The ink has been skillfully and carefully removed, I think; but the signature has been written with a steel pen, and the strokes have indented the paper."

The receipt and glass were passed, firstly to the opposite counsel, then to the jury, and, finally, to the judge. During the examination I conferred with the optician apart.

His story was clear and brief.

When Marsh came for the glass he recognized him, having seen him at my office, and he said to him,

"I owe Mr. Latitat a hundred dollars and an apology for not having sent it before. I have a Philadelphia note here—good but not current—if he will take that."

Marsh was on the *qui vive* for Philadelphia bills, and with some remark about lawyers' fees not being always paid in current funds, took the note in his hand. To his surprise it was on the Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia, and on its back were the initials—"J. Y. C."

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"From the Jersey City Bank," was the reply.

Marsh explained the case briefly to the optician, who promised to go into court with the note, while the young man would endeavor to get the proper bank officer there as quickly as possible.

There was not a certain connection in the evidence as yet; but it strengthened our case, nevertheless.

The receipt and glass came back to me. The jury were evidently satisfied that there had been a signature; but whether that was Preston's or not was an open question. The counsel for the plaintiff, after a short conference with Van Buren, intimated that the writing apparently erased was by the same hand that had written the body of the receipt.

Evans sprang to his feet at this imputation in great excitement; but I calmed him. I then asked permission to reopen the case on the part of the defense, as testimony of the utmost importance had unexpectedly been found. The opposite counsel demurred. I was as prosy as possible in reply, so as to gain more time. The judge grew impatient again, and cut me off.

"That will do, Mr. Latitat. In a case involving character—and where there is manifest perjury somewhere—there can be no hesitation. Produce your witness."

I recalled Evans, who identified the note as one he had paid Mr. Preston, not only by the initials of the tenant, but by his own, in minute letters, and in red ink, with the date appended, which he had made on its receipt on the face of the note, and which would escape notice except upon close inspection.

When the optician took the stand I turned to look for Van Buren, but that worthy gentleman had left the court-room. The note was promptly identified as one paid out on a check at the Jersey City Bank.

"Is that all?" asked Demarest, maliciously, for he thought I had shot my bolt. The jury, which had begun to sympathize with us, looked their disappointment.

I felt annoyed. Marsh had not returned, and I hastily began to think of some plan to delay matters until he brought in the witness. In my embarrassment I took up the receipt which lay on the table, and happening to turn it in such a way that the light fell upon it, at an acute angle, I saw something that startled me.

Before I had time to announce my discovery, and comment upon it, Marsh touched me, and whispered in my ear. I turned. His face was jubilant in the extreme.

"If it please the court," I said, "we have not quite done. There is another witness. I propose to examine the receiving teller of the Jersey City Bank."

The teller was placed on the stand. He identified the note—his own private mark having been placed on it. He had received it, as it was current in that bank, though not in New York. It should, however, have been sent on in the Philadelphia package in making the exchange. It must have been paid out inadvertently.

"Do you know," I inquired, "from whom you received it?"

"Yes, Sir. It was deposited, along with sixteen hundred dollars in New York funds, on the fifth of November last by Aleyn Van Buren."

Before the sensation had subsided I made another communication which heightened it.

"Now," said I, "if the court and jury will examine this receipt by holding it at an angle to the light, thus"—and I set the example—"they will see a dark line which the ink and the acids that removed it make by contrast with the surrounding smooth surface of the paper; and they can make out, rather plainly, the signature of Clarence Preston."

The examination verified my statement.

One of the jury now arose and addressed the court.

"I am an analytical chemist by profession," said he. "If that signature was originally written in ink, and erased by acid, I think I can restore it if you will send to the nearest druggist's for the means."

Marsh took a slip of paper on which the chemist wrote an order, and soon returned with a vial and a sponge.

Amidst intense excitement, which manifested itself by profound stillness, the jurymen poured some of the colorless liquid from the vial on the sponge. He then drew the latter over the spot

that showed traces of writing. At once, distinctly enough, but blurred and blotted by the manipulation, there appeared, in a faint, blue-black color, the name of Clarence Preston.

We took our verdict without farther opposition; and judge, jury, counsel, and plaintiff shook hands with Evans, and congratulated him on his vindicated reputation. The business that from that day flowed in on Evans made his fortune. He was grateful to all concerned, particularly to Marsh, who married Miss Kitty the week following his own admission to the bar. As for Van Buren he left town, and his present whereabouts it is impossible to determine.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XII.

MONTHS slipped by; the trees in Burton Crescent had long been all bare; the summer cries of itinerant vegetable dealers and flower sellers had vanished out of the quiet street. The three sisters almost missed them, sitting in that one dull parlor from morning till night, in the intense solitude of people who, having neither heart nor money to spend in gayeties, live forlorn in London lodgings, and knowing nobody, have nobody to visit, nobody to visit them.

Except Mr. Ascott, who still called, and occasionally staid to tea. The hospitalities, however, were all on their side. The first entertainment—to which Selina insisted upon going, and Johanna thought Hilary and Ascott had better go too—was splendid enough, but they were the only ladies present; and though Mr. Ascott did the honors with great magnificence, putting Miss Selina at the head of his table, where she looked exceedingly well, still the sisters agreed it was better that all further invitations to Russell Square should be declined. Miss Selina herself said it would be more dignified and decorous.

Other visitors they had none. Ascott never offered to bring any of his friends; and gradually they saw very little of him. He was frequently out, especially at meal times, so that his aunts gave up the struggle to make the humble dinners better and more to his liking, and would even have hesitated to take the money which he was understood to pay for his board, had he ever offered it, which he did not. Yet still whenever he did happen to remain with them a day, or an evening, he was good and affectionate, and always entertained them with descriptions of all he would do as soon as he got into practice.

Meantime they kept house as economically as possible upon the little ready money they had, hoping that more would come in—that Hilary would get pupils.

But Hilary never did. To any body who

knows London this will not be surprising. The wonder was in the Misses Leaf being so simple as to imagine that a young country lady, settling herself in lodgings in an obscure metropolitan street, without friends or introduction, could ever expect such a thing. Nothing but her own daring, and the irrepressible well-spring of hope that was in her healthy youth, could have sustained her in what, ten years after, would have appeared to her, as it certainly was, downright insanity. But Heaven takes care of the mad, the righteously and unselfishly mad, and Heaven took care of poor Hilary.

The hundred labors she went through—weariness of body and travail of soul, the risks she ran, the pitfalls she escaped—what need to record here? Many have recorded the like, many more have known them, and acknowledged that when such histories are reproduced in books how utterly imagination fades before reality. Hilary never looked back upon that time herself without a shuddering wonder how she could have dared all and gone through all. Possibly she never could, but for the sweet old face, growing older yet sweeter every day, which smiled upon her the minute she opened the door of that dull parlor, and made even No. 15 look like home.

When she told, sometimes gayly, sometimes with burning, bursting tears, the tale of her day's efforts and day's failures, it was always comfort to feel Johanna's hand on her hair, Johanna's voice whispering over her, "Never mind, my child, all will come right in time. All happens for good."

And the face, withered and worn, yet calm as a summer sea, full of the "peace which passeth all understanding," was a living comment on the truth of these words.

Another comfort Hilary had—Elizabeth. During her long days of absence, wandering from one end of London to the other, after advertisements that she had answered, or governess institutions that she had applied to, the domestic affairs fell almost entirely into the hands of Elizabeth. It was she who bought in, and kept

a jealous eye, not unneeded, over provisions; she who cooked and waited, and sometimes even put a helping hand, coarse, but willing, into the family sewing and mending. This had now become so vital a necessity that it was fortunate Miss Leaf had no other occupation, and Miss Selina no other entertainment, than stitch, stitch, stitch, at the ever-beginning, never-ending wardrobe wants which assail decent poverty every where, especially in London.

"Clothes seem to wear out frightfully fast," said Hilary one day, when she was putting on her oldest gown, to suit a damp, foggy day, when the streets were slippery with the mud of settled rain.

"I saw such beautiful merino dresses in a shop in Southampton Row," insinuated Elizabeth; but her mistress shook her head.

"No, no; my old black silk will do capitally, and I can easily put on two shawls. Nobody knows me; and people may wear what they like in London. Don't look so grave, Elizabeth. What does it signify if I can but keep myself warm? Now, run away."

Elizabeth obeyed, but shortly reappeared with a bundle—a large, old-fashioned, thick shawl.

"Mother gave it me; her mistress gave it her; but we've never worn it, and never shall. If only you didn't mind putting it on, just this once—this terrible soaking day!"

The scarlet face, the entreating tones—there was no resisting them. One natural pang Hilary felt—that in her sharp poverty she had fallen so low as to be indebted to her servant, and then she too blushed, less for shame at accepting the kindness than for her own pride that could not at once receive it as such.

"Thank you, Elizabeth," she said, gravely and gently, and let herself be wrapped in the thick shawl. Its gorgeous reds and yellows would, she knew, make her noticeable, even though "people might wear any thing in London." Still, she put it on with a good grace; and all through her peregrinations that day it warmed, not only her shoulders, but her heart.

Coming home, she paused wistfully before a glittering shoe-shop—her poor little feet were so soaked and cold. Could she possibly afford a new pair of boots? It was not a matter of vanity—she had passed that. She did not care now how ugly and shabby looked the "wee feet" that had once been praised; but she felt it might be a matter of health and prudence. Suppose she caught cold—fell ill—died:—died, leaving Johanna to struggle alone—died before Robert Lyon came home. Both thoughts struck sharp. She was too young still, or had not suffered enough, calmly to think of death and dying.

"It will do no harm to inquire the price. I might stop it out in omnibuses."

For this was the way every new article of dress had to be procured—"stopping it out" of something else.

After trying several pairs—with a fierce, bitter blush at a small hole which the day's walking had worn in her well-darned stockings, and

which she was sure the shopman saw, as well as an old lady who sat opposite—Hilary bought the stoutest and plainest of boots. The bill overstepped her purse by sixpence, but she promised that sum on delivery, and paid the rest. She had got into a nervous horror of letting any account stand over for a single day.

Look tenderly, reader, on this picture of struggles so small, of sufferings so uninteresting and mean. I paint it not because it is original, but because it is so awfully true. Thousands of women, well-born, well-reared, know it to be true—burned into them by the cruel conflict of their youth; happy they if it ended in their youth, while mind and body had still enough vitality and elasticity to endure! I paint it, because it accounts for the accusation sometimes made—especially by men—that women are naturally "stingy." Possibly so: but in many instances may it not have been this petty struggle with petty wants, this pitiful calculating of penny against penny, how best to save here and spend there, which narrows a woman's nature in spite of herself? It sometimes takes years of comparative ease and freedom from pecuniary cares to counteract the grinding, lowering effects of a youth of poverty.

And I paint this picture, too, literally, and not on its picturesque side—if, indeed, poverty has a picturesque side—in order to show another side which it really has—high, heroic, made up of dauntless endurance, self-sacrifice, and self-control. Also to indicate that blessing which narrow circumstances alone bestow, the habit of looking more to the realities than to the shows of things, and of finding pleasure in enjoyments mental rather than sensuous, inward rather than external. When people can truly recognize this they cease either to be afraid or ashamed of poverty.

Hilary was not ashamed—not even now, when hers smote sharper and harder than it had ever done at Stowbury. She felt it a sore thing enough; but it never humiliated nor angered her. Either she was too proud or not proud enough; but her low estate always seemed to her too simply external a thing to affect her relations with the world outside. She never thought of being annoyed with the shopkeeper, who, though he trusted her with the sixpence, carefully took down her name and address: still less to suspecting the old lady opposite, who sat and listened to the transaction—apparently a well-to-do customer, clad in a rich black silk and handsome sable furs—of looking down upon her and despising her. She herself never despised any body, except for wickedness.

So she waited contentedly, neither thinking of herself, nor of what others thought of her; but with her mind quietly occupied by the two thoughts, which in any brief space of rest always recurred, calming down all annoyances, and raising her above the level of petty pains—Johanna, and Robert Lyon. Under the influence of these her tired face grew composed, and there was a wishful, far-away, fond look in her

eyes, which made it not wonderful that the said old lady—apparently an acute old soul in her way—should watch her, as we do occasionally watch strangers in whom we have become suddenly interested.

There is no accounting for these interests, or to the events to which they give rise. Sometimes they are pooh-pooh-ed as “romantic,” “unnatural,” “like a bit in a novel;” and yet they are facts continually occurring, especially to people of quick intuition, observation, and sympathy. Nay, even the most ordinary people have known or heard of such, resulting in mysterious, life-long loves; firm friendships; strange yet often wonderful happy marriages; sudden revolutions of fortune and destiny: things utterly unaccountable for, except by the belief in the unscrutable Providence which

“Shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.”

When Hilary left the shop she was startled by a voice at her elbow.

“I beg your pardon, but if your way lies up Southampton Row, would you object to give an old woman a share of that capital umbrella of yours?”

“With pleasure,” Hilary answered, though the oddness of the request amused her. And it was granted really with pleasure; for the old lady spoke with those “accents of the mountain tongue” which this foolish Hilary never recognized without a thrill at the heart.

“Maybe you think an old woman ought to take a cab, and not be intruding upon strangers; but I am hale and hearty, and being only a street’s length from my own door, I dislike to waste unnecessary shillings.”

“Certainly,” acquiesced Hilary, with a half sigh: shillings were only too precious to her.

“I saw you in the boot-shop, and you seemed the sort of young lady who would do a kindness to an old body like me; so I said to myself, ‘I’ll ask her.’”

“I am glad you did.” Poor girl! she felt unconsciously pleased at finding herself still able to show a kindness to any body.

They walked on and on—it was certainly a long street’s length—to the stranger’s door, and it took Hilary a good way round from hers; but she said nothing of this, concluding, of course, that her companion was unaware of where she lived—in which she was mistaken. They stopped at last before a respectable house near Brunswick Square, bearing a brass plate, with the words “Miss Balquidder.”

“That is my name, and very much obliged to you, my dear. How it rains! Ye’re just droukit.”

Hilary smiled and shook her damp shawl. “I shall take no harm. I am used to go out in all weathers.”

“Are you a governess?” The question was so direct and kindly, that it hardly seemed an impertinence.

“Yes; but I have no pupils, and fear I shall never get any.”

“Why not?”

“I suppose, because I know nobody here. It seems so very hard to get teaching in London. But I beg your pardon.”

“I beg yours,” said Miss Balquidder—without a certain dignity—“for asking questions of a stranger. But I was once a stranger here myself, and had a ‘sair fecht,’ as we say in Scotland, before I could earn even my daily bread. Though I wasn’t a governess, still I know pretty well what the sort of life is, and if I had daughters who must work for their bread, the one thing I would urge upon them should be—‘Never become a governess.’”

“Indeed. For what reason?”

“I’ll not tell you now, my dear, standing with all your wet clothes on; but as I said, if you will do me the favor to call—”

“Thank you!” said Hilary, not sufficiently initiated in London caution to dread making a new acquaintance. Besides, she liked the rough-hewn, good-natured face; and the Scotch accent was sweet to her ear.

Yet when she reached home she was half shy of telling her sisters the engagement she had made. Selina was extremely shocked, and considered it quite necessary that the London Directory—the nearest clergyman—or, perhaps Mr. Ascott, who, living in the parish, must know—should be consulted as to Miss Balquidder’s respectability.

“She has much more reason to question ours,” recollected Hilary, with some amusement; “for I never told her my name or address. She does not know a single thing about me.”

Which fact, arguing the matter energetically two days after, the young lady might not have been so sure of, could she have penetrated the ceiling overhead. In truth, Miss Balquidder, a prudent person, who never did things by halves, and, like most truly generous people, was cautious even in her extremest fits of generosity, at that very moment was sitting in Mrs. Jones’s first floor, deliberately discovering every single thing possible to be learned about the Leaf family.

Nevertheless, owing to Selina’s indignant pertinacity, Hilary’s own hesitation, and a dim hope of a pupil which rose up and faded like the rest, the possible acquaintance lay dormant for two or three weeks: till, alas! the fabulous wolf actually came to the door; and the sisters, after paying their week’s rent, looked aghast at one another, not knowing where in the wide world the next week’s rent was to come from.

“Thank God, we don’t owe any thing! not a penny,” gasped Hilary.

“No; there is comfort in that,” said Johanna. And the expression of her folded hands and upward face was not despairing, even though that of the poor widow, when her barrel of meal was gone, and her cruse of oil spent, would hardly have been sadder.

“I am sure we have wasted nothing, and cheated nobody—surely God will help us.”

“I know He will, my child.”

And the two sisters, elder and younger, kissed one another, cried a little, and then sat down to consider what was to be done.

Ascott must be told how things were with them. Hitherto they had not troubled him much with their affairs: indeed, he was so little at home. And, after some private consultation, both Johanna and Hilary decided that it was wisest to let the lad come and go as he liked; not attempting—as he once indignantly expressed it—“to tie him to their apron-strings.” For instinctively these maiden ladies felt that with men, and, above all, young men, the only way to bind the wandering heart was to leave it free, except by trying their utmost that home should be always a pleasant home.

It was touching to see their efforts, when Ascott came in of evenings, to enliven for his sake the dull parlor at No. 15. How Johanna put away her mending, and Selina ceased to grumble, and Hilary began her lively chat, that never failed to brighten and amuse the household. Her nephew even sometimes acknowledged that wherever he went, he met nobody so “clever” as Aunt Hilary.

So, presuming upon her influence with him, on this night, after the rest were gone to bed, she—being always the boldest to do any unpleasant thing—said to him,

“Ascott, how are your business affairs progressing? When do you think you will be able to get into practice?”

“Oh, presently. There’s no hurry.”

“I am not so sure of that. Do you know, my dear boy”—and she opened her purse, which contained a few shillings—“this is all the money we have in the world.”

“Nonsense,” said Ascott, laughing. “I beg your pardon,” he added, seeing it was with her no laughing matter; “but I am so accustomed to be hard up that I don’t seem to care. It always comes right somehow—at least with me.”

“How?”

“Oh, I don’t exactly know; but it does. Don’t fret, Aunt Hilary. I’ll lend you a pound or two.”

She drew back. These poor, proud, fond women, who, if their boy, instead of a fine gentleman, had been a helpless invalid, would have tended him, worked for him, nay, begged for him—cheerfully, oh, how cheerfully! wanting nothing in the whole world but his love—they could not ask him for his money. Even now, offered thus, Hilary felt as if to take it would be intolerable.

Still the thing must be done.

“I wish, Ascott”—and she nerved herself to say what somebody *ought* to say to him—“I wish you would not lend but pay us the pound a week you said you could so easily spare.”

“To be sure I will. What a thoughtless fellow I have been! But—but—I fancied you would have asked me if you wanted it. Never mind, you’ll get it all in a lump. Let me see—how much will it come to? You are the best head

going for arithmetic, Aunt Hilary. Do reckon it all up?”

She did so; and the sum total made Ascott open his eyes wide.

“Upon my soul I had no idea it was so much. I’m very sorry, but I seem fairly cleaned out this quarter—only a few sovereigns left to keep the mill going. You shall have them, or half of them, and I’ll owe you the rest. Here!”

He emptied on the table, without counting, four or five pounds. Hilary took two, asking him gravely “If he was sure he could spare so much? She did not wish to inconvenience him.”

“Oh, not at all; and I wouldn’t mind if it did; you have been good aunts to me.”

He kissed her, with a sudden fit of compunction, and bade her good-night, looking as if he did not care to be “bothered” any more.

Hilary retired, more sad, more hopeless about him than if he had slammed the door in her face, or scolded her like a trooper. Had he met her seriousness in the same spirit, even though it had been a sullen or angry spirit—and little as she said he must have felt—she wished him to feel—that his aunts were displeased with him; but that utterly unimpressible light-heartedness of his—there was no doing any thing with it. There was, so to speak, “no catching hold” of Ascott. He meant no harm. She repeated over and over again that the lad meant no harm. He had no evil ways; was always pleasant, good-natured, and affectionate, in his own careless fashion; but was no more to be relied on than a straw that every wind blows hither and thither; or, to use a common simile, a butterfly that never sees any thing farther than the nearest flower. His was, in short, the pleasure-loving temperament, not positively sinful or sensual, but still holding pleasure as the greatest good; and regarding what deeper natures call “duty,” and find therein their strong-hold and consolation, as a mere bugbear, or a sentimental theory, or an impossible folly.

Poor lad! and he had the world to fight with; how would it use him? Even if no heavy sorrows for himself or others smote him, his handsome face would have to grow old, his strong frame to meet sickness—death. How would he do it? That is the thought which always recurs. What is *the end* of such men as these? Alas! the answer would come from hospital wards, alms-houses and work-houses, debtors’ prisons and lunatic asylums.

To apprehensions like this—except the last, happily it was as yet too far off—Hilary had been slowly and sadly arriving about Ascott for weeks past; and her conversation with him to-night seemed to make them darken down upon her with added gloom. As she went up stairs she set her lips together hard.

“I see there is nobody to do any thing except me. But I must not tell Johanna.”

She lay long awake, planning every conceivable scheme for saving money; till at length, her wits sharpened by the desperation of the circumstances, there flashed upon her an idea that came

out of a talk she had had with Elizabeth that morning. True, it was a perfectly new and untried chance—and a mere chance; still it was right to overlook nothing. She would not have ventured to tell Selina of it for the world, and even to Johanna, she only said—finding her as wakeful as herself—said it in a careless manner, as if it had relation to nothing, and she expected nothing from it—

“I think, as I have nothing else to do, I will go and see Miss Balquidder to-morrow morning.”

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS BALQUIDDER'S house was a handsome one, handsomely furnished, and a neat little maid-servant showed Hilary at once into the dining-parlor, where the mistress sat before a business-like writing-table, covered with letters, papers, etc., all arranged with that careful order in disorder which indicates, even in the smallest things, the possession of an accurate, methodical mind, than which there are few greater possessions, either to its owner or to the world at large.

Miss Balquidder was not a personable woman; she had never been so even in youth; and age had told its tale upon those large, strong features—“thoroughly Scotch features,” they would have been called by those who think all Scotch-women are necessarily big, raw-boned, and ugly; and have never seen that wonderfully noble beauty—not prettiness, but actual beauty in its highest physical as well as spiritual development—which is not seldom found across the Tweed.

But while there was nothing lovely, there was nothing unpleasant or uncomely in Miss Balquidder. Her large figure, in its plain black silk dress; her neat white cap, from under which peeped the little round curls of flaxen hair, neither gray nor snowy, but real “lint-white locks” still; and her good-humored, motherly look—motherly rather than old-maidish—gave an impression which may be best described by the word “comfortable.” She was a “comfortable” woman. She had that quality—too rare, alas! in all people, and rarest in women going solitary down the hill of life—of being able, out of the deep content of her own nature, to make other people the same.

Hilary was cheered in spite of herself; it always conveys hope to the young, when in sore trouble, if they see the old looking happy.

“Welcome, my dear! I was afraid you had forgotten your promise.”

“Oh no,” said Hilary, responding heartily to the hearty clasp of a hand large as a man's, but soft as a woman's.

“Why did you not come sooner?”

More than one possible excuse flashed through Hilary's mind, but she was too honest to give it. She gave none at all. Nor did she like to leave the impression that this was merely a visit, when she knew she had only come from secondary and personal motives.

“May I tell you why I came to day? Because I want advice and help, and I think you can give it, from something I heard about you yesterday.”

“Indeed! From whom?”

“In rather a roundabout way; from Mrs. Jones, who told our maid-servant.”

“The same girl I met on the staircase at your house? I beg your pardon, but I know where you live, Miss Leaf; your landlady happens to be an acquaintance of mine.”

“So she said; and she told our Elizabeth that you were a rich and benevolent woman, who took a great interest in helping other women; not in money”—blushing scarlet at the idea—“I don't mean that, but in procuring them work. I want work—oh! so terribly. If you only knew—”

“Sit down, my dear;” for Hilary was trembling much, her voice breaking, and her eyes filling, in spite of all her self-command.

Miss Balquidder—who seemed accustomed to wait upon herself—went out of the room, and returned with cake and glasses; then she took the wine from the side-board, poured some out for herself and Hilary, and began to talk.

“It is nearly my luncheon-time, and I am a great friend to regular eating and drinking. I never let any thing interfere with my own meals, or other folks' either, if I can help it. I would as soon expect that fire to keep itself up without coals, as my mind to go on working if I don't look after my body. You understand? You seem to have good health, Miss Leaf. I hope you are a prudent girl, and take care of it.”

“I think I do;” and Hilary smiled. “At any rate my sister does for me, and also Elizabeth.”

“Ah, I liked the look of that girl. If families did but know that the most useful patent of respectability they can carry about with them is their maid-servant! That is how I always judge my new acquaintances.”

“There's reason in it too,” said Hilary, amused and drawn out of herself by the frank manner and the cordial voice—I use the adjective advisedly: none the less sweet because its good terse English had a decided Scotch accent, with here and there a Scotch word. Also there was about Miss Balquidder a certain dry humor essentially Scotch—neither Irish “wit” nor English “fun,” but Scotch humor; a little ponderous perhaps, yet sparkling; like the sparkles from a large lump of coal, red-warm at the heart, and capable of warming a whole household. As many a time it had warmed the little household at Stowbury—for Robert Lyon had it in perfection. Like a waft as from old times, it made Hilary at once feel at home with Miss Balquidder.

Equally, Miss Balquidder might have seen something in this girl's patient, heroic, forlorn youth which reminded her of her own. Unreasoning as these sudden attractions appear, there is often a hidden something beneath which in reality makes them both natural and proba-

ble, as was the case here. In half an hour these two women were sitting talking like old friends; and Hilary had explained her present position, needs, and desires. They ended in the one cry—familiar to how many thousands more of helpless young women!—"I want work!"

Miss Balquidder listened thoughtfully. Not that it was a new story—alas! she heard it every day; but there was something new in the telling of it; such extreme directness and simplicity, such utter want of either false pride or false shame. No asking of favors, and yet no shrinking from well-meant kindness; the poor woman speaking freely to the rich one, recognizing the common womanhood of both, and never supposing for an instant that mere money or position could make any difference between them.

The story ended, both turned, as was the character of both, to the practical application of it—what it was exactly that Hilary needed, and what Miss Balquidder could supply.

The latter said, after a turn or two up and down the room, with her hands behind her—the only masculine trick she had—

"My dear, before going further, I ought to tell you one thing—I am not a lady."

Hilary looked at her in no little bewilderment.

"That is," explained Miss Balquidder, laughing, "not an educated gentlewoman like you. I made my money myself—in trade. I kept an outfitter's shop."

"You must have kept it uncommonly well," was the involuntary reply, which, in its extreme honesty and *naïveté*, was perhaps the best thing that Hilary could have said.

"Well, perhaps I did," and Miss Balquidder laughed her hearty laugh, betraying one of her few weaknesses—a consciousness of her own capabilities as a woman of business, and a pleasure at her own deserved success.

"Therefore, you see, I can not help you as a governess. Perhaps I would not if I could, for, so far as I see, a good clearance of one half the governesses into honest trades would be for their own benefit, and greatly to the benefit of the other half. But that's not my affair. I only meddle with things I understand. Miss Leaf, would you be ashamed of keeping a shop?"

It is no reflection upon Hilary to confess that this point-blank question startled her. Her bringing up had been strictly among the professional class; and in the provinces sharper than even in London is drawn the line between the richest tradesman who "keeps a shop," and the poorest lawyer, doctor, or clergyman who ever starved in decent gentility. It had been often a struggle for Hilary Leaf's girlish pride to have to teach A B C to little boys and girls whose parents stood behind counters; but as she grew older she grew wiser, and intercourse with Robert Lyon had taught her much. She never forgot one day, when Selina asked him something about his grandfather or great-grandfather, and he answered quickly, smiling, "Well, I suppose I had one, but I really never heard." Nevertheless it

takes long to conquer entirely the class prejudices of years, nay, more, of generations. In spite of her will Hilary felt herself wince, and the color rush all over her face, at Miss Balquidder's question.

"Take time to answer, and speak out, my dear. Don't be afraid. You'll not offend me."

The kindly cheerful tone made Hilary recover her balance immediately.

"I never thought of it before; the possibility of such a thing did not occur to me; but I hope I should not be ashamed of any honest work for which I was competent. Only—to serve in a shop—to wait upon strangers—I am so horribly shy of strangers." And again the sensitive color rushed in a perfect tide over cheeks and forehead.

Miss Balquidder looked, half amused, compassionately at her.

"No, my dear, you would not make a good shop-woman, at least there are many who are better fitted for it than you; and it is my maxim that people should try to find out, and to do, only that which they are best fitted for. If they did we might not have so many cases of proud despair and ambitious failure in the world. It looks very grand and interesting sometimes to try and do what you can't do, and then tear your hair, and think the world has ill-used you—very grand, but very silly; when all the while, perhaps, there is something else you can do thoroughly well; and the world will be exceedingly obliged to you for doing it, and *not* doing the other thing. As doubtless the world was to me, when, instead of being a mediocre musician, as I once wished to be—it's true, my dear—I took to keeping one of the best ladies' outfitting warehouses in London."

While she talked her companion had quite recovered herself, and Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, what I will tell more briefly, if less graphically, than the good Scotchwoman, who, like all who have had a hard struggle in their youth, liked a little to dilate upon it in easy old age.

Hard as it was, however, it had ended early, for at fifty she found herself a woman of independent property, without kith or kin, still active, energetic, and capable of enjoying life. She applied her mind to find out what she could best do with herself and her money.

"I might have bought a landed estate to be inherited by—nobody; or a house in Belgravia, and an opera-box, to be shared by—nobody. We all have our pet luxuries; none of these were exactly mine."

"No," assented Hilary, somewhat abstractedly. She was thinking—if *she* could make a fortune, and—and give it away!—if, by any means, any honorable, upright heart could be made to understand that it did not signify, in reality, which side the money came from; that it sometimes showed deeper, the very deepest attachment, when a proud, poor man had self-respect and courage enough to say to a woman, "I love you, and I will marry you; I

am not such a coward as to be afraid of your gold."

But, oh! what a ridiculous dream!—and she sat there, the penniless Hilary Leaf, listening to Miss Balquidder, the rich lady, whose life seemed so easy. For the moment, perhaps, her own appeared hard. But she had hope, and she was young. She knew nothing of the years and years that had had to be lived through before those kind eyes looked as clear and cloudless as now; before the voice had gained the sweet evenness of tone which she liked to listen to, and felt that it made her quiet and "good," almost like Johanna's.

"You see, my dear," said Miss Balquidder, "when one has no duties, one must just make them; when we have nobody to care for us, we must take to caring for every body. I suppose"—here a slight pause indicated that this life, like all women's lives, had had its tale, now long, long told—"I suppose I was not meant to be a wife; but I am quite certain I was meant to be a mother. And"—with her peculiar, bright, humorous look—"you'd be astonished, Miss Leaf, if you knew what lots of 'children' I have in all parts of the world."

Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, that finding, from her own experience, how great was the number, and how sore the trial, of young women who nowadays are obliged to work—obliged to forget that there is such a thing as the blessed privilege of being worked for—she had set herself, in her small way, to try and help them. Her pet project was to induce educated women to quit the genteel starvation of governessships for some good trade, thereby bringing higher intelligence into a class which needed, not the elevation of the work itself, which was comparatively easy and refined, but of the workers. She had therefore invested sum after sum of her capital in setting up various small shops in the environs of London, in her own former line, and others—stationers, lace-shops, etc.—trades which could be well carried on by women. Into the management of these she put as many young girls as she could find really fitted for it, or willing to learn, paying them regular salaries, large or small, according to their deserts.

"Fair work, fair pay; not one penny more or less; I never do it; it would not be honest. I overlook each business myself, and it is carried on in my name. Sometimes it brings me in a little profit; sometimes not. Of course," she added, smiling, "I would rather have profits than losses; still, I balance one against the other, and it leaves me generally a small interest for my money—two or three per cent., which is all I care about. Thus, you see, I and my young people make a fair bargain on both sides; it's no charity. I don't believe in charity."

"No," said Hilary, feeling her spirit rise. She was yet young enough, yet enough unworn by the fight to feel the deliciousness of work—honest work for honest pay. "I think I could

do it," she added. "I think, with a little practice, I really could keep a shop."

"At all events, perhaps you could do what I find more difficult to get done, and well done, for it requires a far higher class of women than generally apply: you could keep the accounts of a shop; you should be the head, and it would be easy to find the hands. Let me see; there is a young lady, she has managed my stationer's business at Kensington these two years, and now she is going to be married. Are you good at figures; do you understand book-keeping?"

And suddenly changing into the manner of business, and one who was evidently quite accustomed both to arrange and command, Miss Balquidder put Hilary through a sort of extempore arithmetical catechism, from which she came off with flying colors.

"I only wish there were more like you. I wish there were more young ladies brought up like—"

"Like boys!" said Hilary, laughing, "for I always used to say that was my case."

"No, I never desire to see young women made into men." And Miss Balquidder seemed a little scandalized. "But I do wish girls were taught fewer accomplishments, and more reading, writing, and arithmetic; were made as accurate, orderly, and able to help themselves as boys are. But to business. Will you take the management of my stationer's shop?"

Hilary's breath came hard and fast. Much as she had longed for work, to get this sort of work—to keep a stationer's shop! What would her sisters say? what would *he* say? But she dared not think of that just now.

"How much should I be able to earn, do you think?"

Miss Balquidder considered a moment, and then said, rather shortly, for it was not exactly acting on her own principles; she knew the pay was above the work. "I will give you a hundred a year."

A hundred a year! actually certain, and over and above any other income. It seemed a fortune to poor Hilary.

"Will you give me a day or two to think about it and consult my sisters?"

She spoke quietly, but Miss Balquidder could see how agitated she was; how she evidently struggled with many feelings that would be best struggled with alone. The good old lady rose.

"Take your own time, my dear; I will keep the situation open for you for one week from this date. And now I must send you away, for I have a great deal to do."

They parted, quite like friends; and Hilary went out, walking quickly, feeling neither the wind nor the rain. Yet when she reached No. 15 she could not bring herself to enter, but took another turn or two round the Crescent, trying to be quite sure of her own mind before she opened the matter to her sisters. And there was one little battle to be fought which the sisters did not know.

It was perhaps foolish, seeing she did not belong to him in any open way, and he had no external right over her life or her actions, that she should go back and back to the question, "What would Robert Lyon say?"

He knew she earned her daily bread; sometimes this had seemed to vex and annoy him, but it must be done; and when a thing was inevitable, it was not Mr. Lyon's way to say much about it. But being a governess was an accredited and customary mode of a young lady's earning her livelihood. This was different. If he should think it too public, too unfeminine: he had such a horror of a woman's being any thing but a woman, as strong and brave as she could, but in a womanly way; doing any thing, however painful, that she was obliged to do, but never out of choice or bravado, or the excitement of stepping out of her own sphere into man's. Would Robert Lyon think less of her, Hilary, because she had to learn to take care of herself, to protect herself, and to act in so many ways for herself, contrary to the natural and right order of things? That old order—God forbid it should ever change!—which ordained that the women should be "keepers at home;" happy rulers of that happy little world, which seemed as far off as the next world from this poor Hilary.

"What if he should look down upon me? What if he should return and find me different from what he expected?" And bitter tears burned in her eyes, as she walked rapidly and passionately along the deserted street. Then a revulsion came.

"No; love is worth nothing that is not worth every thing, and to be trusted through every thing. If he *could* forget me—*could* love any one better than me—me myself, no matter what I was—ugly or pretty, old or young, rich or poor—I would not care for his love. It would not be worth my having; I'd let it go. Robert, though it broke my heart, I'd let you go."

Her eyes flashed; her poor little hand clenched itself under her shawl; and then, as a half reproach, she heard in fancy the steady loving voice—which could have calmed her wildest paroxysm of passion and pain—"You must trust me, Hilary."

Yes, he was a man to be trusted. No doubt very much like other men, and by no means such a hero to the world at large as this fond girl made him out to be; but Robert Lyon had, with all people, and under all circumstances, the character of reliableness. He had also—you might read it in his face—a quality equally rare, faithfulness. Not merely sincerity, but faithfulness; the power of conceiving one clear purpose, or one strong love—in unity is strength—and of not only keeping true to it at the time, but of holding fast to it with a single-minded persistency that never even takes in the idea of voluntary change, as long as persistency is right or possible.

"Robert, Robert!" sobbed this forlorn girl, as

if slowly waking up to a sense of her forlornness, and of the almost universal fickleness, not actual falseness, but fickleness, which prevails in the world and among mankind. "O Robert, be faithful! faithful to yourself—faithful to me!"

DOWN IN THE GLEN AT IDLEWILD.

THE red moon, like a golden grape,
Hangs slowly ripening in the sky,
And o'er the helmets of the hills
Like plumes the summer lightnings fly.
The solemn pine-trees stoop above
The brook, that, like a sleeping child,
Lies babbling of its simple dreams
Down in the glen at Idlewild.

The red mill in the distance sleeps—
The old mill that, when winter comes,
Wakes to a wild spasmodic life,
And through the rocky channel hums.
And starry-flowered water-plants,
With myriad eyes of moistened light,
Peep coyly from their sheltered nooks,
The shy companions of the night.

But brighter than the starry flowers
There shine a maiden's lustrous eyes;
And yellower shines her yellow hair
Than the full moon that floods the skies.
As where the waters kiss the cliff
She waits for him, the pearl of men;
And idly plucks the ivy leaves,
And listens, and then waits again.

She waits to hear the well-known call,
The echoes of the agile foot,
The bursting of the lacing boughs,
The cracking of the fragile root—
But ah! the path is steep and dark,
The jagged rocks lie far below;
And Heaven must help the wight who slips
Up where those treacherous mosses grow.

At last he comes! she hears his step—
But ah! what means that fearsome crash?
Down the steep cliff a dark shape falls—
From rock to rock she sees it dash.
Was it for this you waited long,
O loving heart! O hapless child!
Dead at her feet her lover lies
Down in the glen at Idlewild!

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

NEC PLENA CRUORIS HIRUDO.

THE reading of this precious letter filled Philip's friend with an inward indignation which it was very hard to control or disguise. It is no pleasant task to tell a gentleman that his father is a rogue. Old Firmin would have been hanged a few years earlier for practices like these. As you talk with a very great scoundrel, or with a madman, has not the respected reader sometimes reflected, with a grim self-humiliation, how the fellow is of our own kind; and *homo est*? Let us, dearly beloved, who are outside—I mean outside the hulks or the asylum—be thankful that we have to pay a barber for snipping our hair, and are intrusted with the choice of the cut of our own jerkins. As poor Philip read his father's letter my thought was: "And I can remember the soft white hand of that scoundrel, which has just been forging his own son's name, putting sovereigns into my own palm when I was a school-boy." I always liked that man: but the story is not *de me*—it regards Philip.

"You won't pay this bill?" Philip's friend indignantly said, then.

"What can I do?" says poor Phil, shaking a sad head.

"You are not worth five hundred pounds in the world," remarks the friend.

"Who ever said I was? I am worth this bill: or my credit is," answers the victim.

"If you pay this, he will draw more."

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"I dare say he will:" that Firmin admits.

"And he will continue to draw, as long as there is a drop of blood to be had out of you."

"Yes," owns poor Philip, putting a finger to his lip. He thought I might be about to speak. His artless wife and mine were conversing at that moment upon the respective merits of some sweet chintzes which they had seen at Shoolbred's, in Tottenham Court Road, and which were so cheap and pleasant, and lively to look at! Really those drawing-room curtains would cost scarcely any thing! Our Regulus, you see, before stepping into his torture-tub, was smiling on his friends, and talking upholstery with a cheerful, smirking countenance. On chintz, or some other household errand, the ladies went prattling off: but there was no care, save for husband and children, in Charlotte's poor little innocent heart just then.

"Nice to hear her talking about sweet drawing-room chintzes, isn't it?" says Philip. "Shall we try Shoolbred's, or the other shop?" And then he laughs. It was not a very lively laugh.

"You mean that you are determined, then, on—"

"On acknowledging *my signature*? Of course," says Philip, "if ever it is presented to me, I would own it." And having formed and announced this resolution, I knew my stubborn friend too well to think that he ever would shirk it.

The most exasperating part of the matter was, that however generously Philip's friends might be disposed toward him, they could not in this case give him a helping hand. The doctor would draw more bills, and more. As sure as Philip supplied, the parent would ask; and that devouring dragon of a doctor had stomach enough for the blood of all of us, were we inclined to give it. In fact, Philip saw as much, and owned every thing with his usual candor. "I see what is going on in your mind, old boy!" the poor fellow said, "as well as if you spoke. You mean that I am helpless and irreclaimable, and doomed to hopeless ruin. So it would seem. A man can't escape his fate, friend, and my father has made mine for me. If I manage to struggle through the payment of this bill, of course he will draw another. My only chance of escape is, that he should succeed in some of his speculations. As he is always gambling, there may be some luck for him one day or another. He won't benefit me, then. That is not his way. If he makes a *coup*, he will keep the money or spend it. He won't give me any. But he will not draw upon me as he does now, or send forth fancy imitations of the filial autograph. It is a blessing to have such a father, isn't it? I say, Pen, as I think from whom I am descended, and look at your spoons, I am astonished I have not put any of them in my pocket. You leave me

in the room with 'em quite unprotected. I say, it is quite affecting the way in which you and your dear wife have confidence in me." And with a bitter execration at his fate, the poor fellow pauses for a moment in his lament.

His father was his fate, he seemed to think, and there were no means of averting it. "You remember that picture of Abraham and Isaac in the doctor's study in Old Parr Street?" he would say. "My patriarch has tied me up, and had the knife in me repeatedly. He does not sacrifice me at one operation; but there will be a final one some day, and I shall bleed no more. It's gay and amusing, isn't it? Especially when one has a wife and children." I, for my part, felt so indignant that I was minded to advertise in the papers that all acceptances drawn in Philip's name were forgeries; and let his father take the consequences of his own act. But the consequences would have been life imprisonment for the old man, and almost as much disgrace and ruin for the young one as were actually impending. He pointed out this clearly enough; nor could we altogether gainsay his dismal logic. It was better, at any rate, to meet this bill and give the doctor warning for the future. Well, perhaps it was; only suppose the doctor should take the warning in good part, accept the rebuke with perfect meekness, and at an early opportunity commit another forgery? To this Philip replied, that no man could resist his fate: that he had always expected his own doom through his father: that when the elder went to America he thought possibly the charm was broken; "but you see it is not," groaned Philip, "and my father's emissaries reach me, and I am still under the spell." The bearer of the *bow-string*, we know, was on his way, and would deliver his grim message ere long.

Having frequently succeeded in extorting money from Dr. Firmin, Mr. Tufton Hunt thought he could not do better than follow his banker across the Atlantic; and we need not describe the annoyance and rage of the doctor on finding this black care still behind his back. He had not much to give; indeed the sum which he took away with him, and of which he robbed his son and his other creditors, was but small; but Hunt was bent upon having a portion of this; and, of course, hinted that, if the doctor refused, he would carry to the New York press the particulars of Firmin's early career and latest defalcations. Mr. Hunt had been under the gallery of the House of Commons half a dozen times, and knew our public men by sight. In the course of a pretty long and disreputable career he had learned anecdotes regarding members of the aristocracy, turf-men, and the like; and he offered to sell this precious knowledge of his to more than one American paper, as other amiable exiles from our country have done. But Hunt was too old, and his stories too stale for the New York public. They dated from George IV., and the boxing and coaching times. He found but little market for his wares; and the tipsy parson reeled from tavern to bar, only

the object of scorn to younger reprobates who despised his old-fashioned stories, and could top them with blackguardism of a much more modern date.

After some two years' sojourn in the United States, this worthy felt the passionate longing to revisit his native country which generous hearts often experience, and made his way from Liverpool to London; and when in London directed his steps to the house of the Little Sister, of which he expected to find Philip still an inmate. Although Hunt had been once kicked out of the premises, he felt little shame now about re-entering them. He had that in his pocket which would insure him respectful behavior from Philip. What were the circumstances under which that forged bill was obtained? Was it a speculation between Hunt and Philip's father? Did Hunt suggest that, to screen the elder Firmin from disgrace and ruin, Philip would assuredly take the bill up? That a forged signature was, in fact, a better document than a genuine acceptance? We shall never know the truth regarding this transaction now. We have but the statements of the two parties concerned; and as both of them, I grieve to say, are entirely unworthy of credit, we must remain in ignorance regarding this matter. Perhaps Hunt forged Philip's acceptance; perhaps his unhappy father wrote it: perhaps the doctor's story that the paper was extorted from him was true, perhaps false. What matters? Both the men have passed away from among us, and will write and speak no more lies.

Caroline was absent from home when Hunt paid his first visit after his return from America. Her servant described the man and his appearance. Mrs. Brandon felt sure that Hunt was her visitor, and foreboded no good to Philip from the parson's arrival. In former days we have seen how the Little Sister had found favor in the eyes of this man. The besotted creature, shunned of men, stained with crime, drink, debt, had still no little vanity in his composition, and gave himself airs in the tavern parlors which he frequented. Because he had been at the University thirty years ago, his idea was that he was superior to ordinary men who had not had the benefit of an education at Oxford or Cambridge; and that the "snobs," as he called them, respected him. He would assume grandiose airs in talking to a tradesman ever so wealthy; speak to such a man by his surname; and deem that he honored him by his patronage and conversation. The Little Sister's grammar, I have told you, was not good; her poor little *h's* were sadly irregular. A letter was a painful task to her. She knew how ill she performed it, and that she was forever making blunders.

She would invent a thousand funny little pleas and excuses for her faults of writing. With all the blunders of spelling, her little letters had a pathos which somehow brought tears into the eyes. The Rev. Mr. Hunt believed himself to be this woman's superior. He thought his University education gave him a claim upon her re-

speet, and draped himself and swaggered before her and others in his dingy college gown. He had paraded his Master of Arts degree in many thousand tavern parlors, where his Greek and learning had got him a kind of respect. He patronized landlords, and strutted by hostesses' bars with a vinous leer or a tipsy solemnity. He must have been very far gone and debased indeed when he could still think that he was any living man's better; he, who ought to have waited on the waiters, and blacked boots's own shoes. When he had reached a certain stage of liquor he commonly began to brag about the University, and recite the titles of his friends of early days. Never was kicking more righteously administered than that which Philip once bestowed on this miscreant. The fellow took to the gutter as naturally as to his bed, Firmin used to say, and vowed that the washing there was a novelty which did him good.

Brandon soon found that her surmises were correct regarding her nameless visitor. Next day, as she was watering some little flowers in her window, she looked from it into the street, where she saw the shambling parson leering up at her. When she saw him he took off his greasy hat and made her a bow. At the moment she saw him she felt that he was come upon some errand hostile to Philip. She knew he meant mischief as he looked up with that sodden face, those bloodshot eyes, those unshorn, grinning lips.

She might have been inclined to faint, or disposed to scream, or to hide herself from the man, the sight of whom she loathed. She did not faint, or hide herself, or cry out: but she instantly nodded her head and smiled in the most engaging manner on that unwelcome, dingy stranger. She went to her door; she opened it (though her heart beat so that you might have heard it, as she told her friend afterward). She stood there a moment archly smiling at him, and she beckoned him into her house with a little gesture of welcome. "Law bless us" (these, I have reason to believe, were her very words)—"Law bless us, Mr. Hunt, where ever have you been this ever so long?" And a smiling face looked at him resolutely from under a neat cap and fresh ribbon. Why, I know some women can smile and look at ease when they sit down in a dentist's chair.

"Law bless me, Mr. Hunt," then says the artless creature, "who ever would have thought of seeing *you*, I do declare!" And she makes a nice cheery little courtesy, and looks quite gay, pleased, and pretty; and so did Judith look gay, no doubt, and smile, and prattle before Holofernes; and then of course she said, "Won't you step in?" And then Hunt swaggered up the steps of the house, and entered the little parlor, into which the kind reader has often been conducted, with its neat little ornaments, its pictures, its glistening corner cupboard, and its well-scrubbed, shining furniture.

"How is the captain?" asks the man (alone in the company of this Little Sister the fellow's

own heart began to beat, and his bloodshot eyes to glisten).

He had not heard about poor Pa? "That shows how long you have been away!" Mrs. Brandon remarks, and mentions the date of her father's fatal illness. Yes: she was alone now, and had to care for herself; and straightway, I have no doubt, Mrs. Brandon asked Mr. Hunt whether he would "take" any thing. Indeed, that good little woman was forever pressing her friends to "take" something, and would have thought the laws of hospitality violated unless she had made this offer.

Hunt was never known to refuse a proposal of this sort. He *would* take a taste of something—of something warm. He had had fever and ague at New York, and the malady hung about him. Mrs. Brandon was straightway very much interested to hear about Mr. Hunt's complaint, and knew that a comfortable glass was very efficacious in removing threatening fever. Her nimble, neat little hands mixed him a eup. He could not but see what a trim little housekeeper she was. "Ah, Mrs. Brandon, if I had had such a kind friend watching over me, I should not be such a wreck as I am!" he sighed. He must have advanced to a second, nay, a third glass, when he sighed and became sentimental regarding his own unhappy condition; and Brandon owned to her friends afterward that she made those glasses very strong.

Having "taken something" in considerable quantities, then Hunt condescended to ask how his hostess was getting on, and how were her lodgers? How she was getting on? Brandon drew the most cheerful picture of herself and her circumstances. The apartments let well, and were never empty. Thanks to good Dr. Goodenough and other friends, she had as much professional occupation as she could desire. Since *you know who* has left the country, she said, her mind had been ever so much easier. As long as he was near she never felt secure. But he was gone, and bad luck go with him! said this vindictive Little Sister.

"Was his son still lodging up stairs?" asked Mr. Hunt.

On this, what does Mrs. Brandon do but begin a most angry attack upon Philip and his family. *He* lodge there? No, thank goodness! She had had enough of him and his wife, with her airs and graces, and the children crying all night, and the furniture spoiled, and the bills not even paid! "I wanted him to think that me and Philip was friends no longer; and Heaven forgive me for telling stories! I know this fellow means no good to Philip; and before long I will know *what* he means, that I will," she vowed.

For on the very day when Mr. Hunt paid her a visit, Mrs. Brandon came to see Philip's friends, and acquaint them with Hunt's arrival. We could not be sure that he was the bearer of the forged bill with which poor Philip was threatened. As yet Hunt had made no allusion to it. But, though we are far from sanctioning deceit

or hypocrisy, we own that we were not *very* angry with the Little Sister for employing dissimulation in the present instance, and inducing Hunt to believe that she was by no means an accomplice of Philip. If Philip's wife pardoned her, ought his friends to be less forgiving? To do right, you know you must not do wrong; though I own this was one of the cases in which I am inclined not to deal very hardly with the well-meaning little criminal.

Now Charlotte had to pardon (and for this fault, if not for some others, Charlotte did most heartily pardon) our little friend, for this reason, that Brandon most wantonly maligned her. When Hunt asked what sort of wife Philip had married? Mrs. Brandon declared that Mrs. Philip was a pert, odious little thing; that she gave herself airs, neglected her children, bullied her husband, and what not; and, finally, Brandon vowed that she disliked Charlotte, and was very glad to get her out of the house: and that Philip was not the same Philip since he married her, and that *he* gave himself airs, and was rude, and in all things led by his wife; and to get rid of them was a good riddance.

Hunt gracefully suggested that quarrels between landladies and tenants were not unusual; that lodgers sometimes did not pay their rent punctually; at others were unreasonably anxious about the consumption of their groceries, liquors, and so forth; and little Brandon, who, rather than steal a pennyworth from her Philip, would have cut her hand off, laughed at her guest's joke, and pretended to be amused with his knowing hints that she was a rogue. There was not a word he said but she received it with a gracious acquiescence: she might shudder inwardly at the leering familiarity of the odious tipsy wretch, but she gave no outward sign of disgust or fear. She allowed him to talk as much as he would in hopes that he would come to a subject which deeply interested her. She asked about the doctor and what he was doing, and whether it was likely that he would ever be able to pay back any of that money which he had taken from his son? And she spoke with an indifferent tone, pretending to be very busy over some work at which she was stitching.

"Oh, you are still hankering after him!" says the chaplain, winking a bloodshot eye.

"Hankering after that old man! What should I care for him? As if he haven't done me harm enough already!" cries poor Caroline.

"Yes. But women don't dislike a man the worse for a little ill-usage," suggests Hunt. No doubt the fellow had made his own experiments on woman's fidelity.

"Well, I suppose," says Brandon, with a toss of her head, "women may get tired as well as men, mayn't they? I found out that man, and wearied of him years and years ago. Another little drop out of the green bottle, Mr. Hunt! It's very good for ague-fever, and keeps the cold fit off wonderful!"

And Hunt drank, and he talked a little more—much more: and he gave his opinion of the

elder Firmin, and spoke of his chances of success, and of his rage for speculations, and doubted whether he would ever be able to lift his head again—though he might, he might still. He was in the country where, if ever a man could retrieve himself, he had a chance. And Philip was giving himself airs, was he? He was always an arrogant chap, that Mr. Philip. And he had left her house? and was gone ever so long? and where did he live now?

Then I am sorry to say Mrs. Brandon asked, how should *she* know where Philip lived now? She believed it was near Gray's Inn, or Lincoln's Inn, or somewhere; and she was for turning the conversation away from this subject altogether: and sought to do so by many lively remarks and ingenious little artifices which I can imagine, but which she only in part acknowledged to me—for you must know that as soon as her visitor took leave—to turn into the "Admiral Byng" public house, and renew acquaintance with the worthies assembled in the parlor of that tavern, Mrs. Brandon ran away to a cab, drove in it to Philip's house in Milman Street, where only Mrs. Philip was at home—and after a *banale* conversation with her, which puzzled Charlotte not a little, for Brandon would not say on what errand she came, and never mentioned Hunt's arrival and visit to her—the Little Sister made her way to another cab, and presently made her appearance at the house of Philip's friends in Queen Square. And here she informed me how Hunt had arrived, and how she was sure he meant no good to Philip, and how she had told certain—certain stories which were not founded in fact—to Mr. Hunt; for the telling of which fibs I am not about to endeavor to excuse her.

Though the interesting clergyman had not said one word regarding that bill of which Philip's father had warned him, we believed that the document was in Hunt's possession, and that it would be produced in due season. We happened to know where Philip dined, and sent him word to come to us.

"What can he mean?" the people asked at the table—a bachelors' table at the Temple (for Philip's good wife actually encouraged him to go abroad from time to time, and make merry with his friends). "What can this mean?" and they read out the scrap of paper which he had cast down as he was summoned away.

Philip's correspondent wrote: "Dear Philip, —I believe the BEARER OF THE BOW-STRING has arrived; and has been with the L. S. this very day."

The L. S.? the bearer of the bow-string? Not one of the bachelors dining in Parchment Buildings could read the riddle. Only after receiving the scrap of paper Philip had jumped up and left the room; and a friend of ours, a sly wag, and Don Juan of Pump Court, offered to take odds that there was a lady in the case.

At the hasty little council which was convened at our house on the receipt of the news, the Little Sister, whose instinct had not betrayed her, was made acquainted with the precise nature of

the danger which menaced Philip; and exhibited a fine hearty wrath when she heard how he proposed to meet the enemy. He had a certain sum in hand. He would borrow more of his friends who knew that he was an honest man. This bill he would meet whatever might come; and avert at least this disgrace from his father.

What? Give in to those rogues? Leave his children to starve, and his poor wife to turn drudge and house-servant, who was not fit for any thing but a fine lady? (There was no love lost, you see, between these two ladies, who both loved Mr. Philip.) It was a sin and a shame! Mrs. Brandon averred, and declared she thought Philip had been a man of more spirit. Philip's friend has before stated his own private sentiments regarding the calamity which menaced Firmin. To pay this bill was to bring a dozen more down upon him. Philip might as well resist now as at a later day. Such, in fact, was the opinion given by the reader's very humble servant at command.

My wife, on the other hand, took Philip's side. She was very much moved at his announcement that he would forgive his father this once at least, and endeavor to cover his sin.

"As you hope to be forgiven yourself, dear Philip, I am sure you are doing right," Laura said; "I am sure Charlotte will think so."

"Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte!" interposes the Little Sister, rather peevishly; "of course Mrs. Philip thinks whatever her husband tells her!"

"In his own time of trial Philip has been met with wonderful succor and kindness," Laura urged. "See how one thing after another has contributed to help him! When he wanted, there were friends always at his need. If he wants again, I am sure my husband and I will share with him. (I may have made a wry face at this; for with the best feelings toward a man, and that kind of thing, you know it is not always convenient to be lending him five or six hundred pounds without security.) "My dear husband and I will share with him," goes on Mrs. Laura; "won't we, Arthur? Yes, Brandon, that we will. Be sure Charlotte and the children shall not want because Philip covers his father's wrong and hides it from the world. God bless you, dear friend!" And what does this woman do next, and before her husband's face? Actually she goes up to Philip; she takes his hand—and— Well, what took place before my own eyes I do not choose to write down.

"She's encouraging him to ruin the children for the sake of that—that wicked old brute!" cries Mrs. Brandon. "It's enough to provoke a saint, it is!" And she seizes up her bonnet from the table and claps it on her head, and walks out of our room in a little tempest of wrath.

My wife, clasping her hands, whispers a few words, which say: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us."

"Yes," says Philip, very much moved. "It is the Divine order. You are right, dear Laura. I have had a weary time; and a terrible gloom

of doubt and sadness over my mind while I have been debating this matter, and before I had determined to do as you would have me. But a great weight is off my heart since I have been enabled to see what my conduct should be. What hundreds of struggling men as well as myself have met with losses and faced them! I will pay this bill, and I will warn the drawer to—to spare me for the future."

Now that the Little Sister had gone away in her fit of indignation, you see I was left in a minority in the council of war, and the opposition was quite too strong for me. I began to be of the majority's opinion. I dare say I am not the only gentleman who has been led round by a woman. We men of great strength of mind very frequently are. Yes: my wife convinced me with passages from her text-book, admitting of no contradiction according to her judgment, that Philip's duty was to forgive his father.

"And how lucky it was we did not buy the chintzes that day!" says Laura, with a laugh. "Do you know there were two which were so pretty that Charlotte could not make up her mind which of the two she would take?"

Philip roared out one of his laughs which made the windows shake. He was in great spirits. For a man who was going to ruin himself he was in the most enviable good-humor. Did Charlotte know about this—this claim which was impending over him? No. It might make her anxious, poor little thing! Philip had not told her. He had thought of concealing the matter from her. What need was there to disturb her rest, poor innocent child? You see, we all treated Mrs. Charlotte more or less like a child. Philip played with her. J. J., the painter, coaxed and dandled her, so to speak. The Little Sister loved her, but certainly with a love that was not respectful; and Charlotte took every body's good-will with a pleasant meekness and sweet smiling content. It was not for Laura to give advice to man and wife (as if the woman was not always giving lectures to Philip and his young wife!); but in the present instance she thought Mrs. Philip certainly ought to know what Philip's real situation was; what danger was menacing; "and how admirable, and right, and Christian—and you will have your reward for it, dear Philip!" interjects the enthusiastic lady—"your conduct has been!"

When we came, as we straightway did in a cab, to Charlotte's house, to expound the matter to her, goodness bless us! she was not shocked, or anxious, or frightened at all. Mrs. Brandon had just been with her, and told her of what was happening, and she had said, "Of course, Philip ought to help his father; and Brandon had gone away quite in a tantrum of anger, and had really been quite rude; and she should not pardon her, only she knew how dearly the Little Sister loved Philip; and of course they must help Dr. Firmin; and what dreadful, dreadful distress he must have been in to do as he did! But he had warned Philip, you know," and so forth. "And as for the chintzes, Laura, why

I suppose we must go on with the old shabby covers. You know they will do very well till next year." This was the way in which Mrs. Charlotte received the news which Philip had concealed from her, lest it should terrify her. As if a loving woman was ever very much frightened at being called upon to share her husband's misfortune!

As for the little case of forgery, I don't believe the young person could ever be got to see the heinous nature of Dr. Firmin's offense. The desperate little logician seemed rather to pity the father than the son in the business. "How dreadfully pressed he must have been when he did it, poor man!" she said. "To be sure he ought not to have done it at all; but think of his necessity! That is what I said to Brandon. Now, there's little Philip's cake in the cupboard which you brought him. Now suppose papa was very hungry, and went and took some without asking Philly, he wouldn't be so very wrong, I think, would he? A child is glad enough to give for his father, isn't he? And when I said this to Brandon, she was so rude and violent, I really have no patience with her! And she forgets that I am a lady, and" etc., etc. So it appeared the Little Sister had made a desperate attempt to bring over Charlotte to her side, was still minded to rescue Philip in spite of himself, and had gone off in wrath at her defeat.

We looked to the doctor's letters and ascertained the date of the bill. It had crossed the water, and would be at Philip's door in a very few days. Had Hunt brought it? The rascal would have it presented through some regular channel, no doubt; and Philip and all of us totted up ways and means, and strove to make the slender figures look as big as possible, as the thrifty housewife puts a patch here and a darn there, and cuts a little slice out of this old garment, so as to make the poor little frock serve for winter wear. We had so much at the banker's. A friend might help with a little advance. We would fairly ask a loan from the *Review*. We were in a scrape, but we would meet it. And so with resolute hearts we would prepare to receive the Bearer of the Bow-string.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BEARER OF THE BOW-STRING.

THE poor Little Sister trudged away from Milman Street, exasperated with Philip, with Philip's wife, and with the determination of the pair to accept the hopeless ruin impending over them. "Three hundred and eighty-six pounds four and threepence," she thought, "to pay for that wicked old villain! It is more than poor Philip is worth, with all his savings and his little sticks of furniture. I know what he will do: he will borrow of the money-lenders, and give those bills, and renew them, and end by ruin. When he have paid this bill that old villain will forge another, and that precious wife of his will



tell him to pay that, I suppose; and those little darlings will be begging for bread, unless they come and eat mine, to which—God bless them!—they are always welcome." She calculated—it was a sum not difficult to reckon—the amount of her own little store of saved ready money. To pay four hundred pounds out of such an income as Philip's, she felt, was an attempt vain and impossible. "And he mustn't have my poor little stocking now," she argued; "they will want that presently when their pride is broken down, as it will be, and my darlings are hungering for their dinner!" Revolving this dismal matter in her mind, and scarce knowing where to go for comfort and counsel, she made her way to her good friend, Dr. Goodenough, and found that worthy man, who had always a welcome for his Little Sister.

She found Goodenough alone in his great dining-room, taking a very slender meal, after visiting his hospital and his fifty patients, among whom I think there were more poor than rich: and the good sleepy doctor woke up with a vengeance when he heard his little nurse's news, and fired off a volley of angry language against Philip and his scoundrel of a father; "which it was a comfort to hear him," little Brandon told us afterward. Then Goodenough trotted out of the dining-room into the adjoining library and consulting-room, whither his old friend followed him. Then he pulled out a bunch of keys and opened a secretaire, from which he took a parchment-covered volume, on which *J. Goodenough, Esq., M.D.*, was written in a fine legible hand—and which, in fact, was a banker's book. The inspection of the MS. volume in question must have pleased the worthy physician, for a grin came over his venerable features, and he straightway drew out of the desk a slim volume of gray paper, on each page of which were inscribed the highly respectable names of Messrs. Stumpy and

Rowdy and Co., of Lombard Street, Bankers. On a slip of gray paper the doctor wrote a prescription for a draught, *statim sumendus*—(a draught—mark my pleasantry)—which he handed over to his little friend.

"There, you little fool!" said he. "The father is a rascal, but the boy is a fine fellow; and you, you little silly thing, I must help in this business myself, or you will go and ruin yourself, I know you will! Offer this to the fellow for his bill. Or, stay! How much money is there in the house? Perhaps the sight of notes and gold will tempt him more than a check." And the doctor emptied his pockets of all the fees which happened to be therein—I don't know how many fees of shining shillings and sovereigns, neatly wrapped up in paper; and he emptied a drawer in which there was more silver and gold; and he trotted up to his bedroom, and came panting presently down stairs with a fat little pocket-book, containing a bundle of notes, and, with one thing or another, he made up a sum of—I won't mention what; but this sum of money, I say, he thrust into the Little Sister's hand, and said, "Try the fellow with this, Little Sister, and see if you can get the bill from him. Don't say it's my money; or the scoundrel will be for having twenty shillings in the pound. Say it's yours, and there's no more where that came from; and coax him, and wheedle him, and tell him plenty of lies, my dear. It won't break your heart to do that. What an immortal scoundrel Brummell Firmin is, to be sure! Though, by-the-way, in two more cases at the hospital I have tried that—" And here the doctor went off into a professional conversation with his favorite nurse, which I could not presume to repeat to any non-medical man.

The Little Sister bade God bless Doctor Good-enough, and wiped her glistening eyes with her handkerchief, and put away the notes and gold with a trembling little hand, and trudged off with a lightsome step and a happy heart. Arrived at Tottenham Court Road, she thought, shall I go home, or shall I go to poor Mrs. Philip and take her this money? No. Their talk that very day had not been pleasant: words, very like high words, had passed between them, and our Little Sister had to own to herself that she had been rather rude in her late colloquy with Charlotte. And she was a proud Little Sister: at least she did not care for to own that she had been hasty or disrespectful in her conduct to that young woman. She had too much spirit for that. Have we ever said that our little friend was exempt from the prejudices and vanities of this wicked world? Well, to rescue Philip, to secure the fatal bill, to go with it to Charlotte, and say, "There, Mrs. Philip, there's your husband's liberty." It would be a rare triumph, that it would! And Philip would promise, on his honor, that this should be the last and only bill he would pay for that wretched old father. With these happy thoughts swelling in her little heart, Mrs. Brandon made her way

to the familiar house in Thornhaugh Street, and would have a little bit of supper, so she would. And laid her own little cloth; and set forth her little forks and spoons, which were as bright as rubbing could make them; and I am authorized to state that her repast consisted of two nice little lamb-chops, which she purchased from her neighbor Mr. Chump, in Tottenham Court Road, after a pleasant little conversation with that gentleman and his good lady. And, with her bit of supper, after a day's work, our little friend would sometimes indulge in a glass—a little glass—of something comfortable. The case-bottle was in the cupboard, out of which her poor Pa had been wont to mix his tumblers for many a long day. So, having prepared it with her own hands, down she sat to her little meal, tired and happy; and as she thought of the occurrences of the day, and of the rescue which had come so opportunely to her beloved Philip and his children, I am sure she said a grace before her meat.

Her candles being lighted and her blind up, any one in the street could see that her chamber was occupied; and at about ten o'clock at night there came a heavy step clinking along the pavement, the sound of which, I have no doubt, made the Little Sister start a little. The heavy foot paused before her window, and presently clattered up the steps of her door. Then, as her bell rang, I consider it is most probable that her cheek flushed a little. She went to her hall door and opened it herself. "Lor, is it you, Mr. Hunt! Well, I never! that is, I thought you might come. Really, now"—and with the moonlight behind him, the dingy Hunt swaggered in.

"How comfortable you looked at your little table!" says Hunt, with his hat over his eye.

"Won't you step in and set down to it, and take something?" asks the smiling hostess.

Of course, Hunt would take something. And the greasy hat is taken off his head with a flourish, and he struts into the poor Little Sister's little room, pulling a wisp of grizzling hair and endeavoring to assume a careless, fashionable look. The dingy hand had seized the case-bottle in a moment. "What! you do a little in this way, do you?" he says, and winks amiably at Mrs. Brandon and the bottle. She takes ever so little, she owns; and reminds him of days which he must remember, when she had a wine-glass out of poor Pa's tumbler. A bright little kettle is singing on the fire—will not Mr. Hunt mix a glass for himself? She takes a bright beaker from the corner-cupboard, which is near her, with her keys hanging from it.

"Oh ho! that's where we keep the ginnums, is it?" says the grateful Hunt, with a laugh.

"My papa always kep it there," says Caroline, meekly. And while her back is turned to fetch a canister from the cupboard, she knows that the astute Mr. Hunt has taken the opportunity to fill a good large measure from the square bottle. "Make yourself welcome," says the Little Sister, in her gay, artless way; "there's more where that came from!" And Hunt drinks

his hostess's health: and she bows to him, and smiles, and sips a little from her own glass; and the little lady looks quite pretty, and rosy, and bright. Her cheeks are like apples, her figure is trim and graceful, and always attired in the neatest-fitting gown. By the comfortable light of the candles on her sparkling tables you scarce see the silver lines in her light hair, or the marks which time has made round her eyes. Hunt's gaze on her with admiration.

"Why," says he, "I vow you look younger and prettier than when—when I saw you first."

"Ah, Mr. Hunt!" cries Mrs. Brandon, with a flush on her cheek, which becomes it, "don't recall that time, or that—that wretch who served me so cruel!"

"He was a scoundrel, Caroline, to treat as he did such a woman as you! The fellow has no principle; he was a bad one from the beginning. Why, he ruined me as well as you: got me to play; run me into debt by introducing me to his fine companions. I was a simple young fellow then, and thought it was a fine thing to live with fellow commoners and noblemen who drove their tandems and gave their grand dinners. It was he that led me astray, I tell you. I might have been Fellow of my college—had a living—married a good wife—risen to be a bishop, by George!—for I had great talents, Caroline; only I was so confounded idle, and fond of the cards and the bones."

"The bones?" cries Caroline, with a bewildered look.

"The dice, my dear! 'Seven's the main' was my ruin. 'Seven's the main' and eleven's the nick to seven. That used to be the little game!" And he made a graceful gesture with his empty wine-glass, as though he was tossing a pair of dice on the table. "The man next to me in lecture is a bishop now, and I could knock his head off in Greek iambs and Latin hexameters, too. In my second year I got the Latin declamation prize, I tell you—"

"Brandon always said you were one of the cleverest men at the college. He always said *that*, I remember," remarks the lady, very respectfully.

"Did he? He *did* say a good word for me, then? Brummell Firmin wasn't a clever man; he wasn't a reading man. Whereas I would back myself for a sapphic ode against any man in my college—against any man! Thank you. You *do* mix it so uncommon hot and well, there's no saying no; indeed there ain't! Though I have had enough—upon my honor, I have."

"Lor! I thought you men could drink any thing! And Mr. Brandon—Mr. Firmin you said?"

"Well, I said Brummell Firmin was a swell somehow. He had a sort of grand manner with him—"

"Yes, he had," sighed Caroline. And I dare say her thoughts wandered back to a time long, long ago, when this grand gentleman had captivated her.

"And it was trying to keep up with him that

ruined me! I quarreled with my poor old governor about money, of course; grew idle, and lost my Fellowship. Then the bills came down upon me. I tell you there are some of my college ticks ain't paid now."

"College ticks? Law!" ejaculates the lady. "And—"

"Tailor's ticks, tavern ticks, livery-stable ticks—for there were famous hacks in our days, and I used to hunt with the tip-top men. I wasn't bad across country, I wasn't. But we can't keep the pace with those rich fellows. We try, and they go ahead—they ride us down. Do you think, if I hadn't been very hard up, I would have done what I did to you, Caroline? You poor little innocent suffering thing. It was a shame. It was a shame!"

"Yes, a shame it was!" cries Caroline. "And that I never gainsay. You did deal hard with a poor girl, both of you."

"It was rascally. But Firmin was the worst. He had me in his power. It was he led me wrong. It was he drove me into debt, and then abroad, and then into qu—into jail, perhaps: and then into this kind of thing." ("This kind of thing" has before been explained elegantly to signify a tumbler of hot grog.) "And my father wouldn't see me on his death-bed; and my brothers and sisters broke with me; and I owe it all to Brummell Firmin—all. Do you think, after ruining me, he oughtn't to pay me?" and again he thumps a dusky hand upon the table. It made dingy marks on the poor Little Sister's spotless table-cloth. It rubbed its owner's forehead and lank, grizzling hair.

"And me, Mr. Hunt? What do he owe me?" asks Hunt's hostess.

"Caroline!" cries Hunt, "I have made Brummell Firmin pay me a good bit back already, but I'll have more;" and he thumped his breast, and thrust his hand into his breast-pocket as he spoke, and clutched at something within.

"It is there!" thought Caroline. She might turn pale; but he did not remark her pallor. He was all intent on drink, on vanity, on revenge.

"I have him," I say. "He owes me a good bit; and he has paid me a good bit; and he shall pay me a good bit more. Do you think I am a fellow who will be ruined and insulted, and won't revenge myself? You should have seen his face when I turned up at New York at the Astor House, and said, 'Brummell, old fellow, here I am,' I said; and he turned as white—as white as this table-cloth. 'I'll never leave you, my boy,' I said. 'Other fellows may go from you, but old Tom Hunt will stick to you. Let's go into the bar and have a drink!' and he was obliged to come. And I have him now in my power, I tell you. And when I say to him, 'Brummell, have a drink,' drink he must. His bald old head must go into the pail!" And Mr. Hunt laughed a laugh which I dare say was not agreeable.

After a pause he went on: "Caroline! Do you hate him, I say? or do you like a fellow who deserted you and treated you like a scoun-

drel? Some women do. I could tell of women who do. I could tell you of other fellows, perhaps, but I won't. Do you hate Brummell Firmin, that bald-headed Brum—hypocrite, and that—that insolent rascal who laid his hand on a clergyman, and an old man, by George, and hit me—and hit me in that street. Do you hate him, I say? Hoo! hoo! hick! I've got 'em both!—here, in my pocket—both!"

"You have got—what?" gasped Caroline.

"I have got their—hallo! stop, what's that to you what I've got?" And he sinks back in his chair, and winks, and leers, and triumphantly tosses his glass.

"Well, it ain't much to me; I—I never got any good out of either of 'em yet," says poor Caroline, with a sinking heart. "Let's talk about somebody else than them two plagues. Because you were a little merry one night—and I don't mind what a gentleman says when he has had a glass—for a great big strong man to hit an old one—"

"To strike a clergyman!" yells Hunt.

"It was a shame—a cowardly shame! And I gave it him for it, I promise you!" cries Mrs. Brandon.

"On your honor, now, do you hate 'em?" cries Hunt, starting up, and clenching his fist, and dropping again into his chair.

"Have I any reason to love 'em, Mr. Hunt? Do sit down and have a little—"

"No: you have no reason to like 'em. You hate 'em—I hate 'em. Look here. Promise—'pon your honor, now, Caroline—I've got 'em both, I tell you. Strike a clergyman, will he? What do you say to that?"

And starting from his chair once more, and supporting himself against the wall (where hung one of J. J.'s pictures of Philip), Hunt pulls out the greasy pocket-book once more, and fumbles among the greasy contents; and as the papers flutter on to the floor and the table, he pounces down on one with a dingy hand, and yells a laugh, and says, "I've cotched you! That's it. What do you say to that?—London, July 4th. —Three months after date, I promise to pay to—No you don't."

"La! Mr. Hunt, won't you let me look at it?" cries the hostess. "Whatever is it? A bill? My Pa had plenty of 'em."

"What? with candles in the room? No you don't, I say."

"What is it? Won't you tell me?"

"It's the young one's acceptance of the old man's draft," says Hunt, hissing and laughing.

"For how much?"

"Three hundred and eighty-six four three—that's all; and I guess I can get more where that came from!" says Hunt, laughing more and more cheerfully.

"What will you take for it! I'll buy it of you," cries the Little Sister. "I—I've seen plenty of my Pa's bills; and I'll—I'll discount this, if you like."

"What! are you a little discounteer? Is that the way you make your money, and the silver

spoons, and the nice supper, and every thing delightful about you? A little discountess, are you—you little rogue? Little discountess, by George! How much will you give, little discountess? And the reverend gentleman laughs, and winks, and drinks, and laughs, and tears twinkle out of his tipsy old eyes as he wipes them with one hand, and again says, "How much will you give, little discountess?"

When poor Caroline went to her cupboard, and from it took the notes and the gold which she had had we know from whom, and added to these out of a cunning box a little heap of her own private savings, and with trembling hands poured the notes, and the sovereigns, and the shillings into a dish on the table, I never heard accurately how much she laid down. But she must have spread out every thing she had in the world; for she felt her pockets and emptied them; and, tapping her head, she again applied to the cupboard, and took from thence a little store of spoons and forks, and then a brooch, and then a watch; and she piled these all up in a dish, and she said, "Now, Mr. Hunt, I will give you all these for that bill." And she looked up at Philip's picture, which hung over the parson's bloodshot, satyr face. "Take these," she said, "and give me that! There's two hundred pound, I know; and there's thirty-four, and two eighteen, thirty-six eighteen, and there's the plate and watch, and I want that bill."

"What? have you got all this, you little dear?" cried Hunt, dropping back into his chair again. "Why, you're a little fortune, by Jove—a pretty little fortune, a little discountess, a little wife, a little fortune. I say, I'm a University man; I could write alcaics once as well as any man. I'm a gentleman. I say, how much *have* you got? Count it over again, my dear."

And again she told him the amount of the gold, and the notes, and the silver, and the number of the poor little spoons.

A thought came across the fellow's boozy brain: "If you offer so much," says he, "and you're a little discountess, the bill's worth more; that fellow must be making his fortune! Or do you know about it? I say, do you know about it? No. I'll have my bond." I'll have my bond! And he gave a tipsy imitation of Shylock, and lurched back into his chair, and laughed.

"Let's have a little more, and talk about things," said the poor Little Sister; and she daintily heaped her little treasures and arranged them in her dish, and smiled upon the parson laughing in his chair.

"Caroline," says he, after a pause, "you are still fond of that old bald-headed scoundrel! That's it! Just like you women—just like, but I won't tell. No, no, I won't tell! You are fond of that old swindler still, I say! Wherever did you get that lot of money? Look here now—with that, and this little bill in my pocket, there's enough to carry us on for ever so long.

And when this money's gone, I tell you I know who'll give us more, and who can't refuse us, I tell you. Look here, Caroline, dear Caroline! I'm an old fellow, I know; but I'm a good fellow: I'm a classical scholar: and I'm a gentleman."

The classical scholar and gentleman bleared over his words as he uttered them, and with his vinous eyes and sordid face gave a leer, which must have frightened the poor little lady to whom he proffered himself as a suitor, for she started back with a pallid face, and an aspect of such dislike and terror that even her guest remarked it.

"I said I was a scholar and gentleman," he shrieked again. "Do you doubt it? I'm as good a man as Brummell Firmin, I say. I ain't so tall. But I'll do a copy of Latin alcaics or Greek iambs against him or any man of my weight. Do you mean to insult me? Don't I know who you are? Are you better than a Master of Arts and a clergyman? He went out in medicine, Firmin did. Do you mean, when a Master of Arts and classical scholar offers you his hand and fortune, that you're above him, and refuse him, by George?"

The Little Sister was growing bewildered and frightened by the man's energy and horrid looks. "Oh, Mr. Hunt!" she cried, "see here, take this! See—there are two hundred and thirty—thirty-four pounds and all these things! Take them, and give me that paper."

"Sovereigns, and notes, and spoons, and a watch, and what I have in my pocket—and that ain't much—and Firmin's bill! Three hundred and eighty-six four three. It's a fortune, my dear, with economy! I won't have you going on being a nurse and that kind of thing. I'm a scholar and a gentleman—I am—and that place ain't fit for Mrs. Hunt. We'll first spend your money. No: we'll first spend my money—three hundred and eighty-six and—and hang the change—and when that's gone, we'll have another bill from that bald-headed old scoundrel: and his son who struck a poor cler— We will, I say, Caroline—we—"

The wretch was suiting actions to his words, and rose once more, advancing toward his hostess, who shrank back, laughing half-hysterically, and retreating as the other neared her. Behind her was that cupboard which had contained her poor little treasure and other stores, and appended to the lock of which her keys were still hanging. As the brute approached her she flung back the cupboard-door smartly upon him. The keys struck him on the head; and bleeding, and with a curse and a cry he fell back on his chair.

In the cupboard was that bottle which she had received from America not long since; and about which she had talked with Goodenough on that very day. It had been used twice or thrice by his direction, by hospital surgeons, and under her eye. She suddenly seized this bottle. As the ruffian before her uttered his imprecations of wrath, she poured out a quantity of the

contents of the bottle on her handkerchief. She said, "Oh! Mr. Hunt, have I hurt you? I didn't mean it. But you shouldn't—you shouldn't frighten a lonely woman so! Here, let me bathe you! Smell this! It will—it will do you—good—it will—it will, indeed!" The handkerchief was over his face. Bewildered by drink before, the fumes of the liquor which he was absorbing served almost instantly to overcome him. He struggled for a moment or two. "Stop—stop! you'll be better in a moment," she whispered. "Oh yes! better, quite better!" She squeezed more of the liquor from the bottle on to the handkerchief. In a minute Hunt was quite inanimate.

Then the little pale woman leaned over him, and took the pocket-book out of his pocket, and from it the bill which bore Philip's name. As Hunt lay in stupor before her, she now squeezed more of the liquor over his head; and then thrust the bill into the fire, and saw it burn to ashes. Then she put back the pocket-book into Hunt's breast. She said afterward that she never should have thought about that Chloroform, but for her brief conversation with Dr. Goodenough that evening regarding a case in which she had employed the new remedy under his orders.

How long did Hunt lie in that stupor? It seemed a whole long night to Caroline. She said afterward that the thought of that act that night made her hair grow gray. Poor little head! Indeed she would have laid it down for Philip.

Hunt, I suppose, came to himself when the handkerchief was withdrawn, and the fumes of the potent liquor ceased to work on his brain. He was very much frightened and bewildered. "What was it? Where am I?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"It was the keys struck you in the cupboard-door when you—you ran against it," said pale Caroline. "Look! you are all bleeding on the head. Let me dry it."

"No; keep off!" cried the terrified man.

"Will you have a cab to go home? The poor gentleman hit himself against the cupboard-door, Mary. You remember him here before, don't you, one night?" And Caroline, with a shrug, pointed out to her maid, whom she had summoned, the great square bottle of spirits still on the table, and indicated that there lay the cause of Hunt's bewilderment.

"Are you better now? Will you—will you—take a little more refreshment?" asked Caroline.

"No!" he cried, with an oath, and with glaring, bloodshot eyes he lurched toward his hat.

"Lor, mum! what ever is it? And this smell in the room, and all this here heap of money and things on the table?"

Caroline flung open her window. "It's medicine, which Dr. Goodenough has ordered for one of his patients. I must go and see her to-night," she said. And at midnight, looking as pale as death, the Little Sister went to the doctor's house, and roused him from his bed, and



JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

told him the story here narrated. "I offered him all you gave me," she said, "and all I had in the world besides, and he wouldn't—and—" Here she broke out into a fit of hysterics. The doctor had to ring up his servants; to admin-

ister remedies to his little nurse; to put her to bed in his own house.

"By the immortal Jove," he said afterward, "I had a great mind to beg her never to leave it! But that my housekeeper would tear Caro-

line's eyes out, Mrs. Brandon should be welcome to stay forever. Except her *h's*, that woman has every virtue: constancy, gentleness, generosity, cheerfulness, and the courage of a lioness! To think of that fool, that dandified idiot, that triple ass, Firmin" (there were few men in the world for whom Goodenough entertained a greater scorn than for his late *confrère*, Firmin of Old Parr Street—"think of the villain having possessed such a treasure—let alone his having deceived and deserted her—of his having possessed such a treasure and flung it away! Sir, I always admired Mrs. Brandon; but I think ten thousand times more highly of her since her glorious crime and most righteous robbery. If the villain had died, dropped dead in the street—the drunken miscreant, forger, house-breaker, assassin—so that no punishment could have fallen upon poor Brandon, I think I should have respected her only the more!")

At an early hour Dr. Goodenough had thought proper to send off messengers to Philip and myself, and to make us acquainted with the strange adventure of the previous night. We both hastened to him. I myself was summoned, no doubt, in consequence of my profound legal knowledge, which might be of use in poor little Caroline's present trouble. And Philip came because she longed to see him. By some instinct she knew when he arrived. She crept down from the chamber where the doctor's housekeeper had laid her on a bed. She knocked at the doctor's study, where we were all in consultation. She came in quite pale, and tottered toward Philip, and flung herself into his arms, with a burst of tears that greatly relieved her excitement and fever. Firmin was scarcely less moved.

"You'll pardon me for what I have done, Philip?" she sobbed. "If they—if they take me up, you won't forsake me?"

"Forsake you? Pardon you? Come and live with us, and never leave us!" cried Philip.

"I don't think Mrs. Philip would like that, dear," said the little woman, sobbing on his arm; "but ever since the Greyfriars school, when you was so ill, you have been like a son to me, and somehow I couldn't help doing that last night to that villain—I couldn't."

"Serve the scoundrel right. Never deserved to come to life again, my dear," said Dr. Goodenough. "Don't you be exciting yourself, little Brandon! I must have you sent back to lie down on your bed. Take her up, Philip, to the little room next mine, and order her to lie down and be as quiet as a mouse. You are not to move till I give you leave, Brandon—mind that; and come back to us, Firmin, or we shall have the patients coming."

So Philip led away this poor Little Sister; and trembling, and clinging to his arm, she returned to the room assigned to her.

"She wants to be alone with him," the doctor said; and he spoke a brief word or two of that strange delusion under which the little woman labored, that this was her dead child come back to her.

"I know that is in her mind," Goodenough said; "she never got over that brain fever in which I found her. If I were to swear her on the book, and say, 'Brandon, don't you believe he is your son alive again?' she would not dare to say no. She will leave him every thing she has got. I only gave her so much less than that scoundrel's bill yesterday, because I knew she would like to contribute her own share. It would have offended her mortally to have been left out of the subscription. They like to sacrifice themselves. Why, there are women in India who, if not allowed to roast with their dead husbands, would die of vexation." And by this time Mr. Philip came striding back into the room again, rubbing a pair of very red eyes.

"Long ere this, no doubt, that drunken ruffian is sobered, and knows that the bill is gone. He is likely enough to accuse her of the robbery," says the doctor.

"Suppose," says Philip's other friend, "I had put a pistol to your head, and was going to shoot you, and the doctor took the pistol out of my hand and flung it into the sea? would you help me to prosecute the doctor for robbing me of the pistol?"

"You don't suppose it will be a pleasure to me to pay that bill!" said Philip. "I said if a certain bill were presented to me, purporting to be accepted by Philip Firmin, I would pay it. But if that scoundrel, Hunt, only *says* that he had such a bill, and has lost it, I will cheerfully take my oath that I have never signed any bill at all—and they can't find Brandon guilty of stealing a thing which never existed."

"Let us hope, then, that the bill was not in duplicate."

And to this wish all three gentlemen heartily said Amen!

And now the doctor's door-bell began to be agitated by arriving patients. His dining-room was already full of them. The Little Sister must lie still, and the discussion of her affairs must be deferred to a more convenient hour; and Philip and his friend agreed to reconnoitre the house in Thornhaugh Street, and see if any thing had happened since its mistress had left it.

Yes: something had happened. Mrs. Brandon's maid, who ushered us into her mistress's little room, told us that in the early morning that horrible man who had come over night, and been so tipsy, and behaved so ill—the very same man who had come there tipsy afore once, and whom Mr. Philip had flung into the street—had come battering at the knocker, and pulling at the bell, and swearing and cursing most dreadful, and calling for "Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon!" and frightening the whole street. After he had rung, he knocked and battered ever so long. Mary looked out at him from her upper window, and told him to go along home, or she would call the police. On this the man roared out that he would call the police himself if Mary did not let him in; and as he went on calling "Police!" and yelling from the door, Mary came down stairs and opened the

hall-door, keeping the chain fastened, and asked him what he wanted?

Hunt, from the steps without, began to swear and rage more loudly, and to demand to be let in. He must and would see Mrs. Brandon.

Mary, from behind her chain barricade, said that her mistress was not at home, but that she had been called out that night to a patient of Dr. Goodenough's.

Hunt, with more shrieks and curses, said it was a lie; and that she was at home; and that he would see her; and that he must go into her room; and that he had left something there; and that he had lost something; and that he would have it.

"Lost something here?" cried Mary. "Why here? when you reeled out of this house you couldn't scarce walk, and you almost fell into the gutter, which I have seen you there before. Get away, and go home! You are not sober yet, you horrible man!"

On this, clinging on to the area-railings, and demeaning himself like a madman, Hunt continued to call out, "Police, police! I have been robbed, I've been robbed! Police!" until astonished heads appeared at various windows in the quiet street, and a policeman actually came up.

When the policeman appeared, Hunt began to sway and pull at the door, confined by its chain: and he frantically reiterated his charge, that he had been robbed and hounded in that house, that night, by Mrs. Brandon.

The policeman, by a familiar expression, conveyed his utter disbelief of the statement, and told the dirty, disreputable man to move on, and go to bed. Mrs. Brandon was known and respected all round the neighborhood. She had befriended numerous poor round about, and was known for a hundred charities. She attended many respectable families. In that parish there was no woman more esteemed. And by the word "Gammon" the policeman expressed his sense of the utter absurdity of the charge against the good lady.

Hunt still continued to yell out that he had been robbed and hounded; and Mary from behind her door repeated to the officer (with whom she perhaps had relations not unfriendly), her statement that the beast had gone reeling away from the house the night before, and if he had lost any thing, who knows where he might not have lost it?

"It was taken out of this pocket, and out of this pocket-book," howled Hunt, clinging to the rail. "I give her in charge. I give the house in charge! It's a den of thieves!"

During this shouting and turmoil the sash of a window in Ridley's studio was thrown up. The painter was going to his morning work. He had appointed an early model. The sun could not rise too soon for Ridley; and, as soon as ever it gave its light, found him happy at his labor. He had heard from his bedroom the brawl going on about the door.

"Mr. Ridley!" says the policeman, touching the glazed hat with much respect—(in fact, and

out of uniform, Z 25 has figured in more than one of J. J.'s pictures)—"here's a fellow disturbing the whole street, and shouting out that Mrs. Brandon have robbed and hounded him!"

Ridley ran down stairs in a high state of indignation. He is nervous, like men of his tribe; quick to feel, to pity, to love, to be angry. He undid the chain and ran into the street.

"I remember that fellow drunk here before," said the painter, "and lying in that very gutter."

"Drunk and disorderly! Come along!" cries Z 25; and his hand was quickly fastened on the parson's greasy collar, and under its strong grasp Hunt is forced to move on. He goes, still yelling out that he has been robbed.

"Tell that to his worship," says the incredulous Z. And this was the news which Mrs. Brandon's friends received from her maid when they called at her house.

LOIS:

THE STORY OF A MAN'S MISTAKE.

THE snow had been falling steadily all the day: it fell whitely and steadily now on the group that stood round an open grave, wherein a coffin had just been deposited, in a New England church-yard among the hills. The neighbors had withdrawn a little, and only a group of four stood bending over the grave. It was a young wife who lay there, in her last slumber. The two old people on the right were her husband's father and mother, for she had been an orphan, brotherless and sisterless, and there were none of her own kin to follow her to the church-yard. There had been no great store of love between William Comstock's young wife and his old parents, and the sorrow which sat now upon their faces was less for the loss of the dead than the grief of their living son. William was their only one, and their idol. They would have thought the noblest bride in the land none too good for him, and they had been but illy pleased when he brought Lois Gray to the old homestead. She was delicate, indeed, as a spring anemone. Her words and ways were full of a tender, flower-like sweetness and grace; but she had neither gold nor land to her dowry, and her small forefinger was pricked till it was callous with the frequent thrusts of her glancing needle—for pretty little Lois was a tailoress, and worked hard for her daily bread, going from house to house, as the fashion then was.

There had been many hard words when William Comstock, son of the richest man in Rye-field, told his parents of the daughter he was going to bring them. Had he not been their only son doubtless there would have been yet stormier scenes; perhaps William would have been thrust forth into the world to look out for himself, and his name have been a forbidden sound thereafter at the home fireside. But he *was* their only son. If they had cast him off there would have been none of their name to hold their broad, rich lands after them; so they

yielded to their untoward fate, and did not positively forbid the home-coming of the unwelcome bride. They spoke many scornful words of her, however—words which a stronger, more self-reliant man than William Comstock would not have borne. It would have been better had he taken his bride to another home, asking no aid of them, and remembering, while he showed them all filial duty, that it was Heaven's ordering that a man should forsake father and mother and cleave unto his wife. This would certainly have been Lois's choice. Delicate as she looked, there was force and power in her nature. She would have made her husband a true and wise helpmeet if he had but been ready to go with her to ever so humble a home of their own, and live, as every newly-married pair should, their own life apart from all the rest of the world. But William Comstock, though good and truthful and loving, was not a strong man. He would have had little courage to fight unaided his battle of life. He had been petted and fostered and indulged in his own way until his whole nature was changed, as a hardy woodland flower is changed when it is transplanted to a hot-house. It may put forth more luxuriant leaves, and fuller and softer petals, but it would shrink from the first blast. Sun and wind and shower, which it was its nature to court, would be death to it now.

Going out into the world to toil for himself and the wife of his choice would have been the last thing to suggest itself to William Comstock, and yet he loved her far too well to give her up because of his parents' displeasure. So he trusted, as many another weak man has done, to things coming right in time. He thought his father and mother would be sure to like her when all was done; and, any way, *he* would be good to her; and so, not without some stifled misgivings, he brought his bride home.

I think a wind blew up from the east, an ill-omened wind, when Lois crossed that threshold, and its subtle chill stole through her bridal robes to her young, innocent heart, for she was never quite the same Lois afterward.

Her father and mother in law were not rudely and openly unkind to her, for William would have seen that, and, weak as he was, it would have armed him in her defense. But there is a secret cruelty, an intangible wrong, of which one could never find words to complain, ten times more bitter and deadly than open contumely. I do not mean to represent old Simon Comstock and his wife as very much worse than the ordinary run of men and women. They did not deliberately set to work to torture their son's wife, and crush out her life; simply they did not like her, and they let her see that they did not, every hour and every moment in the day. She never retaliated, and her very inoffensiveness provoked them still more. Probably, if she had been a genuine termagant, and had fought one or two fierce battles with them, letting them see that she had her own little gifts in the rôle of Zantippe, it would have ended in their letting

her alone, and finally recognizing her as of their own kind, and coming to like her very well indeed. But her silence, her courtesy, her still patience they could not comprehend, and therefore they hated her the more. It was hardest of all when her husband became in some sort her persecutor. Constant complaints of her fineladyism, her inefficiency, her incompetence to manage domestic affairs, at length irritated him, and he often spoke to her in tones of dissatisfaction and fault-finding. She did not explain that her apparent lack of domestic ability arose from necessity, not choice—because his mother jealously resented all exercise of authority on her part, and found something to condemn in every attempt she made to be useful. She was of a rare type of womanhood—one who never wasted words or complained. If love had made her husband's eyes keen to see her sufferings she would have been thankful. He did not see them: she was silent.

When they had been married a year a little girl came—a new life blossoming from her own, to which she trusted to bring back the youth and hope which already, at nineteen, seemed slipping from her hold.

William Comstock had always loved his wife, in his own way—not so deeply and fervently, perhaps, as some men love—but each tree bears its own kind of fruit, and we do not cut down the cherry bough because it can not offer us oranges. He was not a man of lofty courage or very delicate perceptions—his heart was not so strong or so noble as some hearts which have worshiped women far less akin to the divine than she; but such as the heart was, it was all hers. He thought he had never loved her so well as when he came into the still room where she lay with her baby on her breast. He bent over her and kissed the pink flushes on her cheek—the white lids that drooped over her eyes to shut out of sight the happy tears. Then he took the baby in his arms, clumsily and awkwardly, as men always do when they handle the little, frail newborn things; but with a strong pulse of love and pride throbbing in the breast against which the little helpless morsel lay—his child and hers.

Those weeks wore velvet shoon which slipped by so noiselessly before the young mother left her room. She almost wished they would never end, she was so happy. William was with her almost all the time. He read to her—he gathered flowers to lay on her pillow—he told her twenty times a day how dear she was to him, and how full of thanksgiving his soul was that her hour of peril had not been her hour of death. It was like their old lover days, she thought—like them, only so much better, for here was the baby, the wee winsome darling, who held in such tiny, dimpled fingers the unseen threads which were drawing husband and wife nearer together than they had ever been before.

Even the old father and mother were kind to her at first during those still weeks, for she had passed through such suffering as always softens the hardest heart.

But this season of peace and repose could not last forever. One day the Present touched her with rude hand, and woke her to the memory that she had not yet reached heaven—where our rest is.

Her husband had been sitting beside her, as she leaned back in her chair looking at the little flower-like creature on her knee. They had been marveling together over the perfect little fingers, the round, soft limbs, the eyes of deep violet blue, so like Lois's own. At length he had gone out, drawing the door together after him, but not latching it. Space enough was left for a discordant, disturbing voice to penetrate to the Rose-Eden. It was William Comstock's mother who spoke.

"How is your wife getting along? Are we never to see her out of that room again? Baby has been here four weeks now. Times have changed mightily since I was young. When you were a fortnight old I had you on my arm, and was going round the house overseeing the work. Not that there is any special need of Lois, for she doesn't understand managing the business of a household like this; but she will never begin to gain strength if she doesn't move round, and I suppose you wouldn't like to have her shut up there always."

"I'll tell her about it, mother, if you think she'd get well faster by stirring round more. I won't go back now, though, for she was going to get baby to sleep."

Lois heard the acquiescent reply, and her heart sank within her. She felt the old chill creeping back over her life. Oh, how she longed then for a mother, for any friend, with strong love and keen feminine discernment, to make her husband understand that all women were not alike, and that his mother's strength was no criterion for hers: his mother, with her iron constitution and sturdy Dutch build, she herself "fashioned so slenderly." She sighed as she bent over the sleeping baby, and drew it closer to her sheltering bosom; but there was a struggle for cheerfulness in her voice as she murmured—

"No more long, lazy days for us, little one! I suppose grandmamma was right, though, and we shall be all the better for a little more exertion."

That afternoon, when William came in to tea, he found his wife in the dining-room. Baby was asleep in the inner apartment, and Lois sat quietly by the window, with a piece of work in her hands. So that was the end of the still, pleasant days of convalescence! The thought came to him half sadly, but he said nothing. He threw carelessly down on the table the bunch of late wild roses which he had fastened together with a long spear of grass for Lois; he would not give them to her there, with his father and mother looking on, who so hated what they called nonsense.

And so the happy weeks ended, and Lois came back into the hard everyday life once more.

She had her baby, to be sure, and there was

sweet comfort in that—at least in the rare times when she could get away, and have it quite to herself, where no cynic gaze sneered at her when she hugged it to her bosom, and covered its little face with kisses; no lip curled when she murmured all manner of unintelligible nonsense over it in true womanly fashion. But a baby is not quite enough to fill and satisfy a wife's heart. Lois felt that the vision she had cherished of the love and harmony into which this new tie was to sublime her life with her husband had been an idle fancy—he was as far from her now as ever. Perhaps it would have been well if she had realized that he was not, and never under any circumstances would have been, the hero her youthful imagination had made of him. Once convinced that he was an utterly commonplace man, and she might have borne it better; for it is in human nature, I think, to become resigned to the inevitable. The misfortune was that her exalted estimate of him did not change; so she wore herself out with vain endeavors to kindle a fire which there would have been no fuel in his being to sustain. Partly she attributed her failure to the influence which she thought it but natural that his parents' contempt for her should unconsciously have over him; partly—and this was saddest of all—to some unworthiness of her own, which night and day she vexed herself with vain strivings to discover and remedy. And all the while she grew paler and thinner, holding the world more and more loosely.

It might naturally have been thought that the little child in the house would have won its grandparents' hearts for its mother, and so brought love and harmony in place of discord and coldness. But what was singular, they did not love it. They always spoke of it as Lois's child—all Gray—not a bit of Comstock about it. If it had looked like William it might have been different, but it was simply Lois in miniature. It had her eyes, her soft, shadowy brown hair, her delicate outline of features, and fragility of organization. A bold, boisterous child, thrusting itself on their notice, might have stormed its way into their hearts; but little Nellie never sought any one's attention—she took whatever treatment she received quietly, and shrank within herself like a sensitive plant. She was perfectly well, but she seemed to have been, as it were, marked with silence. It is probable that her mother's feelings before her birth had impressed her with these characteristics, usually so foreign to childhood. She was certainly not cold of nature, for she clung to her mother with a tenacity so passionate that it seemed terrible, when one recalled the chances and changes which life has in store for these clinging, intense natures. Her father loved her, certainly, but he too would have been fonder of a child more gay and frolicsome. She felt this, not with her understanding, of course, but with a dumb, instinctive heart-knowledge which she was too young to frame into thought.

She was more than three years old when again to her mother came the fierce extremity of woman's anguish and peril. This time it was a

boy who was laid upon the almost pulseless breast. Toward him, indeed, the grand-parents' hearts warmed. He looked like William—he was Comstock, not Gray. It was evident that to be idolized and spoiled, as his father had been before him, would be his destiny if he lived. From the first this was but a doubtful if. He was helpless and frail as a wreath of snow, and he seemed hour by hour to grow frailer. It was three days before he slipped quite away from the hearts and hands that would have held him back from death—three days, and then they found upon the pillow a little white, frozen image; a still, cold mouth that human breath would never more flutter through; a brow on whose awful chill the kiss of Azrael had left its seal of eternal peace.

Only the mother seemed not to mourn him. A smile full of mysterious meaning crossed her face when they told her he was dead—not a tear dimmed the blue gladness of her eyes, in which shone a strange rejoicing; and this singular indifference—hard-heartedness the old people called it—vexed them yet more, and woke a vague disquiet in the sorrowing soul of William Comstock.

That afternoon he followed Dr. Sprague from the sick-room. The Doctor had known Lois from a baby, and, without wife or child himself, had loved her, perhaps better than any living thing, for the sake of her dead mother, whom he had loved once in vain. With the quiet insight of one long practiced to observe minutely, he had noted the coldness and contempt which had been meted out to her in her wifely home, and often had been angered almost beyond his power of self-control and silence. He felt condemned now that he had been restrained from speaking by his hesitation to intrude upon the domestic privacy of another household; and, angry with himself, he was the more ready to deal harshly with another. He turned upon William Comstock, as they stood alone together, with something stern and threatening in his eye.

"What would you have?" he said, shortly.

"Lois"—the younger man faltered—"what ails her?"

"Nothing, I think," was the curt answer.

"Has she no disease?"

"None that I know of."

"Is her mind all right, then?"

Dr. Sprague drew a long breath, and looked at Lois Comstock's husband with the fierce, pitiless gaze of one who feels no ruth and will show no mercy. He spoke with cold, incisive tones that seemed to cut the air:

"Nothing is the matter with Lois, only she is dying. Among you you have done her to death. What did you think, man, when you brought that girl, sensitive as a flower, to live here—to be crushed, and scorned, and flouted, and stood by yourself looking on, and never seeing it was killing her? Did you have it in your heart to be a murderer?"

He paused a moment, with a cruel joy to see how the thrust he had given had struck home.

Then opening the outside door, he said, coolly, "You had better keep the boy, and bury him with his mother. You will not have long to wait."

Left alone, William Comstock stood for a moment leaning against the wall. He understood it all now only too well—saw but too clearly. She had not mourned for her babe, indeed—we do not mourn for those from whom we part but for a day or an hour.

He went in at length where she lay, carrying, as he had always done, his trouble to her. The wistful, violet eyes, with the strange smile in them, met his as he dropped down on his knees beside her. He spoke abruptly—he knew what he had to say was already familiar to her thoughts—

"Dr. Sprague says you are dying, Lois."

"Yes, William. I have known it all along. It is best so. I was poorly fitted for this struggling, turbulent world."

"But, Lois, pity me. I can not bear it. What shall I do? You must not leave me alone."

The white, thin hand was cool and soft as snow that touched his lips.

"Not alone, love. Our Father will watch over you, our loving Saviour be near and comfort you, if only you will not shut the door of your heart. And then you have Nellie. I leave my image with you on earth, even as I shall carry yours with me to heaven. Your parents, too—"

"Do not speak of them," he interrupted her, with a fierce passion that seemed foreign to his easy, quiet nature. "God forgive me, but I hate them. I shall hate them to their dying day. They have killed you, my darling, and I, blind fool, stood by and never saw it!"

"What they did they did ignorantly—you must not blame them. If you would ever see me again hereafter, you must forgive them, and be at peace with them. They meant no harm; it was only that they could not like me, we were so different. The worst pang was when I thought you did not love me; feared that you were weary of me. But I know better than that now. I know that I was your beloved wife always."

"As God hears me, you were. My blessed darling! I must have been mad ever to have given you room to doubt it."

Kneeling there, he laid his head on the pillow beside hers. Strong sobs shook him; the fierce agony of manhood was upon him. He scarcely felt the hand that rested so softly on his hair, or the lips that fluttered against his cheek. There would come a time when he would barter life itself for one of those touches. She was the first to break the silence. She felt a strange lethargy creeping over her, and she knew but too surely what it portended.

"Go, William," she said, "bring me little Nellie, and call your parents."

He sprang to do her bidding. He caught the child from the chair where she sat silently by the window, the quiet, patient little thing. He

did not speak to his parents, but startled by his white face and strange manner they hurried after him. Even during the moment of his absence, that change, which none can mistake who ever saw it once, had crept over Lois's face—he would have needed no one now to tell him she was dying. Simon Comstock and his wife saw it too, and wild spasms of repentance shook their hard, worldly natures to their depths. As white almost as the dying woman, they stood beside her bed, and she, patient in life, and merciful in death, whispered:

“Good-by, father and mother!”

Her husband laid little Nellie beside her, and the child crept quietly into the bosom growing chill so fast. The mother's lips moved in prayer—then they clung passionately for a moment to the white, childish brow and golden hair, and then—even as she stretched her hands toward her husband, for the last and hardest parting of all—they sank nerveless by her side, and little Nellie was motherless.

I have no words to paint the bitterness of William Comstock's agony. It blanched his hair and aged his face, but he made no moan. He said not a word, save to give the necessary directions for the funeral of his dead wife; and the murmurs of passionate tenderness and sorrow over the silent, clinging child in his arms, which no one else heard.

And so the days went on till the day came on which they left her in her still grave among the hills. She had been beautiful in life, but never had she seemed half so fair as with the last and sweetest smile of all frozen upon her face, the eyes closed gently as if in sleep, and the brow so very white, beneath the shadowing, dusky hair. In her arms, close-pressed to her bosom, lay the little babe whose life had been only three days long. Not till William Comstock's eyes should be covered with the death film would they cease to behold the awful, statue-like beauty of those two—his dead wife and the dead baby on her breast.

Plainer than ever he seemed to see it when they had shut the lid of the coffin above her, and let it down into the open grave, where the snow-flakes were falling steadily. Little Nellie in his arms clung closer still, and cried, shudderingly, that he should not let them put her mother into the ground. He clasped her to his breast with a quick, passionate gesture, and whispered something which made her silent again. And so they stood round the young wife's grave—those who had hated, and those who had loved her.

Ever since Lois's death a half-stifled remorse and a vague, shuddering fear of retribution had lain heavy at the hearts of Simon Comstock and his wife. They knew not exactly how their punishment was to come, but they read a sentence of doom in their son's implacable eye.

When the funeral was over, and they were all seated in the room whence the dead had been that day borne, with the wild courage which is

born of despair the mother resolved to know and provoke the worst. So she took Lois's name upon her lips—uttered, like Job's comforters, some of the common platitudes of sorrow, and told him that time would heal the wound which ached so now.

He put Nellie down from his arms as he listened, and stood up before his mother, straight and strong.

There are men weak by nature and easily swayed—men who are not firm or self-reliant, yet with a certain vein of desperation in them, which, when once aroused, is as long-enduring, as terrible, as the sternest and most well-grounded resolves of stronger men. Such was William Comstock—such a fierce purpose glittered in his hard eye, and gave a sharp, steel-like ring to his voice.

“Not that name, mother—never dare to take that name upon your lips again. You killed her, you two—chilled, and tortured, and goaded her to death; and I—I, who loved her—stood by and never saw it. I can never forgive myself—is it likely that I shall ever forgive you? I will stay here, unless you choose that I should go—it is the fittest place for Nellie, and there is no need that the world should busy itself concerning our affairs. But I will never speak to you, save when some third party is present, or business requires it—so help me God!”

When he had said these words he took the child up again in his arms, and bore her to his own chamber. He had spoken passionately. He confirmed his words with an oath, though he did not confess his motive to himself, in order that the terror of perjury might keep him from any weak yielding. Knowing the weakness and infirmity of purpose which characterized his nature, he feared to trust himself without some outside support.

The two left behind looked at each other in blank horror.

“We are punished.” The words fell slowly after a time from the mother's ashen lips. “We have idolized him, and now he has turned from us. I can not blame him. We have sinned, and the penalty is just. I never can forget the face which Lois lifted to ours a moment before she died. It will haunt me forever.”

Simon Comstock was silent. He was a man of few words, but the blow fell on him heavily. He understood his son better, however, than his wife did; and in his heart was a vague hope that resentment so fierce, in such a nature, would sooner or later wear itself out.

But weeks and months passed on and brought no change. Never, when they were alone with their son, did one word more cross his lips than business actually required; never by any chance did his eyes meet theirs. When guests were present his manner was so courteous, so apparently unconscious of any estrangement between them, that it was almost beyond their endurance. But there was that in his face still which told even his mother that words would be wasted. She did not once appeal to him.

They did try to win Nellie's love, those two poor forsaken old souls; for their hearts yearned over the child now in this alienation from her father. They succeeded in so far that she was always dutiful to them, suffered their caresses, and often performed for them thoughtful little offices of attention. To all this her father never objected. He would not for worlds have taught the child one lesson of hatred or revenge, were it only from an undefined feeling that her mother would look on from the far place of her abode with a still human sorrow. But Nellie's heart was all his. She loved him as she had never done during her mother's lifetime, for now they were all in all to each other. He never went even to the grave of his dead young wife without her. They would sit there together hand in hand, in a silence drearier than tears or mourning.

At last the child was taken sick. Scarlet fever was in the neighborhood, but her father guarded her carefully, as he thought, from contagion. Yet in spite of all precautions, one day he saw the fatal scarlet flushing her fair child's face. From the first he felt as if she were doomed. He watched over her incessantly himself, scarcely allowing any one else to approach her. He longed then for his mother's sympathy; for she *was* his mother in spite of all, and a fond and loving mother to him; but he bethought himself anew of his oath and the wrongs of his dead wife, and preserved his stern silence.

At length one night he sat as usual alone watching his child. To all offers of assistance he had replied that he needed none, and so his vigil was unshared. It was midnight when he knelt, overwhelmed by the anguish of fear, and uttered a wild, passionate cry to Heaven for his darling's life. Was it his own overwrought fancy? did he hear, or only seem to hear, a voice falling through farthest space—a well-known, well-loved voice?

"You have forgotten to show mercy—how can you venture to ask it? I bade you with my dying breath to forgive—you have not forgiven. You have taken away from your parents their child, can you hope Heaven will spare yours? Defying God's law of peace and pardon, can you cry to Him for a blessing?"

That was all. It was as if, for one moment, Heaven had opened, and the voice he loved had sounded down to him through the far distance, and then the golden gates had rolled back upon their hinges, and the voice was silent for evermore until he should join her there.

In that moment he knew that his vow was not "unto the Lord;" that the sin would be in keeping, not in breaking it; and leaving his sick child lying alone in the dull stupor of fever, he went swiftly to the room where his parents always slept. He found them sitting together over the fire—it was winter again now—too anxious for slumber. They started when he entered with a shiver of agony, for the child had grown very dear to their penitent hearts, and they thought he had come to tell them she was dying.

Once more, as on that night after the burial, he stood before them, and now, as then, they listened.

"Father, mother, God is chastening me. Lois bade me, with almost her dying breath, to forgive you, and I have hardened my heart against you. I dare not ask Heaven's mercy for my child till I have made my peace with you. I have sinned, forgive me."

It is not for me to describe that hour of confession and pardon—the parents who humbled themselves in the dust, and then clung, weeping tears of joy and grief and terror, to the lost son whom they had found.

William Comstock watched no more alone. Together father, mother, and son called on God, and He heard them. Nellie lived.

Her illness, or the difference she witnessed in her father's manner of thought and life, wrought a strange change in her. When she recovered she was no longer a pensive, silent child, shutting the leaves of her heart from every eye. She became joyous, social, caressing—even naughty and exacting sometimes—thoroughly and deliciously human.

She grew up to a character and a fate far other than her mother's. Joy smiled upon her life, and to-day the hair is white above her serene forehead, and her children's children call her blessed.

IF I COULD KNOW.

HERMANN leaned back wearily from his study table, sighed, and sat in reverie for a long time.

"If I could only know that fruit would come of all this thought and effort," he said, breaking at length into the pause with speech. "If I could only know that the seed I am trying to scatter would find a lodgment in good ground."

He was silent again. Then a page in his Book of Memory was turned by an unseen hand, and he read from it this passage: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether will prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

He sighed once more, but the sigh was fainter. Then he bent to his work, writing slowly and with an intentness of thought that crowded the blood on his brain. These, among other sentences, came into existence:

"Of what did she die? The physician's certificate has it 'congestion of the brain.' But there be those who know better—those who, living in closer proximity, understand the case differently. Was the physician deceived? Possibly. Nay, certainly, for all his *post-mortem* examination. True, there was congestion of the brain, which, morbidly excited, took blood faster than it was able to use and return it; and this was the proximate cause of death—enough for the profession; but the real cause lay far away behind that, unrevealed to the eye of science. Of what, then, did she die? Simply of starvation!

Nay, do not look incredulous, nor reject the assertion. It is true—sadly, sorrowfully true! She died, as thousands die daily around us, of starvation.

“You reject this, and with indignation. You knew her socially and intimately, were with her frequently during her last illness, and know that she took food daily, and in sufficient quantities to sustain life. But, for all this, our sweet friend died of starvation. There are those who live not by bread alone, who must have heart-food or they can not live. Why are the cheeks of so many wives pale and wasted? The family physician, at fault, will look serious, and hint at organic derangement. He will recommend change of scene, exercise in the open air, more nutritious food—all merely professional, and not touching the case. If he could prescribe love!

“I saw, long ago, that she was failing. At first there crept over her pure face the thinnest veil of shadows. Something dreamy and pensive came into her eyes. She had a strange, earnest way of looking at her husband—tender, loving, but questioning. If she sat near him, or stood by his side, she leaned a little, as if drawn by an invisible attraction. I noticed, on his part, a cold, irresponsible manner—a self-consciousness that held him away from all just perception of her states of feeling. His thoughts were busy in a world where she was not present. All the while she was asking for love, and looking for its signs in tenderly-spoken words, in fond caresses, in kisses not coldly given, but burning with heart-fires. All the while she was hungering, and he kept back the full supply of food.

“Was he estranged from her? Had love already died? Had she failed to reach his ideal of a wife? Not so. He loved her—as such self-absorbed men love their wives; was proud of her; looked into no woman’s face and thought it sweeter than hers. She was making all his life pleasant, and he felt and acknowledged it with himself. But he was undemonstrative, as they say—did not express what he felt. Ah, that word undemonstrative, how often is it made to excuse mere indifference, or downright cold-heartedness! In fact, he was not worthy of such a wife, for he could not comprehend her nature, or, it may be, would not so rise out of his mere selfishness as to get a clearer vision. Be that as it may, he starved her by withholding the food her spirit craved with a never-dying hunger; and she paled and faded in his sight, wasting to ghostliness, and receding, until she passed the vale through which none return—passed, as many wives pass year by year, killed by the same disease.

“O man, consider and be wise, ere the days of darkness come, when it will be too late! Is there a pale face in your home? Do loving eyes look at you in wistful sadness from sunken orbits? Are you in daily fear that a blast falling down suddenly will sweep to the other side the spirit-like form which, once absent from your dwelling, will leave all its chambers deso-

late? So far, the physician has failed. Medicine does not reach the disease. Sea-bathing, mountain air, mineral springs—all have been tried, and still the white face grows whiter, the shrinking form more and more attenuate, the eyes sadder, the spirits more depressed. You have done and are still doing all in human power to save her. No—something yet remains! Try loving words and deeds. Lay your hand, as of old, tenderly on her head, smooth the hair with soft caresses; look down, with the look that blessed her years ago, into her dimming eyes, and let them take a new lustre from your own; tell her that you love her, for this will do her good; she is hungering for the words—has hungered for them, oh so long and so wearily! until faint with waiting. Give her the food for lack of which she has been dying daily for years. O man! again I say be wise, ere the days of darkness come, when it will be too late.”

Hermann paused, laid down his pen, and leaned back from the table.

“If I could have said all that was in my thought; but language is so inadequate! The ideas that throng my mind lose half their clearness when I attempt to express them. Ah, if I knew that even this poor work would not die—that it would save one life failing for lack of love.”

Another leaf in his Book of Memory was turned by an unseen hand, and on it was written: “Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.”

“Let it go forth,” he said, in a more cheerful voice, rising from the table. “If the seed is good it will fall into good ground somewhere. Man soweth, but with God is the increase.”

It went forth; and, like all good seed cast from the sower’s hand, fell by the wayside, on stony places, among thorns, and also into good ground. God knew of the increase, if Hermann did not. It was a part of *his* discipline to have faith and patience.

A month or a year may have passed. It matters not. Truth never dies; never loses its vitalizing force. Sitting alone, with a troubled countenance, was a man scarcely yet touching the meridian of life. A periodical which had engaged his attention lay half-closed on the table beside him. The trouble in his face was mingled with surprise, as though he had just received a painful revelation.

“Starved to death!” There was a shiver in his voice. “Is that indeed possible?”

Even as he said this, the door opened and a woman came in, with almost noiseless feet gliding slowly across the apartment. Her face had the exhaustion and pallor that long sickness leaves behind, and was veiled by a touching sadness. She did not look toward the man, but his eyes followed her as she moved about the room with an expression of deep and yearning interest. After obtaining what she sought, the woman—still without seeming to be conscious of the man’s presence—retired to the door through which she had entered, and was passing out,

when the man, speaking with suppressed feeling, said,

"Florence!"

There was evidence of surprise in the woman's manner as she paused and half-turned herself, now for the first time looking at him.

"Florence, you are very pale to-night." The voice was not steady.

What a strange, startled look came into the woman's face!

"Come!" He spoke tenderly, and held forth one hand in invitation. "Come, dear!"

The woman moved away from the door, crossing the room toward him, her eyes fixed searchingly on his countenance. There was a shade of doubt in her manner.

"Sit down." He moved a chair close to the one he occupied, but a little in front, so that he could look at her directly, and, taking her hand as she approached, drew her down into it. Still holding her hand after she was seated, and still gazing at her with eyes full of interest, he said:

"Are you not so well to-night, Florence? You look unusually pale."

Her cheeks found, on the instant, unwonted color. Her eyes shone with the flushing of tears. There was a motion of her lips, but no words parted them.

"It hurts me, darling, to see you drooping about in this sad, weary way. Can nothing be done? Have you pain to-night?"

The tenderness of voice was genuine. The man's heart was stirring from a long, dull sleep—and it was time.

"I have no pain." She bent forward quickly and hid her face against him, catching her breath and holding back a sob that was leaping past her throat.

With a touch that sent a thrill of joy along every awakening nerve, the man laid his hand upon her head, smoothing back the hair with soft caresses, then stooping over, he kissed her.

"What does this mean, Harvey?" The woman lifted herself all trembling, and drawing back, looked in a wild, eager way into her husband's face.

"What can it mean, Florence, but love? Are you not my pure, true-hearted wife? Oh that I could bring back the old light to your eyes, the old health to your cheeks, the old gladness to your heart! What can I do, Florence?"

"Love me as of old," she answered, passionately, flinging herself on his bosom. "Oh, my husband! I am starving for lack of love."

"Not starving, Florence! Oh, my wife! how can you say this when you are the most precious thing I have in this world? When the fear of losing you forever haunts me day and night?"

She raised herself again. As her face became visible her husband saw that it was almost radiant. The lost sweetness and beauty were restored.

"Am I awake or dreaming?" she said.

"You are awake, dear—wide awake, after a long nightmare," was answered.

"Perhaps I may sleep again." Her voice fell.

"Not if in my power to hold you away from enchanted ground. I may have seemed cold on the outside, Florence, but my heart was warm. It carries no image but yours. Trust me, for the future."

"Our lives, Harvey, touch the outside of things," she answered; "and if that be cold, how can we help feeling the chill? If there is no tenderness in the eyes and voice, if loving speech is withheld, how can we be sure that love is in the heart? There may be rain enough in the clouds, but if it fall not on the thirsty flowers they will perish. Don't forget this, Harvey; and if you love me say the sweet words often, that my soul may have assurances and joy."

If Hermann could have looked on this scene he would have known what kind of harvests ripened from seed he was scattering—in doubt and hope—broadcast among the people, wearied often, and sometimes fainting. But he could not know. And it was as well. Self-discipline and strife with doubt were needed for the perfecting of his life. The unrest, born of vague questionings as to use and duty, gave vitality to thought, quickened his mind for higher efforts, and held him to work that needed to be done. And it was a good work if such fruit as we have seen crowned many of its harvests. Faint not, Hermann! "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether will prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

OF the governmental Departments at Washington there is none with which the whole people are so closely connected as the General Post-Office. From this great centre stretch out and ramify in every direction, up and down and across the continent, ten thousand channels of intelligence, reaching, not only the great marts of commerce and the seats of learning, but the lowliest hamlet and the humblest cabin of the backwoodsman. With the greater diffusion of learning and general intelligence there is an increased demand for greater freedom of intercourse. People do not care so much whether the tariff adds five or ten cents to the cost of each pound of coffee, for they can do without it altogether if necessary; but their messages of business or pleasure must be carried with speed and delivered with certainty, or they will make a tumult about it at once. The newspaper, too, has become a popular necessity, and the man who does not take one is considered as living just beyond the pale of modern civilization. The newspaper is "daily bread" to the minds of the million, and if flood or tempest should delay its coming any amount of hard thoughts and open abuse is heaped upon postmasters and mail carriers.

The present Postmaster-General has won the

just plaudits of the people and the press for the ability and efficiency with which he has managed and improved the complicated machinery of this Department. Soon after he assumed control of the postal affairs of the country the whole system was interrupted or temporarily destroyed by the rebellion, in all the territory of the seceded States and portions of the border States. This necessarily imposed some heavy losses upon the Department, and caused considerable embarrassment for a time. The wisdom and energy of the Postmaster-General, however, have already relieved the system from these difficulties. Among other efforts to increase the efficiency and general usefulness of the Department under the present Administration, is the plan to lessen the number of "dead-letters" by returning them, as far as practicable, to the writers.

An hour's visit to the Dead-Letter Office under the courteous guidance and instruction of the "Third Assistant Postmaster-General," will show us why letters become "dead," and how they are brought to life again. The room where the first operation is performed upon the defunct missives is occupied by some twelve or fifteen clerks, and the appearance is strongly suggestive of an old-fashioned husking match. Huge piles of letters, that have come from every point of the compass and almost every country in the world, are lying upon the tables, and the operatives are very busy inspecting and classifying them according to their character or value. Each clerk makes five classes of the letters as he opens them.

First, and most valuable, are the "money letters," containing bank-notes or coin to the amount of one dollar or more. Whenever a letter of this description is opened, the contents are examined and immediately returned to the envelope, upon which the clerk indorses the amount and kind of money within, subscribing his own name or initials. A careful record is made up of all such letters, and they are then passed into the hands of a chief clerk, whose business it is to return them to the writers with proper instructions to the deputy postmasters to deliver the money and take receipts for it. The greatest care and vigilance is exercised in this branch of the business, and there is scarcely a possibility that a valuable letter which has once reached the Dead-Letter Office should fail of getting back, either to the writer or to the person originally addressed, provided that either of them can be found or heard of at the address given in the letter. The daily average of money now found is about two hundred dollars. Last year more than fifty thousand dollars was returned to the owners through this office. Sometimes money is inclosed in an envelope without any letter accompanying it, or, what is just as bad, without any proper signature. In such cases another effort is made to reach the person to whom it was addressed, and failing in this the money is deposited at the Department to be delivered to the rightful owner whenever he shall come forward and establish his claim.

The second class of letters made by the clerks are technically called "minors," and contain notes of hand, drafts, checks, bills of exchange, deeds, mortgages, insurance policies, and other papers that are or may become representatives of money value; and besides these a great variety of articles of more or less value, including jewelry, pictures, etc. All letters of this class are re-enveloped and indorsed by the clerks who open them, and, after being carefully registered, are sent to another office to be returned to the owners.

Many letters are received at the Department making anxious inquiries for money or valuables sent through the mail and known to have failed in reaching the persons addressed. These letters can not expedite their return. The lost letter must remain two months advertised at the local office before it is sent to Washington, and then it must be found before it can be returned to the owner. Formerly there was quite a collection of curiosities at the Department, composed of articles found in dead-letters without any one to claim them. This has been dispensed with, and every letter containing any thing of value is returned to the owner if it is at all practicable.

The third class of letters consists of such as contain stamps, coin in less sums than one dollar, receipts for money or property, legal documents, etc. These, being of less value, are not formally registered with a description of their contents, but a special clerk devotes his time to returning them to the owners.

Last, but not least in number of the preserved letters, are those which contain no valuable inclosure, but are so dated and signed that it is possible to return them to the writers. The Department is now acting upon the conviction that persons would rather pay postage to get back their lost letters, though of little importance, and thus know that they were not received by the persons addressed, than to have them destroyed. As these letters pass twice through the mail, coming to and returning from the Dead-Letter Office, a law of Congress authorizes double postage upon them. These letters constitute about one half of all the dead-letters returned to the General Post-Office. The other half of this great multitude of stray epistles is composed of such as are not *dated* at any post-town or office (the post-mark itself being frequently illegible), and have no proper signature. These, and some others of an utterly worthless class, are first torn to shreds by a machine, to render them illegible, and then sold to the paper-makers. There are now about thirty clerks engaged in opening and returning dead-letters. They dispose of from ten to twelve thousand a day, amounting to several millions in the course of a year.

It is pertinent to ask the question, why do so many letters fail to reach the persons to whom they are addressed? It is evidently no fault of the mail-carriers, for each dead-letter has been to the office to which it was directed, and remained there several months. Is it because our

people are so migratory in their habits that they can not remain stationary long enough to have a letter delivered through the mail? This principle accounts for it in part, but there are many other causes. Thousands of letters are directed to the wrong post-office by the writer, who merely guesses that he is sending it to the right one. Other thousands have the name of the party addressed so imperfectly written that the owner of the letter himself could not tell that it belonged to him. Others have the name of the State so imperfectly written that the letters are quite as likely to go in the wrong direction as the right. It is better generally to avoid abbreviations and write the name of a State in full, thus preventing the possibility of going in the wrong direction. We have seven States—Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, and Mississippi—beginning with M. The abbreviations of these States imperfectly written will frequently send a letter two or three thousand miles in the wrong direction.

But one of the most active causes in the production of dead-letters at present is the existence of the war. The Union army, of more than half a million of men, is composed, to a large extent, of those who have left homes, fathers, mothers, wives, or sweet-hearts to fight the battles of the Republic. Most of these men can and do write letters at short intervals to friends and relatives, and, owing to the changes that are constantly going on in society, many of them fail to reach the desired destination, and after a few months turn up in the dead-letter office to be consigned to the paper-mill. The confusion and changes of residence in the Border States contribute to the same result. Every effort which administrative ability can suggest is being made to lessen the number of "dead-letters;" and with the return of peace and the restoration of the Union, their number will

be reduced to a very small per-centage upon the countless millions that are sent through the mail.

If you wish your letter to reach its destination, or, failing to find the person to whom it is sent, to be returned, you can secure this, almost beyond the possibility of failure, by observing the following directions:

1. Direct the letter legibly, writing the name of the person to whom it is sent, his town, county, if possible, and State, upon the envelope. It is well also to repeat this either at the head or foot of the letter itself. If he is to be found there, the letter will reach him almost without fail.

2. At the head of the letter write your own address—town, county, and State in full. It is not enough to give the town merely, for there are so many places of the same name in different counties and States that this alone gives no sufficient clew to the one in question. If your letter is dated merely "Jackson," how can the office know which of the 150 "Jacksons" in the country has the honor of being your residence? Then sign your name clearly at the end. If you indulge in a fancy signature, which only yourself and the teller of the bank where you keep your funds can read, do not use it. The Office has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, and has no means of identifying your cabalistic signature. Write your name in full. It is not sufficient to sign "Your affectionate brother Bob," or "your own loving Maggie." For all the office can know there are in your town a score of "Bobs" and "Maggies" just as "affectionate" and "loving" as you are. If you observe these directions, and the letter fails to reach the person for whom it was intended, you will, in due time, receive it through the Dead-Letter Office, provided always that you have not in the mean while changed your residence.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE capture of New Orleans proves to have been one of the most brilliant exploits of modern warfare. The brief mention made of it in our last Record was drawn wholly from Southern sources, our own official reports not having come to hand. We are now able to furnish a *resumé* of the whole series of operations. Our fleet, the largest ever assembled under the American flag, consisted of 8 steamships, 16 gun-boats, and 21 mortar schooners, 45 sail in all, carrying 286 guns. The whole fleet was commanded by Flag-officer D. S. Farragut; the mortar-vessels being under the special command of Commodore David D. Porter. This fleet entered the Mississippi, and ascending about 25 miles reached Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on opposite sides of the river, about 75 miles below the city. Here a chain had been thrown across the river; this, with the forts, the steam-rams, and gun-boats, had been supposed, as afterward appeared, to be quite sufficient to protect New Orleans from any possibility of attack. Yet it had been announced that the whole

course of the river above the forts was guarded by batteries and intrenchments. The bombardment of these forts was opened on the 18th of April. This continued for six days. As afterward appeared great damage was done to the forts, although the vigor of their fire was not sensibly diminished. Fire-rafts were sent down in hopes to destroy our fleet. These were found to be useless. They were quietly taken in hand, towed ashore, and suffered to burn out. At length Commodore Farragut determined to pass the forts and proceed to the attack of New Orleans. At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th the steamers and gun-boats destined for the expedition received the signal to advance. They were formed into two columns; that on the right under Commodore Farragut, that on the left under Captain Theodorus Bailey. There were in all 16 steamers and gun-boats, two of the latter, however, did not succeed in passing the forts. They were soon discovered, and a furious fire was opened upon them from the forts, which was replied to with vigor, the vessels, meanwhile, pressing on. The *Varuna*, Captain Charles S. Boggs, having

passed the forts, found itself the leading vessel and surrounded by a squadron of hostile steamers; to each of them in passing a broadside was given; four of these were thus driven on shore and left in flames. The *Varuna* was badly cut up in this combat, but thus far no one on board had been injured. The *Varuna* then engaged a vessel of the enemy iron-clad about the bow, so that shot were of no use against that part. The rebel attempted to butt the *Varuna*, which in turn endeavored to reach his vulnerable points. The rebel succeeded in his effort; but in so doing exposed his side, receiving a broadside which crippled his engine and set him on fire. The *Varuna* was also set on fire and the flames were with difficulty extinguished. At this moment another iron-clad steamer bore down upon the doomed *Varuna*, struck her heavily, and backed off for another blow. Seeing destruction inevitable, Captain Boggs so manoeuvred that when the second blow was received, the unprotected side of the enemy was exposed. The blow crushed in the side of the *Varuna* leaving her in a sinking condition; but her fire, the last of which was delivered as her decks went under water, drove her enemy on shore in flames. The sinking *Varuna* was run on shore, her wounded safely landed, and her crew taken off by boats from the squadron. In this sharp fight she had destroyed six of the vessels of the enemy.—Meanwhile the steamer *Brooklyn*, Captain Craven, had lost sight of the remainder of the fleet in the darkness, and while under the fire of Fort Jackson found herself butted by the Confederate ram *Manassas*, which had been relied upon to sweep our fleet from the river. No great damage was done, and the ram soon disappeared to meet its fate from another vessel. A few minutes later the *Brooklyn* was attacked by a large steamer, which was disposed of by a single broadside. Immediately after she found herself abreast of Fort St. Philip; pouring in a volley the guns of the fort were silenced, and the steamer passed on and encountered several gun-boats of the enemy, flinging into them broadsides of grape with terrible effect. The *Brooklyn*, fighting alone, was under fire an hour and a half and suffered severely, losing 8 men killed and 26 wounded.—The *Hartford*, Commodore Farragut's flag-ship, had a narrow escape. A fire-raft came down upon her accompanied by the ram *Manassas*. The rigging of the *Hartford* caught fire, and the steamer grounded at the same time. The ram was at this moment engaged by another vessel, and hauled off; the fire was extinguished, and the *Hartford* was got afloat, having been badly cut up.—The steamer *Mississippi* had the honor of having given the finishing blow to the *Manassas*, a little further up the river, chasing her on shore where she was deserted by her crew, and drifted down the river on fire and fast sinking.

The forts being passed and the Confederate fleet destroyed, there was no serious obstacle in the way of approaching New Orleans. Two works known as the Chalmette batteries opened fire, but they were speedily silenced. As the fleet approached the city the vessels loaded with cotton were set on fire, and the sugar in the city was destroyed by order of General Lovell: the amount of property thus destroyed is estimated at eight or ten millions of dollars. Coming in front of the city, a demand was made for its surrender, which was sullenly complied with, as noted in our last Record. A detachment was sent to take possession of the defenses above the city, erected to prevent our approach down the river. At Carrollton, eight miles above New Orleans, a formid-

able work was found. A portion of the fleet was then sent up the river, capturing Baton Rouge on the way. Our intelligence from this comes wholly through Southern sources. At the latest dates it had reached Vicksburg, 400 miles above New Orleans, had demanded the surrender of the city, under pain of bombardment if this demand was not complied with.

Meanwhile forts Jackson and St. Philip had been passed, but not captured, by Commodore Farragut's expedition. Commodore Porter, in command of the mortar fleet, demanded the surrender of these forts immediately after the passage of the fleet. They were rendered of no use to the enemy after the capture of New Orleans, and on the 28th of April the commander decided to comply with the summons. The garrisons had made a brave defense, and the honors of war were accorded to them, the officers being allowed to retain their side-arms, and the men were released on parole. The surrender included that of the three remaining steamers and a formidable iron battery which had been sent down from New Orleans in an unfinished condition. While the articles of capitulation were being drawn up, this battery was towed out into the stream, set fire to, and sent adrift toward our vessels. She blew up in the stream, doing no harm beyond wounding one of their own men in Fort St. Philip, though had the explosion taken place near our vessels, they would have all been destroyed. Possession having been taken of the forts, the remaining steamers of the Confederate fleet were taken in hand. They surrendered on demand, unconditionally, and as a punishment for the treacherous attempt to blow up our fleet while negotiations for surrender were going on under a flag of truce, the crews were put in close confinement. Fort Jackson was found to be a total ruin from the severe fire to which it had been exposed.—Our loss in the whole series of operations resulting in the capture of New Orleans was only 36 killed and 123 wounded. That of the enemy was very severe, the boats which were sunk carrying down with them their entire crews. It is estimated that they lost from 1000 to 1500 men, besides several hundred prisoners.

General Butler, after the surrender of the forts, went up the river to New Orleans, and took formal possession of the city, which was, on the 1st of May, placed under martial law; the circulation of Confederate notes was prohibited; women who publicly insult our troops were ordered to be sent to the calaboose as loose characters; the newspapers were placed under strict surveillance; and, finally, the functions of the local government were vested in the military authorities.

While the lower course of the Mississippi was thus wrested from the Confederates, important operations were going on in its upper waters. After the abandonment of Island No. 10, the next strong point of the enemy was Fort Wright (known also as Fort Pillow), about 50 miles above Memphis, the only remaining place of any importance above New Orleans. This point had been watched rather than formally attacked by our gun-boats, under command of Captain Davis, who had succeeded to the command of our flotilla, temporarily vacated by Commodore Foote, who was disabled by a severe wound received in a previous engagement. Here also were gathered the entire Confederate gun-boats and rams on the Mississippi, except those at New Orleans. On the 8th of May the Confederate flotilla came up the river and made a violent attack upon our ves-

sels—eight of their gun-boats, four being provided with rams, assaulting our fleet. After a sharp conflict of an hour they retired, losing three of their boats, blown up and sunk. The siege of the fort was continued until the 31st, when it was discovered that it had been abandoned, the guns being carried off, and all supplies and munitions destroyed. Our fleet then dropped down toward Memphis, which was reached on the evening of June 5. The entire Confederate flotilla, consisting of eight rams and gun-boats, was concentrated in front of the city, prepared to meet our fleet. Early on the morning of the 6th the fight commenced. The action lasted an hour and a half. The result was that seven of the eight Confederate boats were taken or destroyed, only one escaping by superior speed. This was a conflict of vessels, in which ours were manifestly superior. The only casualty on our side was the wounding of Colonel Ellet, commander of the ram fleet, by a pistol-shot early in the action. One of our rams was disabled in the fight. Immediately after the battle Commodore Davis dispatched a message to the Mayor of Memphis, saying, "I have respectfully to request that you will surrender the city of Memphis to the authority of the United States." To this request the Mayor replied that the civil authorities had no means of defense, and that the city was in the hands of the Union forces. Memphis and New Orleans having thus been captured, it may safely be assumed that, as we write, the whole Mississippi, from its source to its mouth, is in the hands of the National Government.

Corinth, the Confederate strong-hold of the West, has been evacuated almost without a struggle. For nearly two months after the great battle of Shiloh General Halleck had been advancing upon the enemy, slowly but surely, fortifying each step in advance, and making ready roads for retreat in case of reverse. At the close of May our lines were close to the enemy's works; but on the 30th of the month, when every thing was in readiness for an assault in force, it was discovered that Corinth had been evacuated. The movement had evidently been going on for some days, for every thing of value had been carried away or destroyed. At the distance of a fortnight we have no entirely reliable accounts of the direction of the retreat of the great army of General Beauregard. It is conjectured by some that the movement has been going on for some time, and that a considerable part of his troops had been sent to strengthen the Confederate army at Richmond. This, however, rests upon mere conjecture. On the 4th of June General Halleck telegraphed that General Pope, with 40,000 men, was thirty miles south of Corinth, pressing the enemy hard, and that he had taken 10,000 prisoners and deserters, with 15,000 stand of arms; and a week later he announced that the enemy had fallen back to Tusilla, 50 miles from Corinth by railroad, General Beauregard being at Okelona; their loss from casualties, desertions, and captures was estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000. These, however, are mere reports, which still remain to be verified.

The evacuation of Yorktown was followed by the surrender of Norfolk to a small force sent from Fortress Monroe under General Wool. This took place on the 10th of May; the Confederate troops under General Huger abandoning the place on the previous day, after having destroyed the navy-yard, formerly the largest in the United States. The Union forces, before reaching the city, were met by the Mayor and other officials, with whom articles of capitula-

tion were agreed upon. Immediately after the surrender of Norfolk came the abandonment of the Confederate works at Craney Island, and the destruction of the famous steamer *Merrimac*, or *Virginia*. After her encounter with the *Monitor* she had been taken to Norfolk, repaired, and provided with heavier ordnance. She subsequently had been stationed at the mouth of the river, guarding it, and threatening our vessels in Hampton Roads, without, however, making any attack. It is now apparent that there was something defective about her. After Norfolk was taken she had no place of refuge. According to the report of Commodore Tatnall, who had been placed in command of her, the James River pilots assured him that if she were lightened she might be taken up to Richmond; but when her armament had been thrown overboard, and she was no longer in fighting condition, they said that she still drew too much water to ascend the river. There was then no alternative but to destroy her to prevent her from falling into our hands. So on the 12th of May she was abandoned and set on fire, and shortly after blew up.

Our forces, meanwhile, have experienced two severe reverses. A naval expedition, consisting of the *Monitor*, *Galena*, *Naugatuck*, and some other vessels, were sent up the James River to operate against Richmond. Approaching within a few miles of the city, the river was found barricaded, and defended by Fort Darling, situated on a high bluff, from which a plunging fire was poured upon our vessels. The *Galena*, which was plated with about two and a half inches of iron, suffered severely, and the 100-pound gun of the *Naugatuck* burst early in the fight; the *Monitor*, though repeatedly struck, was wholly uninjured. But none of our vessels were able to elevate their guns so as to bear upon the works on the bluff. The fleet was forced to withdraw. This took place on the 15th of May.

Of much more apparent consequence was the defeat of our division, under General Banks, in the Valley of the Shenandoah. Banks had advanced for 100 miles up this valley, driving the enemy before him beyond Strasburg. At this point the greater part of his troops were withdrawn from him in order to strengthen other divisions, particularly that of M'Dowell, so that he had left barely 5000 men. The Confederate General Jackson had collected a force, estimated at more than 20,000 men, with which he fell unexpectedly upon the division of Banks thus weakened. The first attack was made, May 23, upon the advance, consisting mainly of a Maryland regiment, under Colonel Kenly, stationed at Front Royal, numbering about 900 men. This body, after a sharp resistance, was overpowered, the greater portion being either killed or captured. Jackson then advanced upon Strasburg, where the main body under Banks was stationed. Banks retreated, being hotly pursued, and attacked at Middletown and Winchester, but finally succeeded in reaching the Potomac, which he crossed on the 25th, having marched 53 miles, 35 in one day, subject to constant attacks on front, rear, and flanks, by which he suffered considerable loss. The retreat was skillfully conducted, and of the whole train, consisting of nearly 500 wagons, all but about 50 were saved. This sudden movement of Jackson, whose force was greatly exaggerated, produced great alarm in Washington. It was surmised that a large part of the Confederate army at Richmond had been secretly dispatched to the Shenandoah, with the design of attacking the capital and carrying the war into the Free States. Telegraphic dispatches were sent to Pennsylvania,

New York, and New England, demanding additional regiments at once. These orders were complied with on the spot. The order reached New York at 11 o'clock on Sunday night, and at 9 on Monday morning the New York Seventh started for Washington, followed almost immediately by other regiments. Jackson, however, advanced only as far as the Potomac, and immediately began to fall back. In the mean time Frémont set out from the westward, by forced marches through the mountains, with the hope of cutting off the retreat. In this he was unsuccessful, but succeeded in coming up with the rear of the enemy at Strasburg on the 1st of June; Jackson hurried on in his retreat. He was overtaken on 8th at Cross Keys, near Harrisonburg, drawn up in line of battle, and strongly posted. Here a sharply contested action took place, in which Jackson was worsted. Our loss is estimated at 125 killed and 500 wounded. That of the enemy was much greater. General Frémont reports, on the following day, that 500 of their dead and many wounded were found on the battle-field. Jackson continued his retreat to Port Republic on the Shenandoah. Here a detachment from General Shields's corps had just reached; this was attacked by Jackson, and forced back upon the main body, when the enemy in turn fell back, and continued his retreat, apparently upon Charlottesville. Banks in the mean time recrossed the Potomac, and advanced to his former position.

In the Southern Department important measures are in progress. Pensacola has been evacuated, and Galveston, Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston, are threatened with attack.—General Hunter, who commands this Department, on the 9th of May issued an order stating that the States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, having been placed under martial law, and "slavery and martial law in a free country being altogether incompatible, the persons in these three States heretofore held as slaves are therefore declared forever free."—President Lincoln thereupon issued a proclamation that this order of General Hunter was unauthorized by the Government; that no officer has authority to issue an order freeing the slaves in any State; and that this order of General Hunter was void.—Hon. Edward Stanley, formerly of North Carolina, has been appointed Military Governor of that State. He announced his purpose to carry into effect the laws of the State, among which is one forbidding the instruction of negroes; he consequently ordered the schools which had been opened for contrabands to be discontinued.

The main interest of the month has been directed toward our grand army under General M'Clellan, which has steadily advanced upon Richmond. In our last Record we noted the evacuation of Yorktown on the 4th of May, and the sharp action at Williamsburg on the 6th. The enemy retreated in good order upon Richmond, carrying nearly all of their arms and munitions, our army slowly following. By the 20th of May they had mainly reached the Chickahominy, a small river flowing through a swampy tract, at a distance of from 6 to 15 miles from Richmond, on the opposite side of which, covering the city, the enemy seem resolved to make a stand for the defense of their capital, which they declare is to be held to the last extremity. Our forces have been mainly delayed on the eastern side, owing to the necessity of constructing roads and bridges to cross the river and swamps. Continual skirmishing, amounting in some cases to battles of considerable importance, have taken place. The most important of these during the month of May took place at

Hanover Court House, 16 miles north of Richmond, on the 27th. A detachment from General Porter's army corps was sent here to cut off the communications with the city by the Fredericksburg Railroad. This was successfully accomplished, after a sharp fight, in which our loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, is stated to have been 53 killed and 326 wounded and missing. That of the enemy is represented to have been 1000, including some 500 prisoners. We buried 100 of their dead upon the field.—In the mean time portions of our army had crossed the Chickahominy, and at the close of the month the extreme advance was within about five miles of Richmond. This position, which was near a place henceforth to be known as Fair Oaks, was held on the 31st of May by about 6000 men under General Casey. At this time a furious storm arose, which swelled the Chickahominy and flooded the swamps, apparently cutting off the connection between our forces on the two sides of the stream. Taking advantage of this, the enemy made an attack in force. Casey's force was driven back in considerable confusion, losing their guns and baggage. The retreat was checked by Heintzelman and Kearney, who were on that side of the river; at the same time Sumner succeeded in bringing across Sedgwick's and Richardson's divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and recovered all the ground that had been lost. On the following morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but were every where repulsed, and fell back within their lines. Our loss in this action—which is next after that of Shiloh, the most destructive thus far during the war—is stated in the official report to have been 890 killed, 3627 wounded, 1222 missing—a total of 5739. General M'Clellan claims this as a very decided victory. The attack was made in great force, with every favoring circumstance, by the flower of the Confederate troops. Jefferson Davis was present during a part of the engagement, and Joseph Johnston, the senior General of the army, who was wounded on the first day. Davis, on the 2d of June, issued an order complimenting his troops for the gallantry which they displayed.—As we close our Record, on the 13th of June, the two great armies lie opposite to each other, face to face, almost within cannon-shot of the Confederate capital, for the possession of which a fierce struggle is daily anticipated. Of the comparative strength of the armies no positive account can be given; although it is supposed that the enemy outnumber us, while we are presumed to have the advantage in respect to condition, discipline, and equipments; they however having the counterbalancing advantage of a position chosen by themselves and strongly fortified.

MEXICO.

The French troops which, after the withdrawal of the Spanish and British forces, had been supposed to be pushing without danger of serious opposition upon the capital, appear to have suffered a severe defeat near Puebla, on 5th of May. The reports of the Mexican commanders must be received with caution; but according to them, General Lorencz with 4000 men attacked the Mexicans, and were totally defeated with the loss of half of their number, the Mexicans losing comparatively few. This is hardly credible, since the same account says that a renewed attack was anticipated on the following day; which, however, did not take place, the French taking up the retreat followed by the Mexicans. It appears to be sure, however, that the French have met with a repulse.

EUROPE.

American affairs still continue to engross the greater share of public attention. The distress in Great Britain, France, and in a less degree on the Continent, arising from the scarcity of cotton and the diminished demand for manufactures, is great and increasing. The British and French press, which is mainly hostile to the United States, teems with articles underrating our successes, prophesying the utter impossibility of putting down the insurrection, and reiterating the statement that the French Emperor is about to interfere on the side of the South, and that the British Government will join in the interference.—The recent visit to Richmond of M. Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, has given rise to an abundance of surmise in Europe as well as in this country; but nothing authentic as to its object has been made public. The fact, however, that it was made with the assent of our Government, and that the Minister on his return was greeted by the President and Secretary of State, seems to be a satisfactory assurance that it had no purport hostile to us.—If any purpose existed on the part of the Governments of Europe to interfere, or even to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, as a matter of fact, it must have been formed since the close of March, or at least have been wholly unexpected by the Commissioners sent to Europe to endeavor to effect this very object. On the 21st of March, Mr. Rost, one of these Commissioners, addressed a report from Madrid to the Government at Richmond, giving a full account of the results of the Commission. This document fell into our hands, and has been published by the authority of the Secretary of State. The main points as narrated by Mr. Rost are, that the interviews between Messrs. Mason and Slidell and M. Thouvenel, the French Minister, had “led to no result. The Emperor Napoleon considered the disruption of the American Union and of its rising navy as a great misfortune to France, and was of late inclined to hope that it might be reconstructed, and further, that he would under no circumstances incur the enmity of the North by taking the lead in recognizing the Southern Confederacy.” The prospect as to Great Britain was, according to Mr. Rost, still less favorable. “The present Administration was to a great extent composed of Abolitionists, and wanted the support of the Abolition faction for its maintenance in power, deluding itself at the same time with the vain hope that if the civil war was protracted, and the cultivation of cotton ceased, in whole or in part, the monopoly of that staple would pass from the Confederate States to India, as a compensation for the present sufferings of the British manufacturing population.”—Mr. Rost’s special mission was to Spain, and in an interview with Señor Calderon Collantes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he endeavored to secure the recognition of the Confederacy by Spain, independent of the other Powers. He argued that it was “for her interest that North America should be possessed by two great powers, who should balance each

other;” that the South, from similarity of institutions and habits, was the natural ally of Spain; that her independence secured, she with Spain and Brazil, all slaveholding powers, “would have the monopoly of the system of labor which alone could make intertropical America and the regions adjoining to it available for the uses of man. Nothing could give an idea of the career of prosperity which would thus be opened.”—Señor Collantes, according to Mr. Rost, was quite assured that on the question of secession the right was wholly with the South; and he believed that she would succeed “provided the people could stand the privations which a protracted contest would bring upon them;” but the question was one of fact “whether the South had the power to maintain herself against the efforts of her opponent, and thus far she had not made that proof, and further time must elapse before the Queen’s Government could recognize her.” He then alluded to the fact that all the expeditions against Cuba had sailed from Southern ports, and intimated that in case the South became a strong power her first attempt at conquest would be made upon that island. Mr. Rost endeavored to convince him that formerly both the North and the South had wanted Cuba; the first for the profits of its trade, the second in order to make of it three new slave States, which “would for a time have equalized the power of the free and slaveholding States in the United States Senate. That with the reconstruction of the Union the motive of the South would necessarily revive, but it does not now, and never will again exist, provided that the independence of the Confederate States is recognized and securely established.”—These arguments of Mr. Rost were unavailing. He could gain no satisfaction from the Spanish Minister, and in conclusion gives it as his opinion that Spain “would not act separately from France and England; and that nothing was to be expected from any of them until the Northern Government is ready to treat with us as an independent Power.” Such being his view of the state of affairs, Mr. Rost suggests that it is not “consistent with the dignity of the Confederate Government to keep abroad commissioners who are under no circumstances to be received or listened to.”

The London Exhibition opened on the 1st of May. Its success thus far seems to have fallen short of what was anticipated.—The reconstruction of the navy, by sheathing vessels with heavy iron is pushed rapidly forward. Three-deckers are being cut down to batteries, with turrets for the guns, according to the plans of Captain Coles. Immense ships like the *Warrior* seem to be tacitly acknowledged to be an expensive failure.—Meanwhile the Defense Commission, while recognizing the importance of iron-cased ships and batteries, have unanimously reported that fortifications must continue to form an essential feature of the defenses of the country.—For a general resumé of the affairs of Italy and other parts of Europe, we refer to the Editor’s Foreign Bureau, on subsequent pages of this Magazine.

Literary Notices.

North America. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Mr. Trollope needs no introduction to the American public. One of the half-dozen clever living novelists, he has shown the possession of the power of keen perception of character; a traveler for years over

all those parts of the world sufficiently civilized to be covered by the net-work of the British Post-office, he has got rid of the thoroughly insular prejudice which measures every thing by its conformity to or disagreement with English habits and man-

Writing primarily for the English public, Mr. Trollope enters somewhat largely into the question of the present war, discussing at length questions which we consider settled, and sometimes advancing views which our larger knowledge warrants us in pronouncing erroneous. We can not quarrel with him, as an Englishman, for believing that the British Government has acted in a wholly friendly manner toward the United States in the matter of the

Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession, by W. G. BROWNLOW. (George W. Childs.) If a man was ever thoroughly in earnest, that man is "Parson Brownlow." He has written a book, the title of which would lead one who knew nothing of the man to expect a didactic essay. Nothing further than this can be conceived from the real purport of the fiery Parson. Secession to him is no abstraction: it is a veritable monster, which he knows as a living thing; which he has fought, from which he and his have suffered. We must know, too, who he is, what he has done, and how he came to do it. He, "Parson Brownlow," was born in Virginia in 1805. Left an orphan, he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and mastered the trade. Then he thought that his vocation was something other than building houses, so he went to school, learned what he might, and entered the Methodist traveling ministry. The Parson is determined that we shall know him. With amusing *naïveté* he tells us all about himself: he is six feet high, has weighed 175 pounds; has a capital constitution, never smoked a cigar or chewed tobacco; never drank a dram of liquor except when prescribed as a medicine; never swore an oath; never played a game at cards; or courted a woman but one, whom he married. "I have had," he goes on

to say, "as strong a voice as any man in East Tennessee, where I have resided for the last thirty years, and have a family of seven children. I have been speaking all the time; and for the last twenty-five years I have edited and published a Whig newspaper having a larger circulation than any political paper in the State, and even larger than all the papers in East Tennessee put together. I have taken part in all the religious and political controversies of my day and time." Such is the Parson himself—a most notable man in many respects; and his history ought to have furnished the materials for a much better book than he has given. Perhaps the most notable portions are his replies to sundry persons who wrote to him criticising his course and offering various suggestions. Thus one Mr. Jordan Clark, of Camden, Arkansas, is vastly pleased to hear that Parson Brownlow has made up his mind to join the Democratic party. The Parson assures him in reply he will never do this "So long as there are sects in churches, weeds in gardens, fleas in hog-pens, dirt in victuals, disputes in families, wars with nations, water in the ocean, bad men in America, or base women in France"—a very emphatic way of saying *never*, which one would suppose quite sufficient; but Mr. Brownlow goes on to heap up impossibilities: "When I join the Democracy the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church. When Jordan Clark, of Arkansas, is President of the Republic of Great Britain, by the universal suffrage of a contented people; when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert by a county court in Kansas; when Congress obliges by law James Buchanan to marry a European princess; when good men cease to go to heaven and bad men to hell," etc., etc., "then will I change my political faith, and come out on the side of Democracy." We submit that this may pass for very smart writing for a newspaper; but it is hardly worth reproducing in a book. The opponents of Mr. Brownlow are characterized with much more force than elegance. A newspaper in Knoxville is "edited by a scoundrel, debauchee, and coward, selected by more unprincipled men than himself, because of his adaptation to the dirty work he is employed to do."—The story of the sufferings of Mr. Brownlow and the other Union men in Tennessee is one of deep interest. We can almost pardon the fierce manner in which it is told. There is, moreover, a spice of grim humor here and there; as, for example, in the closing paragraph of a letter written from Knoxville Jail to the Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War at Richmond, Mr. Brownlow says: "You are reported to have said to a gentleman in Richmond that I am a bad man, dangerous to the Confederacy, and that you desire me out of it. Just give me my passports, and I will do for your Confederacy more than the Devil has ever done—I will quit the country." While we honor the indomitable courage of Mr. Brownlow, and acknowledge a high respect for him, we can not help wishing that his book had been more connected in manner; and, above all, that the tone of bitter feeling which runs through it had been softened down. He himself appears, on a review of his printed pages, to have suspected as much, for he says, in conclusion: "I have spoken plainly, vehemently—perhaps bitterly: but I could not do otherwise in so dear a concernment as my country's good. I feel that I may appropriate the prophet's language: the 'word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones; I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay.' . . . God grant that the people may now raise their eyes and lift their

hands to the eternal and propitious Throne, in fervent supplication that the Father of Mercies will compose the distraction of our suffering land, and eclipse the splendor of our annals in the past by the future renown, for ages to come, of the Re-United States."

Olive Blake's Good Work, by J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, is the latest addition (No. 188) to "Harper's Library of Select Novels." Olive Blake is the wealthy daughter of a London banker, of the great house of Petersham and Blake. She has married, at the desire of her father, whose ambition is that the "House" shall be perpetuated, the son of his partner. She finds out in time that she is not the legal wife of her husband, for he had previously run away with the beautiful daughter of a country clergyman; and her "Good Work" consists in her determined effort to restore the good name of this woman by discovering legal evidence that she was duly married to Mr. Petersham. The story is told in succession by three of the persons who bear prominent parts in it; and these separate narratives are dovetailed into each other in a manner which will compare not unfavorably with the admirably constructed tales of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

Christian Worship: Services for the Church; with Order of Vespers and Hymns. The initials ("S. O." and "F. A. F.") appended to the admirably-written preface, indicate that this volume is the joint production of two of the most esteemed clergymen of the Unitarian denomination, and that it is specially designed for the use of that order. Its object is to "give a regular morning and evening service which shall duly combine freedom and order, or the variety which is the spice with the constancy which is the bread of life, and save us from the monotony of a wholly set ritual and the distraction of a wholly variable choice." While the volume is designed especially for the service of a particular Church, it is in nowise dogmatic or controversial. The time-hallowed treasures of ancient devotion have been freely used, but with the chants and prayers of former ages are intermingled the stirring lyrics which have sprung from the religious life of the new time. The collection of hymns is made up of the choicest examples of sacred lyrics, new and old. One of these, by William Cullen Bryant, "Lord, who ordainest for mankind," will, we trust, find its way from this volume into all future collections of poetry for public worship. (Published by James Miller.)

Children's Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals. (Harper and Brothers.) This volume, with its sixty illustrations by HARRISON WIER, is one which will be a favorite with all children, whether of larger or smaller growth. Dogs and horses, elephants and lions, monkeys and cats, eagles and parrots, birds and beasts of all kinds, contribute their share of entertainment and instruction. It is a capital book, in spirit, design, execution, and illustration.

MR. GEORGE ADLARD'S monogram upon the *Sutton-Dudleys of England and the Dudleys of Massachusetts* is an excellent specimen of a kind of work which it is to be desired might be more frequently undertaken by gentlemen of means and leisure. Such minute genealogical and biographical researches not unfrequently throw much light upon general history, and are gladly welcomed by students. Mr. Adlard has brought to light some curious documents, among which is Cotton Mather's "More Particular Account of the Life of Mr. Thomas Dudley, several times Governor of Massachusetts Colony in New England." (Charles B. Richardson, Publisher.)

Editor's Table.

VICTORY.—Life itself is, and always has been, a battle; and every battle must end in victory or defeat. Down deep in the strata of the earth, as well as upon its surface, we find the marks of the great conflicts that have always been waging; and the little polyp of the primary geological age began that struggle for life with the elements of nature or with hostile tribes of animated being which Man, the lord of creation, is now continuing on a scale of destructiveness commensurate with his exalted powers. He impresses into his military service all elements and forces beneath him, and tries to win to his side the merciful ear and the almighty arm of Heaven. His weapons are forged from the mine, and his projectiles are hurled by explosive substances that are dug from the earth; so that he summons almost hell itself to be his ally against his foes. Gold supplies the men and munitions, and fire and water lend the speed, and iron makes the arms that are now deciding who are to be masters of the globe; and just at this time our own hitherto peaceful continent, and even our own peace-loving country, is the main arena of struggle. We are all compelled, in spite of ourselves, to confess that war is one of the necessities of civil society; or, at least, as long as man is man, and not an angel of God, there will be times in which nations must assert their independence by the strong arm or else cease to exist.

Nor is the struggle confined by any means to warfare. Every department of business is a field of intense competition; and if we could only hear the cries of the wounded and the shouts of the victors in the great fight for fortune or fame, our ears would be stunned by the din or pierced by the shrieks. Every day, nay, every hour, some field is lost or won within our sight; and this great mart of traffic is a Waterloo whose strife can never cease. Not only do individuals strive with each other, but streets and neighborhoods have their feuds; and any one who watches the course of business or society will see at once that a constant contest is going on as to which quarter shall win the purse in trade or wear the feather in fashion. An observing man might write a most instructive history of the war of sections and neighborhoods in our great city, and trace the rise or wreck of private fortunes to the issue of strifes for the supremacy. Every line of business, too, has its conflicts, and that same struggle between the central power and sectional privileges which makes up so much of the history of nations goes on in every branch of traffic; and certain great corporations or leading firms are constantly accused of threatening to swallow up or at least to domineer over the smaller establishments. In fact, nothing seems to be wholly at peace; and the holy Church itself not only rings with the war-cries of polemic theology, but is obliged to fight for its very standing-places with the world of business; and many a lofty spire in this metropolis has already been compelled to bow its head to the victorious forces of the bank and the warehouse, and remove the head-quarters of Faith to make room for the inexorable staff of Mammon and his advancing legions.

Perhaps it is this very fact, that the whole life is such a struggle, that leads us to take so intense an interest in war, and hang our hearts as well as our fortunes upon the issue of battles. If war were wholly unlike our usual life it would be far less exciting, and too foreign from our feelings and habits

to command our thought. It would not come home to us as it does were it not that it is a mirror of our own life, and like an eventful drama it holds before us what we are all going through. The combatants bring into clearer consciousness the militant powers of our own nature; and as we watch Murat's charge or Nelson's broadside we too are in the strife, and are quite sure that there is something of the soldier and the sailor under our peaceful broadcloth. So, too, we read anew in the struggle the crisis of our own life, and the strife before us in the page of history brings into clearer interpretation the conflict that we are always waging, more or less earnestly, with stubborn circumstances or unkind man. One cause, undoubtedly, of the intense interest felt in battles lies in the openness and immediate decisiveness of the result. Our own life-struggles may drag on for years, and never come to a decided point; but when two great armies meet one or the other must conquer, and very speedily too. So that never in the course of human affairs do such immense interests turn upon the events of a day as in the noted pitched battles that decide the fate of so many thousand men, and often control the future of nations for ages. Not only is the total issue thus significant in its decisiveness, but its significance generally appears in some signal point of the conflict; and what the charmed hero does at the momentous hour holds all beholders breathless with its august consequence, and thrills all future readers by its valor or presence of mind. In nothing under the sun do so many and so momentous elements combine in a single point as in a great victory. It is as if the life of the two armies—nay, of the whole conflicting nations—met together in two metallic points, as in the wires of a galvanic battery, and that one flash decides upon which side fortune and the future are to dwell.

Yet, with all the flaming rhetoric of battle and the romantic fascination of warfare, there is no subject that more calls for and rewards the closest study and reasoning. The Science of War is one of the most exact order of the sciences, and there is no business capable of being carried on more strictly with the help of pure mathematics than that of the military engineer. The construction of a fortification and the range of a projectile are matters of the severest calculation; and strength and valor, without science, could not hold their ground for a day against a skillful enemy—and the engineer is as essential as the sutler to the very existence of an army. In order to lay his plans wisely, and to take such measures as shall meet not only the present hour but control future results, the strategist must be something of a statesman as well as a general, and his battles must be great acts of policy as well as of valor and generalship. He must make large account of the elements of time and character in his combinations and movements, and—to say nothing of the claims of humanity, but speaking only the language of military science—we call him a blunderer, and little less than a murderer, who exposes his own men or even slaughters the enemy in a battle that has no decisive consequence and wins no lasting good. Perhaps it is too much, however, to ask any man to judge of all the results of a campaign, or even of a victory; and it needs the calm and far-seeing eye of the historian to tell what consequences hang often upon a single conflict. Borrowing the historian's light, we may give our thoughts a profitable turn by considering, as well as we are

able, the true standard by which to measure victories in general, and the victories which we as a nation have gained or hope to gain in particular.

We must not refuse to value duly the most obvious standard of measurement, because it is so often overestimated—we mean the *number* of men and the *amount* of munitions of war that depend upon the victory. It is a great thing to defeat fifty or a hundred thousand men, and take their arms and material. When the struggle is at first uncertain, from equality of numbers and means, a moderate victory on our part becomes of immense importance, by taking away a portion of the enemy's strength and adding it to our own; so that they who before seemed about equally matched are no longer so either in numbers, means, or spirit. The enemy's loss must be doubled in order to be duly estimated, so far as available munitions are concerned. Thus if both parties carry into the field fifty cannon, and we capture twenty from the enemy, our gain is far more than the number twenty at first signifies, and the ratio changes from fifty and fifty to seventy and thirty. When the more commanding muniments of warfare are taken—such as cannon of the most improved construction, or fortifications that are the keys of great territories—the victory is far more decisive; and sometimes a whole campaign may hang upon the capture of a battery, or a whole war may be decided before a single fort.

In measuring the *extent* of a victory, our advanced civilization thinks far less of the number of men slain or captured in battle, and counts mainly upon the value of the position won. The fight turns between skillful generals upon the possession of the keys of the domain—either of the strong-holds that command the territory, or of the seats of government that represent the honor of the nation. The slaughter of men is in itself to be regarded as an evil; and he is no general, but a coarse butcher, who gains his point by the loss of a thousand lives when, with patience and skill, his victory might have been wholly or nearly bloodless. Upon the same principle, almost any amount of sacrifice is justifiable when the whole future of a nation depends upon a single struggle; and wherever a pass like Thermopylæ can be defended against a host of virtual barbarians, like the Persians under Xerxes, it is not only high heroism, but military prudence, in any Leonidas to risk his own life and that of all his Spartans to save the land and civilization of Greece from being overrun by the barbaric horde. In the wars of the present and future it is clear that the results of victory will be measured more by consequences than by numbers, and the effort will look more and more toward mastering the keys of the situation. The campaign of the Crimea was a signal illustration of this fact, and the three most powerful nations of Christendom, instead of trying to overrun the whole of the territories at stake, confined the war virtually to a single point, knowing that the issue there must be decisive of the whole struggle; and that if Russia could not hold Sebastopol, it was idle to think of her seizing Constantinople. If the war on the part of the Allied Powers had been in order to make aggressions upon Russia, instead of resisting her aggressions upon the balance of power in Europe, the policy would have been very different, and at all available points the domain of the Czar would have been threatened or overrun, and the victory at the Crimea would have been not the end, but the beginning of the strife.

In our present war for the defense of our national

life our course is not so easy, and we but began our work when we defended our capital from invasion. Our citadels are in the territory of those who have made themselves our enemies, and self-defense must needs appear to take the form of aggression. Still the question presents itself, and is most earnestly asked—How shall the ends of victory be won by the least sacrifice, not only on our part, but on the part of our enemies? and evidently the whole question of future power is to be settled by deciding the mastery of a few strong-holds or commanding positions. Savage warfare would begin by indiscriminate massacre, and the ravages of fire and sword would start at our frontier and go on with the advance of our armies; but not only our humane feeling but our military usage stigmatizes as murder every assault upon life that is not called for by military necessity, and each armed enemy is tenderly cared for the moment he ceases to be dangerous by ceasing to be a combatant. When viewed thus, in relation to the importance of a few strong-holds or commanding positions, our national victories have a momentous significance. The defense of our capital, the capture of the great forts on the Tennessee, Cumberland, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, and on the sea-coast, have consequences immensely beyond all estimates of life lost, or wounds inflicted, or arms taken. No victories in modern times and in civilized countries have so much importance as commanding such vast domains. The armies in the field are indeed vast; yet, thus far, their effect has been more demonstrative than destructive, and the whole loss of life, thus far, has not equaled that in any one of Napoleon's great battles in Europe. The reason undoubtedly why we have lost so little life is in the fact that we had so many lives to lose; and the half million of men who rose at the call of the nation have served quite as much as a peace establishment as a war establishment, and have kept an imperious enemy from invading our soil and shedding our blood. The magnitude of our army gives extent and permanence to the victories already won, and every life that has been lost in the frontier struggle has won for us a tenfold good from the assurance given to the enemy that the ground won will be kept by the thousand men who stand ready when called to take the place of the one slain in battle. So then, viewed in respect to the magnitude of its consequences, our great armament conquers when it least sheds blood, and gives manifold power to every blow struck in the face of the enemy. It gives moral prestige, too, to military conquest, by being unequivocal proof that we are a powerful nation, and have a patriotism that is willing to meet the dangers and costs of war, because it is determined to secure the blessings and powers of peace.

We will not attempt to make an estimate of the amount of material results that depend upon the victory of our national arms in this war for self-preservation, for our arithmetic and our rhetoric both alike would fail us in the effort. It is clear, however, that the destiny of a whole continent and of the wealth and welfare of thirty and perhaps a hundred millions of people depend upon the issue of the contest. The nation as a nation, under its Constitution and laws, and with its historic and associate and continuous life, virtually ceases to exist if defeated, and little more than the inglorious memory of lost greatness would be our heritage if we tamely consented to the surrender of our capital and the surrender of the tie that binds the members to the head or the States to the Government. Not only our

Government would be destroyed by the loss of its constituent obligation, but the land itself would be mutilated as well as curtailed by division. What would be left to us of the territory would be like an amputated limb or a severed artery, and the very completeness of our present domain would aggravate the mischiefs of its mutilation. To have the upper part of the Mississippi without the lower, or to possess the Susquehanna River without commanding Chesapeake Bay, would be owning the right of Tantalus to the goods that he can see and feel but not taste, and would be exaggerating the fact of poverty by the show of opulence.

When we come to the *moral results* of national victory, or the *quality* of our trophies, the issue appears still more momentous; for with governments, as with individuals, character is the most important part of capital, as man is greater than circumstance. It can not be denied that victory itself is essential to our keeping our character as a nation, and if we fail to suppress the present insurrection we lose our caste as well as our cash, and our spirit as well as our reputation falls. It by no means follows that defeat is always degradation, for greatness itself has its misfortunes, and nations of undoubted valor have sometimes been compelled to yield to superior strength. But in our case defeat is degradation, because it implies that we do not care enough about our country to defend it, and the humiliation of being conquered must combine the mortification of cowardice with the bitterness of misfortune. There is, indeed, in all defeat a great trial of self-respect, and he is a true hero who can hold up his head as proudly before as after the battle has gone against him. His enemies, however, acquiesce in his judgment if it is clear that he has done his best in face of great odds, and not valor but fortune has failed him. But we can have no such solace if we fail, and we shall have and deserve the contempt of the civilized world for surrendering our nationality to inferior numbers, intelligence, and worth. Our enemies would not be likely to comfort us in our humiliation by any peculiar tenderness or magnanimity. The insurgents are worshipers of power, and their insurrection has sprung more from anger at the check put upon their domineering will than from serious conviction that wrong has been done to their constitutional rights. If they get the better of us we shall never hear the last of it, and we must be content to sit down under the perpetual shower of contumely or be stung to some future warfare to avenge the intolerable insult of the former defeat. We pity the coarse pugilist who allows himself to be hammered into a mass of jelly in the determination to prove that he is the better man than his antagonist; yet he has some justification for his feeling in our frail human nature, and he who is once fairly whipped can hardly help having the feeling of being whipped as long as he lives. With the pugilist the defeat implies mainly inferiority of muscle and skill in boxing; but with us, in the present contest, defeat would put the taint of inferiority upon our whole character and civilization. Our civilization, whose corner-stone is liberty, would bow the knee to a virtual despotism, whose corner-stone is bondage; and we not only degrade ourselves, but are false to the sacred rights of man and progressive order of society, which are confided to our care by the Providence of God and the august leaders of the human race.

In estimating the moral value of a victory over men we go astray unless we take into account the character and condition of the men who are con-

quered, and the use made of the victory by the conquerors. Mere victory of itself has no moral quality when it implies merely superior physical force without any positive moral aims, and a nation degrades itself by invading a weaker community merely to enslave, or rob, or debauch its people. Thus the moral worth of the conquest of Algiers by France, or of India by Great Britain, must depend chiefly upon the degree to which the natives of those countries are made to partake of the civilization of the victors; for the conquest of itself, under circumstances of such positive superiority in arts and arms, gives little glory. In fact, we are compelled to affirm as a sober political truth the high principle of religion that commands us to overcome evil with good, and therefore bids us measure the worth of a victory by the amount of positive good that the victor does to the vanquished. It was thus that the Gospel won its great triumphs, and exalted all whom it subdued to its cross. With all their worldly ambition, we can not deny that the great monarchs of Christendom have done a great deal to civilize, and refine, and elevate the barbaric nations whom they have subdued; and Christian institutions, with their peaceful temper and spiritual powers, have followed in the wake of the army, and healed the wounds made by the sword with the unction of the Gospel. In our present warfare we are imperatively bound by this law of charity, and the dignity of our conquest depends mainly upon the amount and kind of good that we mean to do to our enemies. We must overcome them with good by urging upon them a good Government, firm and free in its policy, and friendly to all the liberty, intelligence, industry, virtue, and religion that constitute the best welfare of a people. Instead of regarding this view of our duty as at all Quixotic, we look upon it as eminently practical—in fact, as the dictate of the most obvious policy as well as of the best principle. Whether we regard the nation's victory either as acting upon character or upon institutions, we can not but regard it as in the end a blessing to the whole people.

Consider first the influence of our victory upon character, and note its power in shaping the mind and purpose of the nation at large. Evidently, if we yield the national life to the baleful assaults of secession, we cease to be a people, and have no national character. If we vindicate the national life, we vindicate it for all who now or hereafter may take its name and enjoy its protection. We do as much by this second rising of the people to confirm our nationality as the first rising in the War of Independence did to establish it, so that if the first war was our baptism, and gave us our name, this second war is our confirmation, and proves that we can maintain and make good our name. In the first case we were pressed together by the force of a foreign foe, and in the second case we hold together in opposition to internal sedition, and thus doing we perform a sterner duty and submit to a more thoroughgoing civil discipline than when we rushed to arms in common passion and policy against foreign oppression. Vindicating thus a second time the American name, we vindicate it for all Americans; and the day is not far distant when they who are now in arms against us will be proud of professing and bequeathing to their children the very name which they have done so much and so vainly to disparage and destroy. The national name, confirmed by victory over the insurrection, will carry with it a national idea, and purpose, and association, and will be a living power as well as a thrilling word.

It is not easy to define precisely what this power is, for it is felt more easily than defined, and every time we look upon the dear old Stars and Stripes after we have won any success over sedition, there is something that thrills our pulses and mounts to our head that tells more what our nationality means than any learned disquisitions upon the value of the Union or the authority of the Constitution. It shows that nationality is a life, not a mere opinion; and that, like all life, it is an essence, and not a composition—a soul in our body, and not a fermentation in a heap of miscellanies. The nation, as such, must have a mind of its own, and can speak it to the world with a voice of authority when vindicated by valor; and can speak it not only in courts and camps and fleets, but in markets and journals and poetry and orations, in senates, schools, and pulpits, as never before. The nation, too, thus has a will of its own—a majestic public will, that not merely makes itself heard in treaties and manifestoes, but which passes into the common life of the people, and makes every man and woman, boy and girl, strong by union with the great organic life that dwells within the whole body politic, and makes the peace of the whole body the strength of each member. This national mind and will must form a mighty public spirit, as full of comfort as of might, and sometimes, in its most sacred and humane offices, rising into the dignity of that religious fellowship which enjoys the breath of God's own spirit. We are already feeling something of this regeneration of national life, and we are to feel it still more as the great heart of the people beats more deeply and calmly with the glow of patriotism, and ceases to be distracted with the passions and anxieties of war.

Now how can such national life be secured without being the blessing of the whole nation, and what man is so churlish as to wish to shut any loyal citizen out of its privilege? It is impossible even now to limit its worth or validity within any territorial lines, and there are men in Nashville and in New Orleans, nay, even in demented Charleston, who are proud of our national name; and as the secession power is gradually hemmed in and trampled under foot, even those who repent at the eleventh hour of their sin may be none the less earnest to enter the vineyard and resume the name that is worth more than silver and gold, whether in one penny or in many pounds. Allow, indeed, that for a time a taint will rest upon all the districts that have been infected with the virus of treason, that very fact may make their people more eager to purify themselves by putting away all malignant characters, and giving solid proof of loyalty. How summarily all malignants are dealt with who may persist after our positive victory in embroiling the country in feuds we do not care, and the sooner the rope is about their necks the better for their neighbors and the whole world. But surely nothing but madness itself can persist in feeding the sources of treason by cutting off any sections who wish to be loyal to the Government from the rights and duties of citizenship. We have no fear that any such policy of subjugation will be adopted as will perpetuate secession by such concision. In the very nature of things, with the triumph of the Government the universality of its citizenship will be secured; and rapidly increasing numbers, by migration, civil appointment, and otherwise, in places of power and wealth in the States that have been most misguided, will overpower the sectional temper by the national spirit, and the weak

or erratic members will be animated anew with the glow of healthy public life.

We know very well where the hardest pinch is, and that the difference in modes of industry compels a certain difference of views and feelings, that tend to make geographical lines lines of civil animosity, and threaten to make the triumph of the national Government the ruin, if not the annihilation, of great local interests. But what is more clear than that the triumph of the nation, with its industry, intelligence, and liberty, must be in the end the triumph of the whole people, and the means of universal prosperity? Take for example the power of free labor and unfettered enterprise: are not the Southern people already accepting the very Northern principles which they have professed so to dread? and in their tremendous efforts to cut themselves away from the Union are they not striking harder blows at their own pride of caste, and doing more to elevate mechanical ingenuity and intelligent labor than had ever been done by the fiercest advocates of emancipation? It is beyond all question that the full establishment of the authority of the nation over the districts will tend to carry every where the progressive elements of the national life, and South as well as North and West will see as never before the evolution of the ideas and powers that have given us heretofore our name as a people. The laboring class, both black and white, must have education and motive as never before, and not only produce, but consume, more than ever, and thus not only enlarge the products of the soil, but increase and improve the manufactures and traffic of the whole country. It is a miserable sophism in political economy that regards the cheapest labor and the most degraded laborer as the most profitable. He works best for his master who puts mind into his work, and he best uses his wages who not only fills his master's purse and his own belly, but creates a demand for good food, furniture, and manufactures, and so helps civilize society and educate industry while he tills the soil.

In this country there can be no fear of our long degrading any one section of our country by the triumph of the national arms, so far as the white race are concerned; for the facilities of communication, the interchanges of residence, the ties of business and blood and affinity are such as very soon to break down any sectional barriers, so long as commerce is free and communication is open. The negro race is the great stumbling-block in the way of the nation, and it is to many a most perplexing question how we are to meet it in the day of our victory, without either abandoning our principles of freedom or sacrificing our interests and pride by rash emancipation and degrading equality. The nearer we come to the issue the clearer it is that this problem is solving itself; and all we have to do is to wait the decrees of God's Providence. The National Government is responsible for the negro only so far as he is under its constitutional authority, and the Proclamation of our President that offers aid to States desirous to secure to themselves the removal of slavery affirms the limit, while it accepts the fact of responsibility. By aid of the Government, and also by the inevitable action of our armies in the Slave States, it is clear that this war will not leave slavery where it found it; and henceforth freedom is to be national, and whatever is not free is to be local, not national. But why fear that the freedom of the white race is to be endangered or lost by any amelioration of the negro's lot? If the negro is really the white man's equal,

both gain by the fullest and freest competition and alliance. If, on the other hand, as our people generally seem to believe, the negro is inferior to the white man in constitutional perfection, and especially in the higher forms of intellectual power, and must always hold a comparatively subordinate position, no change of national policy can alter the nature of things, and make white to be black or black to be white. The negro is among us at the North wholly free, yet he is left to find his own level, and we are not forced, and do not mean to be forced, to associate with him as an equal, when he is not such by constitution, taste, or culture. Liberty is lost at once the very moment that we deny the right of men to associate together according to their elective affinities, and the convictions of the nation are most emphatically committed to this liberty, and our soldiers as they advance Southward show not the first signs of any disposition to adopt or enforce any sentimental notions of identity of relation between races that God has so obviously separated. The very thought of amalgamation is nauseous to our people at large; and our national victory, instead of bringing it on tends rather to keep it off, by securing the preponderance of Northern ideas over Southern manners. The law of liberty, indeed, is that the career should be open to all talent, and association should be left free to the play of elective affinities. If this law is thought to subject the white race to the black, he who thinks so already confesses the subjection begun, and betrays his cause in the very effort to advocate it?

In one respect our national victory will assist the South in dealing with its terrible burden, by making the whole nation see, as never before, how heavily it rests upon all, and, whether bond or free, the negro is virtually intrusted to us all. Hasty and violent emancipation would flood us with a tide of vagrancy and pauperism, or make of the South a barbaric wilderness that we could hardly call our own. Evidently the whole nation must seriously consider the status of the negro; and the nation is no more willing than the South to ruin itself by any precipitate philanthropy that might aggravate the ill which it would cure. The nation will be cautious and conservative, as well as liberal and humane; and ere long the true principle and policy will be developed that shall secure to the negro his just amount of liberty and privilege without tempting him to license and indolence. Positive victory will be more merciful to the master than continued warfare, and they who now justly may forfeit all right of property as the penalty of treason, may find in the nation a protector as soon as allegiance is certain and peace secure.

So far as the mind of the revolted States is concerned, we do not despair of winning them to reason, as so many seem to do. A sound drubbing will do them good in many ways, but chiefly by convincing their leaders of the hopelessness of their struggle, and moving them to use their great influence in procuring the best terms of pacification. We do not believe that, if our troops conquer the great armies of the insurgents, the insurrection will long go on in guerrilla raids; for the war did not begin with the people but with the leaders, and as it began so it will be likely to end. The rebellion is madness of the most monstrous kind, but there is method in the madness; and the method can work both ways, and calm as well as raise the tempest. The conspirators, with all their insane passion for power, have ever put forth a certain doctrine of State rights; and thus

have not wholly cut themselves off from the appeals of conscience and the laws of nations. A sound drubbing may open their eyes to another kind of right, or at least compel them to make a virtue of necessity, and look out for some ground of principle on which to legitimate the surrender which must soon be made to the National Government of the unlimited sovereignty of the States. There need be little fear that when victory is sure to our arms the contest will be prolonged on our part by unwarranted aggression. We have pens as well as swords, and our enemies are even more keen in council than brave in battle. Undisputed victory will at once open the arena of negotiation, where the best minds of the whole country will meet, and not in vain; and the solid advantages of the contest will be secured to the nation without needless harshness or degrading oppression. We as yet do not hate the rebels with personal malignity, and victory will not be likely to make us hate them more. They seem to hate us pretty soundly, but may be a little calmed and sweetened in temper by being convinced beyond all question that they are thoroughly beaten, and their only dignity as well as safety hereafter consists in being loyal sections of a great nation, instead of centres of a presumptuous usurpation.

How near we are to the decisive victory of our national arms we can not say, and perhaps no contemporary judgment of the consequences of a great battle can be final. It is somewhat comforting, however, to run our eye over the sad catalogue of wars and see that, instead of being interminable, they have their decisive crises, and some nine or ten battles have settled the future of modern nations. Thus, at Hastings, in 1066, it was decided that the Norman should master the Saxon, and with him build up the great edifice of English greatness. So too at Orleans, in 1429, it was settled that England should not swallow up France, nor tread upon her as a vassal instead of being animated by her as a rival. In 1588 the pride of the whole Papal empire as well as of the Spanish crown was broken in the defeat of the great Armada, and Protestantism kept its place in the front of the nations. At Blenheim, in 1704, the imperialism of Louis XIV. met its final check, and English liberty vindicated itself against French centralization. At Lützen, under Gustavus Adolphus, in 1632, or at Prague, under Königs-mark, in 1648, the aggressions of Papal Austria were checked, and the peace of Westphalia was secured after the Thirty Years' War. At Pultowa, in 1709, Russia conquered from Sweden her place as the great power of the North. At Saratoga, in 1777, or at Yorktown, in 1781, our America struck the blow that secured her independence. Soon after, at Valmy, in 1792, the French people proved their power to sustain themselves against the old aristocracies of Europe, and the nation of the French was born, for a while to be democratic; and afterward, with less change of principle than of name, to be imperial. In 1815 Waterloo gave the quietus to the schemes of the first Napoleon, and perhaps gave the sting that may provoke the vengeance of France against England under the third Napoleon. Within ten years great battles have occurred that may claim a first-class place in history; but the issue of the Crimea and of Solferino has less significance than that now to be decided in this great republic. If we lose, we not only are ruined ourselves, but the cause of republican government itself is lost. If we gain, our victory is not only our own, but that of civilization and liberty, intelligence, industry,

humanity, and religion. It is wrong to speak with any doubt of the issue. The nation has virtually conquered. Our flag now floats in every one of the revolted sections, and soon the final blow must be struck at secession which will trample the foul treason under foot, whence it will never dare to lift its arm against the national life. What is true up to the limit must be true within the limit; and if the nation, unwarned and unprepared, has been able to overcome disunion in its best estate, and backed up with such aids from home conspirators and foreign abettors, what will the nation do when its integrity is restored, its power consolidated, its army and navy perfected, its loyalty sacred in its traditions and in its faith, and its flag the symbol of its twofold triumph over foreign oppression and domestic treason?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE name of Henry Thoreau is known to very few persons beyond those who personally knew him; but it will be known long and well in our literature, and can not fade from the memories of all who ever saw him. He was a plain New England man, who sighed neither for old England nor for Greece and Rome. In the woods and pastures of a region in no way remarkable for its natural beauty or for cultivation he found all the company he cared for, and believed that the birds and beasts and flowers he knew were certainly as good, and the men and women perhaps even better, than he could have found in any other place at any other time.

The story of his life is perfectly simple. He had an aptitude for study, graduated at Cambridge, returned to his home in Concord, Massachusetts, and worked as a land-surveyor, while he studied as his inclinations led; built a shanty or cottage by the side of a pretty pond, where he lived quite alone at an expense of about seventy dollars a year; was as faithful a student of nature as he was of Greek literature and Hindoo philosophy; was a most accurate observer, and became known to naturalists and valued by them; had a shrewd mother-wit; but upon the whole he seemed to think that civilization had gone astray; that much fine wisdom had perished with the Indians, and had not been replaced; that the Stoics were the true heroes, and the Hindoo Vedas and Norse Eddas the most interesting religious legends.

He was a man of singular rectitude, independence, and sagacity. Mr. Emerson says of him that no one was so entirely uninfluenced by the ordinary motives of human action. He wished neither riches, nor fame, nor influence. He cared to be himself only, and he held the world and modern times successfully at bay. But he was entirely unobtrusive. Once or twice only, by the urgent request of others, he spoke in public, but without especial success, for he was in no degree magnetic or impassioned, and his intellectual habit was solitary and severe. He was truly at home in the woods or on the water, and yet he was so much more than a naturalist merely, like Cotton or any of the amiable observers of birds and animals, that he is to be thought of as a naturalist only in the largest sense. He was quite as much thinker as he was observer, and he was familiar with the best literature. His chapter on Reading, in his "Walden, or Life in the Woods," is as good as any thing ever written upon the subject.

"No wonder," he says, "that Alexander carried

the Iliad with him on his expeditions in a precious casket. A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. It may be translated into every language, and not only be read, but actually breathed from all human lips—not be represented on canvas or in marble only, but be carved out of the breath of life itself. The symbol of an ancient man's thought becomes a modern man's speech. Two thousand summers have imparted to the monuments of Grecian literature, as to her marbles, only a maturer golden and autumnal tint, for they have carried their own serene and cheerful atmosphere into all lands, to protect them against the corrosion of time. Most men have learned to read to serve a paltry convenience, as they have learned to cipher in order to keep accounts, and not be cheated in trade; but of reading as a noble intellectual exercise they know little or nothing; yet this only is reading, in a high sense, not that which lulls us as a luxury, and suffers the nobler faculties to sleep the while, but what we have to stand on tip-toe to read, and devote our most alert and wakeful hours to."

This book, the record of his residence, his thoughts, and observations during the time he lived in the woods upon the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, is of the very best of its kind in any literature. He lived in his cottage about two years. For the rest of his life his home was in the village. "I found," he says, "that by working about six weeks in a year I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study." The cheerful humor with which he details his woodland experience is racy and delightful. "Many a traveler came out of his way to see me and the inside of my house, and, as an excuse for calling, asked for a glass of water. I told them that I drank at the pond, and pointed thither, offering to lend them a dipper." "Restless committed men, whose time was all taken up in getting a living or keeping it; ministers who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the subject, who could not bear all kinds of opinions; doctors, lawyers, uneasy housekeepers, who pried into my cupboard and bed when I was out—how came Mrs. — to know that my sheets were not as clean as hers?—young men who had ceased to be young, and had concluded that it was safest to follow the beaten track of the professions—all these generally said that it was not possible to do so much good in my position. Ay! there was the rub. The old and infirm and the timid, of whatever age or sex, thought most of sickness, and sudden accident, and death; to them life seemed full of danger—what danger is there if you don't think of any?—and they thought that a prudent man would carefully select the safest position, where Dr. B—— might be on hand at a moment's warning. To them the village was literally a *community*, a league for mutual defense; and you would suppose that they would not go a huckleberrying without a medicine-chest. The amount of it is, if a man is alive there is always *danger* that he may die, though the danger must be allowed to be less in proportion as he is dead-and-alive to begin with. A man sits as many risks as he runs."

Thoreau was a Stoic, but he was in no sense a cynic. His neighbors in the village thought him odd and whimsical, but his practical skill as a surveyor and in wood-craft was known to them. No

man was his enemy, and some of the best men were his fastest friends. But his life was essentially solitary and reserved. Careless of appearances in later days, when his hair and beard were long, if you had seen him in the woods you might have fancied Orson passing by; but had you stopped to talk with him, you would have felt that you had seen the shepherd of Admetus's flock, or chatted with a wiser Jaques. For some time past he had been sinking under a consumption. He made a journey to the West a year ago, but in vain; and returned to die quietly at home.

It was my good fortune to see him again, last November, when he came into the library of a friend to borrow a volume of Pliny's letters. He was much wasted, and his doom was clear. But he talked in the old strain of wise gravity without either sentiment or sadness. His conversation fell upon the Indians of this country, of our obligations to them, and our ingratitude. It was by far the best talk about Indians I have ever heard or read; and somewhere among his papers, it is to be hoped, some monument of his knowledge of them and regard for them survives.

Mr. Thoreau was the neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Emerson, who read a discourse at his funeral. "Referring to the Alpine flower *Adelweiss*, or nobility, which the young Switzers sometimes lose their lives in plucking from its perilous heights, he said: 'Could we pierce to where he is, we should see him wearing profuse chaplets of it, for it belonged to him.' Where there is knowledge, where there is virtue, where there is beauty, where there is progress, there is now his home." In a poem called "Woodnotes," published nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Emerson had already said what he doubtless felt of this valued and faithful friend. The lines will be new to many of our readers to whom the author is not known as a poet, although few men have written such true poetry:

"The water-courses were my guide;
I traveled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed;
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

Our national anniversary recurs under circumstances more remarkable than ever before. It closes a year which has demonstrated two things: one, that in a free popular government, at its bitterest moment of party strife, patriotism is yet stronger than party; and the other, that a purely popular government is the strongest in the world. The profound wisdom of the fathers has been vindicated in

a manner no man could have desired, but which is clear and final.

Let us, then, have our short Fourth of July oration, not in the Bombastes vein, but in that quiet and grave strain which the times impose.

The fundamental and essential difference between our own and all other systems of government is this, that we hold all men to have certain rights inherent in their nature which society is bound to protect, and which can be taken away only for cause; while other systems hold that society grants those rights and may revoke them at pleasure. And that is the safeguard against the tyranny of a majority, which is the deepest danger that can threaten a popular system. For by that system no majority can justly deprive any man of his natural rights, except for crime, or in case of extreme public peril to secure the public safety. Our system is the perpetual plea of right against power. It limits the exercise of power. For instance, it denies that any number of people can arbitrarily, or by their mere will, deprive any smaller number of life, which is a natural right of every man. Of course it does not deny that the greater number have physical force adequate to take the lives of the smaller; but by establishing as the basis of all social action the principle of the inviolability of life, except for cause, the whole society condemns in advance the exercise of the power.

In the same way the American system does not, and never did, justify a revolution by its success. Success in any action depending upon force only certifies a superiority of force. It was not the success of our own revolution that justified it, nor did we ever claim so foolish a thing. Persecution of any kind is always successful if it be only strong enough. All the early resistances to the Romish Church were suppressed, Savonarola, the Albigenses, the Lollards, the Hussites; but the success of Rome did not justify Rome any more than our success, ninety years ago, justified our action. If we had thought so, our cause would have been defeated by stating it.

The right of revolution is always conditional. If a tax-payer in the city of New York thinks the tax too high, has he a right to refuse to pay it and to shoot the officer who tries to collect it? And yet this is gravely declared by many to be the principle upon which we achieved our independence. On the contrary, our fathers acted upon certain general fundamental principles long before they articulated them; and the power of the Declaration of Independence lay greatly in the fact that it adequately expressed the common conviction which had only manifested itself in separate acts. The Declaration is our body of abstract, fundamental political faith. It declared that there were certain rights common to all men, of which the final proof lay in human consciousness, that when those rights were threatened the order of society and the welfare of mankind required a resort to peaceful redress; that when that peaceful redress failed, or when it did not exist, and the sufferers were solemnly persuaded that the wrong endured was greater than the possible injury accruing from seeking forcibly to right themselves, then, appealing to God and the universal conscience of mankind, they might properly fight to secure either redress or freedom from the oppressor.

This was the right of revolution reluctantly invoked by our fathers, and they never asserted any other. And fully knowing, by experience, how desperate a remedy it was, and even when most fortunate how necessarily sad in its operation, the first great act of their separation from Britain was to es-

tablish a system of government which should destroy, as far as possible, the necessity and possibility of justly appealing to revolution. Against lawlessness and rebellion no ruler or nation can effectually provide any more than against crime; but they can, and our fathers did, take from armed and organized resistance to law all pretense of necessity except in the un-supposable case that the majority should attempt to subvert the very original rights which the government, from which they derived all their authority, was expressly formed to protect. Nor, in such a case, could that right be invoked until every appeal to peaceable and lawful redress had failed. The case is not supposable, because to assume it is to assume a mental and moral condition which makes a popular system impossible.

The right of revolution is thus the right of forcible self-defense in the last extremity, and when its necessarily deplorable incidents are less to be dreaded than the more deplorable results of not resorting to it. To this conclusion our fathers slowly came. They did not ask to control the government, they asked only to have a fair voice in it. They did not refuse to pay the taxes, provided they were honestly represented in the government which imposed them. Bancroft cites the words of Washington, of Adams, and of the other illustrious patriots, showing how reluctantly they relinquished the hope of peaceful settlement. Even Thomas Paine, the most "radical" of all the revolutionary leaders, said in his "Common Sense," the pamphlet which had so great an influence in deciding the popular mind for separation: "No man was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself before the fatal nineteenth of April, 1775."

And, again, the right of revolution is not the right of doing just what you please, provided only that you are able; which seems to be a very general interpretation of the doctrine. That is simply anarchy. Yet that is what the English perpetually declare the right to be, sneeringly asserting that, upon our principle, if a town wants to set up for itself, you have no right to prevent it. The English sneer at the right of revolution, but their Government proceeds in constant deference to it. In his essay upon the French Revolution of 1848, a crushing reply to Lord Brougham's letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne, John Stuart Mill says: "Lord Brougham boasts through many pages of the feat performed by Lord Grey's ministry in effecting a great change in the Constitution (the first such change in history which was so accomplished) without an insurrection. But was it without the *fear* of an insurrection? If there had been no chance of a rising would the House of Lords have waived their opposition, or the Duke of Wellington have thrown up the game in despair? If, in England, the mere demonstration of popular force sufficed to effect what elsewhere required its actual exertion, it was because the majority of even the unreformed House of Commons was elected by constituencies sufficiently large for a really powerful and unanimous popular determination to reach it, and because the political usages and long-standing liberties of England allowed of popular meetings and political unions without limit or stint."

The passage of the Reform Bill was simply a peaceful revolution. But it was not a whim of the nation. It seriously wanted a truer representation, and it would have taken up arms to secure it had not the Government yielded. In this country, happily, it can never be the nation that opposes the Government, because the Government is the majority of

the nation. Such a movement must always spring from a faction who prefer a special to the common interest, and who would willingly sacrifice every thing to their own advantage. That is the difference between rebellion and revolution. He who, appealing to God and man, at last strikes in defense of the rights which God gave every man, and which have no other possible defense, strikes as Washington and our fathers struck. He who, disappointed and contemned, for his own aggrandizement and the welfare of his companions, strikes at the commonwealth strikes as Catiline and his confederates struck. The human heart is just. It reveres the one as a hero and a friend of man. It denounces the other as the enemy of the human race.

JOHN STUART MILL, who is most favorably known in this country for his admirable article upon our troubles, reprinted in a late number of this Magazine, is the author of the treatise upon Representative Government lately republished by the Harpers. It is a very timely book, by one of the leaders of modern thought, of whom a few words of biography will be welcome.

He gets his name from Sir John Stuart, a Scottish gentleman who sent his father, James Mill, to the Edinburgh University, and who came to London in 1800. He is known in English literature as the first editor of the *Westminster Review*, established by Jeremy Bentham, and more generally by his "History of British India," which was "the beginning of sound thinking upon the subject," and led to his employment by the East India Company. He published also a work upon Political Economy, and one upon the Phenomena of the Human Mind.

His son, John Stuart, was born in 1806, and so thorough was his education that it was said of him that he was the most elaborated mind of our age. He was first known as a botanist, but thinking and writing upon morals and politics it was supposed that he would be a more illustrious Bentham. But his career, if not that of the head of a school, has placed him among the leaders of thought. He is a man of universal sympathies, of the widest learning, and the most trenchant thought. His published works are upon Political Economy, Logic, "On Liberty," "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," "Considerations on Representative Government," and a large collection of admirable and delightful Dissertations and Discussions, and he is well known to the scholars and thinkers of other lands than his own. His papers upon Bentham and Coleridge are celebrated. He is the perfect master of all his accomplishments, and his style is noble for its simplicity, raciness, clearness, and decision.

His essay "On Liberty" is the most significant of all his writings. Its wisdom and wit are equally delightful. Its calmness and heroism are refreshing. The argument is as follows: "This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness: demanding liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing or publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the prin-

ciple requires liberty of tastes and pursuits: of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow, without impediment from our fellow-creatures so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combinations among individuals: freedom to unite for any purpose not involving harm to others, the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived."

The "Essays and Reviews" that have made such a clatter in ecclesiastical England are merely the mildest application of this principle in certain directions. A few clergymen of the English Church state what they believe the Church teaches—certainly a very gentle heresy. A crowd of other English clergymen and some of the laity immediately put out their "Replies," which, whatever any one chooses to call them, are simply what *they* believe the Church teaches.

There is no living author better worth studying than John Stuart Mill.

THE visit of Parson Brownlow to the city was one of the memorable events of the month. His name had been so long familiar to the public, and was surrounded with such various and peculiar associations, that the interest in him was universal and profound. It was easy enough to foretell that his public reception at the Academy would be what is popularly called "an ovation." But it was much more than a spectacle. There was a tragic reality in what he said, and in the impression he personally produced.

If you enter the great opera-house by the stage door on Fourteenth Street you find yourself at once upon the stage, behind the scenes. The huge "wings" stretch up into the dim space toward the roof, and you move about in a murky twilight, smelling of varnish, and rather musty for want of ventilation. The murmur from the front of the house, and the light that streams in at the cracks and fissures of the scenery, draw you at once to some convenient aperture through which to survey the house. It is a curious spectacle that of five or six thousand gayly-dressed people sitting and standing expectant in the brilliant hall, rising tier upon tier in the white and gold balconies and galleries. To a Methodist preacher from the mountains of Eastern Tennessee it must have been dazzling and imposing.

The Green Room was full of clergymen and politicians and noted men, the invited guests. There was a general loud buzz of conversation, and a current and crowd toward the side of the room. Thither the eye instinctively turned to see the hero of the hour. Now certainly most men who have heard of "Parson Brownlow," who have read his speeches and marked his career, must have expected to see a thick, coarse figure, with a corresponding face, which would not surprise if it should seem vulgar. If a man had described his expectation would he not have probably said—A swearing, swaggering parson—a hard customer?

Well, the pictures and the descriptions are not faithful. There stood a tall, rather spare man, with marked but delicate features, careworn, perfectly pale, but both sad and intellectual. If there were any thing like a smile upon his face at any moment it was but a transitory gleam. The expression was calm, firm, sweet, but pensive. He received every

body with great simplicity, shaking hands and conversing easily and pleasantly with men of all parties and ages, but whose cause was his cause—the cause in which he had so faithfully fought and so sadly suffered.

A loud burst of music from the band playing the Star-spangled Banner and the clapping of hands in the house announced that the hour had come; and putting on his hat, drawing it over his brow, and following the gentlemen who had him immediately in charge, Parson Brownlow walked in upon the stage, followed by the crowd of notables, and advanced to the front toward the audience. They cheered, and clapped, and stamped, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and his welcome was such as the loyal city was sure to give to so loyal and tried a friend. A letter was read from the Governor, who regretted that he could not be present to preside. Then Mr. Evarts spoke a few words, wisely brief, and, as chairman, introduced Parson Brownlow. The applause was immense and long-continued. The speaker stood calmly, looking round from side to side, and quietly acknowledging the splendid welcome; and when there was perfect silence he began to speak.

As was natural for such a man in such a presence, he deprecated his want of eloquence and his inability to command the "polished diction" that charms and enchains. But no speech ever delivered in New York produced a more profound and marvelous effect. Perhaps it was not eloquent—it is not yet settled how eloquence should be defined—but it held every hearer fast, and with the most various emotion; and except for the fact that the civilization of Liberty makes even excited crowds of intelligent men, still humane, it is clear that at one point of the speech the safety of any man who should have been pointed out as a secessionist would not have been secure. But as it was, no conceivable eloquence could have swept that audience to an inhuman act. It was the witness of the spirit which moulds a society of freemen.

The speaker, on his side, was an equal illustration of the spirit of the society in which he was born and bred. His speech was a personal narration. He unfolded scene after scene of cruelty and horror at which the heart ached. Wild savages in their orgies of blood are not more devilish than the men whose actions he described. Calmly, standing erect, with the pale, sad face turning from side to side, he told the tale in a sustained, unvarying voice; while the audience audibly sympathized, murmured, cried "Shame!" and wiped their eyes, until, stepping a little backward, raising one denouncing arm, he cried, in a hard, shrill voice, "And this is the spirit of secession: a spirit of murder, of assassination, of hell! And yet"—he added, more intensely, and in a lower tone—"and yet you have men among you who excuse it, who sympathize with it, who sustain it!" and the audience shouted in indignation. "They have had their turn of shooting, and hanging, and stabbing; ours is to come!"

The earnest vindictiveness, the deep, calm bitterness with which it was said, was a tragic revelation of the kind and extent of crime that the spirit of a society familiar with injustice promotes, and of the qualities of character that it produces. Here was a preacher and patriot who had known something of martyrdom; it was perhaps not surprising, but it was terrible to see that his heart's hope was revenge, and that his way of peace was sudden and bloody extermination of the enemy. Every one who listened felt that he had a juster idea of the spirit which has plunged the nation into a fearful war. Not a

man who heard could suppose or hope that peace would come except over absolute and tremendous victory. As yet we know but half: the interior history of the war is to be told hereafter.

The same unrelenting earnestness which Parson Brownlow throws into his loyalty animates his enemies. It is that which will sustain them long after they are defeated. A kind of barbaric tenacity and fierceness, glozed with the forms of civilization, inevitably perplexes civilized intelligence and skill. This war is revealing every part of the country to every other; and the strongest civilization must necessarily establish itself as paramount.

SEVERAL months ago the Easy Chair was speaking of the Turkish bath, which had been lately introduced into England, and of which the most amusing and excellent accounts were published in the magazines and papers. It is now established as one of the "institutions;" and in a London paper under my eye there are the advertisements of three of them.

The Turkish bath, as all travelers in the East or readers of Eastern travel know, is a perspirative. It is a forced perspiration. It absolutely cleanses the pores, and the subject feels as "the aerated bread" looks as if it felt. The warm air seems to circulate through you, and you thrill with conscious oxygenization. The sense of purity is indescribable. After his first bath in Grand Cairo the Easy Chair felt as if he should float up among the lattices of the bazar and dissolve in the sunset.

The experience of Dr. Wilson and others in England merely confirms that of every body who has enjoyed the bath in the East; and a company has been formed in London with half a million of dollars capital, and Mr. Urquhart has been to Constantinople, that nothing may be wanting, and that Englishmen may at last be made as clean as Turks.

Some years ago there was a sign in Broadway near Niblo's which announced Turkish baths. Whether they were so, or whether it was a place for steam-scouring the body only, this Easy Chair never ascertained. But the sign, and probably the substance, have long since disappeared, and a bathing-house, apart from the hotels, is now a curiosity in the city. This want it is proposed to meet by the formation of the Turkish Bath Company, whereby we are all to be made clean. There is no doubt of the great value and luxury of such a bath, and there can be no reason for not having it except public indifference. And it is supposed this will be corrected by the conspicuous merits of the bath.

Mr. Oscanyan, who is the Manager, has interested several of the most noted citizens as Directors: Mr. Bryant, President King, Dr. Mott, Mr., late Surrogate, Bradford, Professor Dwight, Mr. Gunther, Mr. Tiemann, and others. A capital of \$30,000 is proposed to be raised by shares at \$25 each; and in a delightful prospectus all the details of advantage and profit are set forth. The subscribers are to have dividends, and one share of the stock will be entitled to one free ticket.

Nothing is more reasonable, nothing should be more feasible than this plan; and as if to have the ripe fruit actually drop into our mouths, "an Oriental civil engineer who is thoroughly conversant with all its details, having built one of the best baths in Constantinople, is now in New York." The only thing that New York does not furnish is the *tellak*, or manipulator, and he can be readily obtained from Turkey.

There is no country in the world in which money is made so easily and spent so profusely as in this; and if some rich man who is building a house with picture-galleries, billiard-rooms, and libraries, should add a Calidarium and Tepidarium, as many English gentlemen have, he would have a luxury so positive and unique that every body would hasten to imitate him.

If New York knows the value of a new and exquisite sensation it will have the Turkish bath.

THE Central Park is already a part of the city. The old question of the friends who came from abroad—"What shall I see in the city?"—no longer puzzles. "Go to the Park, which is only just beginning; but Versailles and the Cascine, Munich and the Thiergarten, in all their glory, are not so beautiful as this."

The impression of perfect thoroughness and honesty in every part of the Park is as charming as it is new in a public work. The stately elm avenue, the picturesque terraces, the romantic shores of the lake, the winding walks of the Ramble, the broad sweep of greensward, the cricket-ground, the endless glimpses of graceful bridges, the exquisite care in details, shrubs, trees, plants, flowers, all in their proper places, are beautiful even now; but we must needs look at them with the imagined eyes of our posterity if we would see their full glory and impression when clouds of evergreen groves dip upon the sunny lawns, and branching elms "high over-arched embower," and that fine mellow tone touches every thing which belongs to works of fine art in landscape as well as in every other material.

What pure bits of ornament in nature swans and peacocks are! Does Nature discriminate men as subtly as she does swans? Does not that peacock in the Ramble surpass the "magnificent magnificences of the Magnificoes" in Venice? to use Sir Philip Sidney's gay expression. No goose can be a man, but may not every man be a gentleman? Orders and ranks and castes, then, may belong to an inferior animal development.

Within a high wire paling there are some deer, and, dearest of all, a delicate Venezuelan doe. They browse happily upon the green grass. No vagabonds with sticks can poke them, nor with orange-peel and tobacco-quids work them woe. It does not seem to occur to the deer that they are not sheltered by Adirondack woods, nor, in this burning weather, to the doe that she is not pasturing upon the equator.

Morning and evening the Park is alive with visitors. The steady riders who come for the constitutional jog go pounding solemnly along. The younger ones try to disguise it under an airy aspect of frolic. They would have us staring pedestrians believe that they are not, as it were, taking their bottles of Congress water, their Seidlitz powders, their Peruvian sirup. Oh no! not they! They have come bounding out "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But the old cherrybouncers have no such artifice. They pound quietly round, careless if the whole world sees that they mean to outwit dyspepsia. And we staring pedestrians wonder as they jog by, whether, since they make this life such a business, they will make all lives so, and pound round the circuit of the planets as they do of the Park.

But the graceful carriages and the pretty wagons—some of the light trotting wagons so gayly painted that they flash along like sunbeams on cobwebs, a "line of light" on a shadowy pair of circles—these

are the special glory of the promenade. Riding is not yet universal with us; but driving is a passion.

On a pleasant day the scene is an undress carnival. The liveries are happily few, nor is there that familiar acquaintance among the mass of the company that it has a lively social aspect, like the Cascade by the Casino or the Park in London. But there is no back-ground of poverty and misery behind it all. It is honestly earned enjoyment. Those who drive in the gay carriages to-day are the children of those who walked yesterday; and we trudging pedestrians, as we look, and admire, and cry, "Hi, hi!" and "God-speed!" are seeing those in whose seats our children may be to-morrow.

Our Foreign Bureau.

SINCE our last writing the two great events of European history have been the formal opening of the Great Exhibition of London and the triumphal progress of King Victor Emanuel through his new provinces of the South. In Naples the King's *bonhomie* and easy familiarity have done more to conquer the Bourbon brigandage than the Piedmontese soldiers have accomplished in all the winter.

A day of fête and sunshine, added to a royal smile, have made Naples and its southern impressible hearts crazy with their joyous welcome. Naples is never a dull city to a man who can feed on natural beauties. There is always the wondrous bay and always the smoking mountain. Sunshine is golden along the sands, and golden on the orange leaves, and golden on the walls of the yellow palaces. Smoky blue islands lie in a clear blue sea, and a soft blue sky hangs over them. A belt of gray cloud, which is the smoke from Vesuvius, is always present, and always flings a purple zone of shadow around the flank of the panting mountain. A bugle-note from the Caserne, a fisherman's halloo, the rattle of a *corricolo* over the lava pavement—these are the sounds that greet the ear. Red oranges flame at every street corner; companies of friars slip by in their serge and sandals; the *lazaroni* lie doubled-up and dozing upon the church steps. This is the dreamy Naples which travelers knew before the clarion of the new nationality had waked it into life.

When the King came French and British war-ships lay in the harbor—doubled to their sky-sail spars and their tiniest cordage in the water. The balconies on every street were covered with tapestries, and every where the tricolored flags were fluttering. The shops were shut, the women were all in gala dress, and every house-top that commanded a view of the harbor was thronged. A launch with green awnings was appointed to bring the King to shore, and feluccas and fishing craft of every size and shape made a crowded convoy. A gun from the castle announced the approach of the royal vessel, and ten thousand cheering voices greeted her as she rounded the Point of Pausilippo. The war-ships belched their salutation of fire and smoke, and the hurrahs of the seamen on all the yards reached to land.

As the launch upon which the King had disembarked drew near to shore vociferous cheering ran along the whole line of the bay; and as he landed and entered the gay pavilion which had been erected for his reception by the civic authorities, there was such a tempest of enthusiastic greeting as must

at once have extinguished the hopes of the Bourbons. Nothing could have been freer or more hearty. And at night the streets glowed with such illumination as had never before been known in Naples. A personal observer gives us this graphic account: "Every quarter had its band and Bengal lights to amuse and divide the masses. The Church of Carminie was a thing of light, and its picturesque tower glowed and glittered from afar; but when I entered the Palace-yard I thought I had never witnessed such a fairy scene. The church and cupola and the colonnades of San Francisco Paolo were lighted up as at St. Peter's on Easter Monday. The three royal palaces were crowded with the *élite* of the country; the King was in the centre of his balcony, and a regular storm of congratulations greeted his appearance. Below was an amphitheatre of seats in which were 450 musicians, and the serenade was about to begin. 'How are we to get to the Foresteria?' said my friend, for the people were packed like anchovies, and a dense mass of carriages was beneath the royal *salon*; but a strong will and courage overcome any difficulties, and so, plowing through the crowd, we shortly found ourselves in our desired places. The Piazza was now almost in darkness, and the serenade began. Immediately after the first piece it was evident that the temporary darkness had been arranged for the sake of contrast, for directly after its conclusion there was a burst of light from the top of the colonnades of the Church of San Francisco which was almost blinding. Fountains of fire-works played all over the roof, tricolored rockets shot into the air, studding the heavens with brighter constellations than already glittered there, and then comparative darkness closed around us again, and the soft music from below stole upon our ears. The effect was magical! As every piece of music wakened up the memories or touched the affections of the people there were bursts of applause; and so these interchanges of music and light—gorgeous and characteristic light—continued until half past ten o'clock. I must notice particularly the late part of the spectacle, which was peculiarly brilliant. Round the summit of the colonnades were suspended festoons of evergreen by day, with circular garlands on each point of the festoons; while in the centre of the cupola was an immense garland with a gigantic V. E. in the middle. In a moment these decorations were a blaze of tricolored lights, changing from time to time, the form exquisitely preserved, and every leaf and flower being accurately defined. A shower of rockets shot up again in all directions, and then darkness fell upon the delighted and loyal masses, who will long remember the splendors of this right royal reception of the King of Italy."

Thus Naples votes once more with hearty and noisy *plebiscite* for Victor Emanuel; and from that vote we shall see no appeal in our day.

Upon the King's arrival in Sicily the same enthusiastic greeting met him. Those southern Italians love royalty as they love idleness, and cheer, and sunshine. Mazzini, with his promise of rights and severe democratic logic, would weary them to death.

So much for the great political event of the South.

FROM the sunniness of Naples to the sooty brick of London the change is not inspiring. The great Exhibition itself, whose opening is every where talked of, does not carry under its iron domes, thus far, any atmosphere of cheer or hope.

The gloom of a great death hangs under it. Even in the details of the official opening there has been a confusion and distrust, attributable very largely to the absence of that princely hand which was snatched away in the middle of the work. The other Commissioners, though capable men, have their political aims, their private business, which secure their chiefest care; but with Prince Albert there was that degree of devotion to this plan of the Industrial show which could alone insure successful administration and brilliant results.

The opening was perhaps a success, but certainly not a triumph. First of all, the building, as we hinted last month, is unsightly. It is not the architectural miracle of 1851, to pique the wonder: its proportions are inharmonious: even its size does not cheat one into awe. There are special features which are admirable, contrasted with others which are detestable; altogether, it may be written down (architecturally speaking) a grand and solid blunder.

It is in the arrangement of the details of the great Exhibition that the presiding judgment and good taste of the late Prince Royal have been most missed. The tradesmen of London have gained, from the present board of Commissioners, the permission to erect what they call "trophies" of their merchandise along either side of the nave. The shop-keepers have entered upon these designs with great spirit and ambition, but the result has been an amorphous and most incongruous series of architectural advertisements; very stupendous and brilliant in the eyes of boys and country visitors, but without grace or simplicity or any elegance that a cultivated eye can recognize. They belittle the grandeur of a great Exhibition of Art to the dimensions of an ambitious huckster's show. They crowd and bewilder the view without enchainning it or gratifying. Many of them, it is true, have been ordered away since the opening; others, by special command, have been reduced in their proportions. The shopmen have been offended, and harmony of arrangement has by no means been restored.

The grandest show of the Exhibition, as contributing most to human progress, and as marking mechanical growth since 1851, is undoubtedly the machinery. The most ponderous of beams and levers ply their movements with the dainty regularity and noiselessness of Geneva watches. Immense aisles of enginery bewilder the vision with their complicated play, and the only sound is here and there the labored sigh of some iron giant.

The jewels are richer than the world ever saw before; no art imitations have taken the charm away from the emeralds and the diamonds. Settings of ivory and shell introduce us to a new phase of ornamentation. Historic gems of old and noble families, that have romantic interest attaching, blaze out in the fairy work of modern goldsmiths.

Sèvres and Dresden contend for the palm in porcelain. The Wedgewood of England repeats the most exquisite forms of Rome.

Mr. Story has contributed certain pieces of sculpture upon which America may safely stake its reputation for art; the excellence not lying (as with Powers's Greek Slave) in the manipulation and grace, but in the essential poetry of their conception.

For the Albert memorial some £50,000 have been raised by voluntary subscription. The original intention was that the sum contributed should be expended in the erection of a monolithic obelisk of huge dimensions, and rivaling the great Egyptian types

which are now in Rome. The Duke of Argyle made offer of a stone (granite), said to be lying in the rough, but of natural cleavage, in his Scotch quarries of Mull. A large sum was expended by the committee in clearing space about the monster spar of granite, for the purpose of accurate observation and measurement. This observation brought to light considerable undulations in the surface of the stone which forbade perfect working up to the desired size. The consequence has been a retirement of the original plan of an obelisk, and the architectural character of the memorial is open to new discussion. Her Majesty had expressed a wish that the intended memorial should show sculpture in the form of *bas-reliefs*, or statuary, at the hands of the best of English artists. It was difficult for the committee of execution to reconcile this wish with the severity of an obelisk; besides which, it has been found, after full consideration of the estimates presented by contractors, that a single stone, of the dimensions essential to proper effectiveness, would involve expenditure of all the moneys at present subscribed.

The English are not happy or ready in monumental devices. The Pre-Raphaelite tendencies of their arts of design, in which they certainly excel, are essentially imitative. But the Art monumental involves apprehension and conquest of the Ideal. Thorwaldsen's Lion, in the cliff at Lucerne, is a more grand and poetic tribute to the heroism (false or true) which it commemorates than British wealth has ever yet commanded.

THE Irish murders continue to illustrate British civilization: this time a Gustave Thiebault, a landowner and manager for his brother, is the sufferer. He found occasion to eject a tenant for non-payment of rent; received the usual threats; was honored with certain paper missives through the mails, illustrated with daggers, coffins, etc.; and finally, on a pleasant May evening at dusk, was beaten down with a pitchfork upon the high-road, his skull crushed effectively, and the body, weltering in blood, left in the ditch, as a cheerful Irish reminder to landed proprietors that they must not push their tenants.

The singularity of this murder is the fact that the victim is of a Papist family and of French origin: the blow of the pitchfork had then no religious, anti-Protestant fervor in it. It was simply a warm Irish protest against the present legal relations of landlord and tenant.

THE Ionian Assembly is again vociferous against the tyrannous protectorate of England, and, in the name of justice and of her Greek nationality, demands Independence. The august Hellenic Assembly unitedly declares that it is unchangeable in its resolution to become a portion of Free Greece, and will employ every legal means to give it effect. Unfortunately for them in their dependency, the only legal means in their possession is an humble petition to her Britannic Majesty—to give up control, remove her Commissioner and tax-gatherers, and order the guard-ships to Malta. This restive and persistent Hellenism of the Ionians is a constant thorn in the side of England. "This people is convinced," says the Ionian Parliament, "that Christian Europe, yielding to the claims of justice, stands ready to co-operate in every effort which, not only the inhabitants of the Seven Islands, but of all the Greek countries, may make to secure their national independence and their political unity. They believe it the only remedy for all those evils and suf-

ferings which, in the eyes of the civilized world, that race has endured, which itself inaugurated European civilization, and to which it desires to contribute with all the force of national integrity."

To all which the British Governor says: England can not give up her rights of conquest. The Queen and her Government beg the Ionians to be quiet, to busy themselves with municipal regulations and their crops. They are Greeks, it is true, having a faith and language and habits and aspirations totally different from the British Governors and British army, who preserve order. Yet the station is an important military one—so important that the kind Queen's ear must not be vexed with their appeals to any sense of justice or to civilized Europe.

These Ionian Greeks, it must be specially noted, are by no means the friends of King Otho, or of his Bavarian court: their sympathies lie wholly with the insurrectionists, who have just now been compelled to surrender Nauplia; and their indignation against the British authorities is coupled with another and livelier indignation against the supine cowardice of their brother Greeks of Attica, in not rising to aid the beleaguered liberals at Nauplia.

A VERY singular will-case has just now come to decision in the Paris courts, involving property to the amount of a million of francs. The maker of the will was a certain Madame Lamotte, whose maiden name was Morin, and who was a native of the province of Champagne. Her parents dying soon after she came of age, left her a handsome fortune. This she managed with singular prudence, but in other affairs showed an imprudence which amounted almost to mania. She came to Paris and took lodgings in a furnished hotel of the *Passage des Petits Pères*—not a very eligible locality for an heiress of Champagne. Here she fell in with a gay Lothario in the person of a boarding-school master, who taught the children of her landlord. The acquaintance ended in a marriage, to which she gave reluctant consent, as the last refuge for dishonor. She, however, conceived so great an antipathy to her husband that she refused to see him after marriage—so great a disgust for the world that she refused to see any one, and became a voluntary prisoner in her chamber for over twenty years. During all this time she communicated with her servants only by writing, her letters being thrust under the door of her rooms. Her meals were served in an ante-chamber, which she never entered until satisfied that the attendants had passed out.

By engagements entered into with M. Lamotte previous to her marriage, both parties had made wills bequeathing all their property to the survivor. In the year 1851 the husband died; but the widow still obstinately maintained her isolation, refusing to see even the officers of justice who came upon business connected with the estate of the deceased. Her wishes and commands were all communicated as before. Her country property was under the management of a notary, M. Costel, and the Paris estate in charge of M. Peureau, who was by marriage intimately connected with Alphonse Lamotte, a brother of her deceased husband.

In early April of 1861, the servant remarked that, after the usual time had elapsed, her breakfast had not been eaten. She sent word to M. Peureau, who immediately went to her chamber, burst open the door, which had not given place to a visitor for twenty years, and found her dying upon the floor. An empty laudanum vial was near her. A paper

was fastened in a conspicuous place to the wall, on which the suicide had written, "Let me be buried in the sheet I have laid ready on the chair. I am afflicted with an incurable disease, and am determined to see the end." Her room was littered with paper scraps to the depth of six inches, the accumulated débris of twenty years.

By a holograph will, dated only the year previous, it was found the deceased hypochondriac had left the bulk of her fortune to M. Alphonse Lamotte, the brother of her deceased husband; a handsome legacy to the daughter of her country manager, M. Costel; and another of similar amount to a daughter of M. Peureau.

An action was brought to invalidate the will by Madame Drauot, a cousin and heir-at-law, on the ground of the incompetency of the testatrix; and in proof of her unsound mind all the facts were brought to light which we have detailed. On the other hand, however, her letters upon business produced in court showed great judgment and perspicacity, and the Court held that the will must stand.

AMONG the new things in Paris which just now attract a large share of the attention of visitors must be named the new *Musée Campana*, placed in the Palace of Industry upon the Champs Elysées. The extraordinary circumstances which have placed this admirable collection at one coup in the hands of the Government are also worthy of record. The Signor Campana was the manager of the *Mont de Piété* at Rome, and at the same time a collector, of rare accomplishments and of crazy enthusiasm. In the course of his collections he found it necessary to avail himself of the funds which he held in trust to the amount of some four or five millions of francs. It is true that he regarded this personal advance as a loan for which he offered in guarantee his entire collection, which had only been brought together at an expenditure largely exceeding the funds he had withdrawn from the institution of which he was in charge.

Even under Roman officials so extensive an appropriation of moneys belonging to a public institution could not pass without discovery. The security indeed was ample; and the friends of M. Campana urged a simple discharge of the official whose antiquarian zeal had betrayed him into difficulty, and a sale of so many of the objects of virtu as should meet his indebtedness.

But the Papal Government, with sterner action, condemned the poor man to a long imprisonment and confiscated all his effects.

A portion were sold to the Emperor Alexander; but the bulk was secured by an offer of the French Consul, acting for the Imperial Government; and something over four millions of francs was paid for the museum now offered freely to public inspection in the Palace of Industry.

Its paintings are of more value historically than as works of art; extending back as they do to the earliest periods of Italian painting, and offering a chronologic series of all the distinguished Masters of Italy. In gems and medallions it is also specially rich; but in porcelain and earthenware, it is said to be the most perfect and beautiful in existence.

It is still undetermined if it shall be distributed among the established galleries of the Louvre, or remain an integral collection, the last probably of the gigantic spoils which up to this time Northern and Western Europe has drawn from Italy. Henceforth it is to be hoped the Government of Victor Emanuel

will be strong enough to retain its art-treasures at home.

WE spoke last month of the "Miserables" of Victor Hugo; half of the reading world has entered on its perusal—not all achieving its first installment. It lacks the youthful *élan* and rapidity of story which made every page of "Nôtre Dame" brimful of interest; you can lay it down more easily; it is doubtful if you can forget it so soon. It takes broader and deeper hold of the great riddle of Life. As a work of art, judging from the initial part, it will not bear comparison with the "Nôtre Dame;" but as a work of thought, of conscience, of deliberation in fathoming human motives, and in probing the wounds that society inflicts on itself, it is incomparably worthier.

However much he may dislike the Third Napoleon and his dynasty, you can not forbear the conviction that he wishes well to France and to the race. No prose of his can break down the poet—not so much in style as style of thought. The poet shines in his religion, in his politics, in his crimes, in his philosophy even. You see that he abounds in charity; yet you know that he would be the most incompetent almoner in the world. You see that his faith is exuberant; yet he would be unfit for a parish priest. There is a large liberalism in all his political sentiments; yet he could not be trusted with the editing of a state paper. There may come a day when the poetic sensibilities and perceptions of such a man as Hugo may have their reckoning upon the current of everyday, practical life; but it is not yet.

He does not lack, as do most romancers, a vital earnestness of intention; but the earnestness is so wrought upon and sublimated by the afflatus of the poet that the larger part of the world lose trail and quest.

We compared the "Miserables"—far as we may—with the "Nôtre Dame;" such comparisons are always unsafe and unfair; yet we can hardly err in saying that the latest work of the author gives us a much larger conception of his force and thought, while the earlier one will be always most coveted of readers.

The Madonna Della Sedia is perhaps the gem of Raphael (if it be not the Dresden one); but neither of them give any thing like that conception of his abounding grace and fertility which impresses one who lingers hour after hour by his frescoes of the Vatican.

MADAME MARIE DE GRANDFORT, who wrote some years since a very impertinent and untruthful book about America, has recently published, in connection with an appealingly pretty portrait of herself, a romance called "Ryno."

Romance and portrait are both excessively *décolletés*. No greater attraction belongs to the book.

A RECENT volume of an Academician, M. Le Comte Armand de Pontmartin, entitled, "Thursdays of Madame Charbonneau," has excited considerable remark for its saucy and impudent mention of very many notable French *littérateurs*.

The Count has won his honors notwithstanding the embarrassing hindrance of high birth, wealth, and a dogged devotion to Legitimacy and the Church. He has wit, learning, a great stock of bitterness, no little jealousy, and the hardihood to give expression to his animosities in the most offensive and polished of styles. The current abuse of him revives a repu-

tation that was built upon the journalism of twenty years since, and which was well-nigh forgotten.

It is over twenty years now since Americans saw the shaggy head of the famous Dr. Wolff wagging in American pulpits. He had almost come to outlive his reputation as a traveler, a man of erudition, and a missionary, of which we are reminded by the recent announcement of his death. He was the son of a Rabbi, and was born in the year 1795. Being early converted to Christianity, he attended theological lectures at Vienna, where he enjoyed the friendship of Professor Jahn, Frederic Von Schlegel, and the poet Werner. Among other friends of his youth were Zschokke and Pestalozzi in Switzerland. In the years 1817 and 1818, being at Rome, he broke away from the Papal harness and ultimately abjured Romanism altogether. From the year 1820 to 1826 he journeyed through Egypt, Palestine, Persia, Mesopotamia, and the Crimea, preaching to Bedouins, Jews, Persians, Greeks, and Russians. In the year 1827 he married the Lady Georgiana Mary Walpole. Leaving her ladyship at Malta from 1831 to 1834, he went upon the search of the Ten Lost Tribes. His adventures were most varied, and his escapes oftentimes marvelous. At Khorassan he was made a slave, tied to a horse's tail, and ransomed by Abbas Mirza. Of all these trials and wanderings he gave brief and graphic recital from the American pulpits about the year 1837. We can recall now a vision of the shaggy head, all embrowned with the fierce suns of Palestine, dropping thenceforth out of mind, till now the mention of his death brings all back again—the harsh, swift voice; the crackling tones; the ferret eyes; the story of scourgings and fastings; the limpid roll of Arabic names; the Hebraic accent; the gorgeous Persian pictures; the "elephants with castles;" the hands lifted in prayer.

In its time we spoke of the dissolution of the Prussian Parliamentary Assembly, and the order for a new election. The old Assembly did not sustain the Ministry, and the King in a fit of obstinacy refused to accept the resignation of the Ministers, believing that an appeal to his liege subjects would confirm the pretensions of royalty. The result has disappointed him. Prussia has declared very effectively its disposition to share the King's divine right of governing. At our present writing it is not known how the King will meet the new Chambers, or how the new Chambers will meet the King.

Not only has the liberal party obtained an immense majority in the recent elections, but that particular wing of it which the Ministry had undertaken to stigmatize as "democratic" has gained beyond all anticipations. The organs of the reactionary party utter vague threats of a possible *coup d'état*, but it is only the delirious utterance of unexpected defeat.

THAT Mirés case, about which we have in late records said much, is at length the subject of a new phase. Appeal having been taken from the Paris court (which condemned him as a felon) to the imperial court at Douai, he has at length been acquitted, the decision of the inferior court reversed, and the financier is restored to liberty and favor. At the rendering of the judgment there was applause; his counsel embraced the banker; lady friends crowded about him bringing tributary flowers, and the much-suffering delinquent made a prettily-turned

speech—forgiving his persecutors, glorifying tardy justice, and promising that the old town of Douai should have permanent memorial of his acquittal. The next day, on the Paris Exchange, the *Caisse Mirés* rose from forty-five francs to one hundred and sixty-seven!

A crowd of earnest sympathizers attended his departure from the station of Douai, whence he was accompanied by Madame Mirés and by the Princess de Polignac (his daughter). Another ovation was in readiness for him at his house in the Rue Neuvedes-Mathurins, at Paris. The triumph of justice may be real, but the triumph of gold is noisy.

WE have touched upon Italy only to show how the new royalty is planting itself firmly in the Southern hearts. All the North stands fast and true, save only where the Pope waves still his cross-key banner and invites the conspirators against the peace of Italy. He has gone wearily through his Holy Week, and with a narrowed echo his blessing *urbi et orbi* has fallen from the balcon of St. Peter's.

The Emperor Francis is rallying Austrian loyalty (much as he can) by swift journeys through the provinces.

The Greek Revolution is shivering under the bayonets of Otho, and Nauplia has surrendered; but disaffection is by no means crushed. The Herzegovine war drags wearily, and wasted homesteads and desolated fields mark its tedious progress.

Russia has placed her new loan with an ease and promptitude that give token of a brightening career.

Meantime on all the west countries of Europe, without exception, the shadow of the American war is hanging like a cloud.

Intervention—whatever it may have done once—can not now dissipate or lift it. Not in any country of the civilized world can so much blood be spent but the reek of it shall reach every where. The penalties of so great a war all Christendom must suffer.

THE visit of M. Mercier has of course startled all the *quidnuncs* of Paris. It is an affair which you perceive by the statement of Mr. Layard in the British Parliament is officially ignored. But though officially ignored, no one supposes the Emperor to have been ignorant of its aim and result. Suppose, for instance, that a letter of this purport comes some day to the French representative at Washington:

"To M. Mercier, etc., etc.:

"MONSIEUR,—The Emperor is exceedingly desirous of possessing himself of more definite information with regard to the condition and purposes of the Confederates than are now within his reach. It would be agreeable to him to know from a capable personal observer how far the Confederates are determined, and united in their determination, to resist to the last. Is there a hope that a decisive victory by McClellan or Halleck, or both, would virtually end the contest?

"Would the *materiel* in the hands of the South enable them to continue resistance for say two or three years to come?

"Is the opposition to Mr. Davis within his own Government of such a character as to warrant the belief that any considerable number of prominent Southern men would, in the event of a defeat, rally to the Union cause?

"On these points His Majesty is exceedingly desirous of such information as could be gained only by a personal observer at the Confederate capital.

"Allow me to suggest, Monsieur, that if, without offending the sensibilities of the American Government, an informal visit to Richmond could be made by some competent member of your legation (if your own absence from

Washington for a few days should be unadvisable), such visit would probably furnish the information which the Emperor specially desires.

"Please to forward the result of any observations it may be in your power to make to me personally, for transmission to the Emperor.

"I am respectfully yours, etc."

There have been worse *canards* than this.

Editor's Drawer.

WONDERFUL are the workings of a good conscience and a good digestion. So many letters are written to the Drawer in praise of its effects on the health of its readers, that we have thought seriously (we do sometimes think *seriously*) of offering it to the Sanitary Commissions as one of the best agents to circulate among the camps and hospitals. One writer sends us a quotation:

"The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick-room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streak on its pathway."

BUT it seems that the original Joe Miller, the patron saint of the Drawer, was a serious individual, innocent of all jests, or even of tendency to levity, whose very gravity provoked the greatest joke of the age, being neither more nor less than making him, the solemn old sobersides, the father of all the jokes that were going. Mr. Mathews (father of Charles Mathews), in his celebrated monopolylogue entitled "Mathews's Dream; or, Theatrical Gallery," gives the following curious anecdote of the far-famed Joe Miller, for the veracity of which he pledges himself:

"It is a fact not generally known that Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half-century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the most taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the daily habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well-known public-house in Portugal Street, Clare Market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighborhood, who, from Joe's imperturbable gravity, whenever any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death, having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this *badinage*. A Mr. Motley, a well-known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them, and from that day to this the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest past, present, and to come."

A SURGEON in our Army of the West sends to us from the "Field of Shiloh" some anecdotes of his colored servant:

"Dan is a slave owned by a gentleman in Lexington, Kentucky, who kindly permits him to go at large and obtain employment wherever it suits him. He is as faithful a fellow as ever lived, and has been in the employ of your correspondent in the army

over six months. He is a black but intelligent negro, and is as proud as was Hawkeye of having 'no cross in his blood.' 'Nuffin yaller 'bout me,' says Dan; 'Ise de pure nigger.'

"Dan is an aristocrat. Having once enjoyed the high office of porter at the Galt House, he considers himself a 'first-class hotel nigger.' One day he came to my tent, and, with a long face, notified me that he thought he should be compelled to leave me. I asked why, if he were not satisfied with his wages, etc. He expressed himself satisfied with every thing except the 'society.' Said he:

"De Gen'l is a gen'lman as isn't 'quainted wid culled people. He is from de Norf, whar dar isn't no niggers as knows how to behave thei'selves, and he doesn't 'preciate de difference 'tween culled people. Now here's all dese counterbine niggers'—(we have several contrabands in camp)—'and de officers don't know nuffin 'bout de value of dem. Dere's Captain——'s nigger—he doesn't know 'nuff to keep hisself clean; and dere's Israel—why, Israel is de laziest nigger in de camp, all de time a gittin' hisself drunk; and dat ar Gilbert is de biggest fool—why, any body would know *dat* nigger had been run by de houns! Den dar's Charley—he 'fesses to be a cook. I axed him if he was a ginuine cook, or jes made up since de war broke out. I can't 'sociate wid dat nigger—he use to drive a coal cart. He tole John'—(John is a first-class free negro, and was formerly steward upon a steamboat)—'he tole John dat he was a steamboat nigger, and John jes axed him if he knew any 'ting about dese yere stern-wheel coal-boats. De fac is, Doctor, Ise tired of bein' classed wid dese yere *cheap* niggers that's a tryin' to *steal* thei'selves.'

"I pacified Dan by assuring him that all the officers understood that he and John belonged to an entirely different class of niggers.

"DAN is more rigid in his ideas of military discipline than many of our officers, and he always obeys orders to the letter. As there are always hangers-on around the camps, I had instructed Dan not to permit any one to take any thing from my tent without my order.

"General——, who is well known as a most rigid disciplinarian and one who is never thwarted in any thing he undertakes, had admired some bitters which had been prepared by your correspondent as a prophylactic. One morning while riding out I happened to meet this officer with his staff. He stated that he should pass by our head-quarters, and desired some of my bitters. Said I, 'Very good, General; there are two canteens filled in my tent, just take one of them.' Upon my return Dan met me at my tent-door, and asked,

"'Doctor, did you tell Gen'l—— to take a canteen of dose bitters?'

"'Certainly,' said I; 'you gave them to him, of course.'

"Dan drew himself up, and very firmly but respectfully remarked, 'No, Sah; I tole de Gen'l dat I had no orders.'

"WHEN the fight of 6th April commenced at Pittsburg Landing our division was nearly twenty-five miles distant. We hurried forward as rapidly as possible, and did good service in the fight of Monday. I had instructed Dan to remain with my baggage, which was to follow. He came with it, and I, being very busy, had no time to look after him for two days after the battle. I then found him in

the rear of the battle-field, where he had been for two days and nights faithfully watching my baggage. He was half-starved, and was completely soaked by the heavy rains of the two previous nights. I asked him why he had not got something to eat, and he pointed to the stragglers all around, and replied, through his chattering teeth,

"'Tink I'd leave de tings for dese yere cowards to steal? Dey's been skulkin' roun' heah all de time, stealin' every ting dey could lay dere hands on.'

"Of course I approved his conduct, and gave him something to eat and drink. I then asked him if he was afraid on the day of the battle.

"'No, Sah,' said he, with the utmost gravity and with much pride; 'I isn't 'fraid of nuffin; I doesn't care nuffin 'bout *myself*; but den, you see, Ise missus's fav'rite, and I know she hasn't slep a night since I've been to de wars, for fear I'd get shot.'

PATRICK CONWAY is a private in Company E, Sixth Regiment Iowa Volunteers, from Monroe County. While stationed at Sedalia, Missouri, a peddler came into camp with the usual cry, "Pins, combs, thread, buttons!" etc., etc., and threw down his "baggage" close to Pat's tent. Pat eyed him a moment, arose to his feet, and addressed him with, "What ye doin' here with ould trumpery? Lave here, or by the howly mither of Moses I'll be afther kicking ye out of the camp! Lave, dom ye!" The peddler thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and left. After he had gone one of the boys said, "Pat, why did you drive that fellow off? I wished to buy some of his goods." Pat answered, "And what the devil do I care? Didn't Captain Henry Saunders order me from Albia to St. Louis, and from St. Louis to Springfield, and thin back to Sedalia; and haven't I been ordered about for the last six months, and during all that time haven't had the pleasure of ordering a single man before? And d'ye s'pose I am goin' to lit sich a chance as this pass without ordering the spalpeen away? By the howly St. Patrick, no!"

At the village hotel in—— there is a club of young fellows who delight in "selling" one another. It is their custom when one is "sold" to have a trial, with all the forms of law, the accused pleading his own case; and if the party accusing succeed in proving the sell, the accused has to pay for a supper for the whole party. One evening one of the party was on trial for a *misdemeanor*, but pleaded "not guilty." The accuser was called upon to state what he knew of the circumstance.

"Well," said he, "as I was going up to my room last night, about quarter past twelve, I seen Jim about half-way up the stairs with a candlestick in which there was a lighted candle in one hand, while the left arm was lovingly clasped around the baluster. I went up to him and asked, 'Jim, what is the matter with you?' He replied—holding the candle on a level with, and but a short distance from his eyes, gazing intently at it—"The matter with me?—nothing the matter with me; but I am trying to think *how the boy managed to get two candles in that candlestick!*"

A "MINISTER'S DAUGHTER" sends several pleasant stories:

"John Jenkins, of Long Island, had been sparking Susan Jones, and having managed with her help to pop the question, others naturally arose—as

when, where, and how they could be married? Many difficulties presented themselves; however, 'when there is a will there is a way,' and as soon as the signs came right the ingenious pair were seen riding into the village of Jamaica on top of a famous load of hay. The next thing was to bargain the load for the marriage ceremony, which was speedily accomplished, for the good dominie to whom the first application was made was not the man to keep them long on the anxious seat, and they soon went on their way rejoicing in their empty hay-rack.

"REV. MR. F— rode twenty-five miles, in the most furious storm imaginable, to marry a wealthy young farmer; and received a seven-and-sixpenny piece for his fee.

"DR. W— on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after at a social gathering, took up their baby, and exclaimed, 'I believe I have a mortgage on this child!' Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a V."

AN Ohio correspondent asks, "Do you think it *always* dangerous to give advice unasked?" Most certainly not, we reply, when the advice is as sensible as that which follows:

"If not, please advise parents, if they would do a good thing for their children, to get for them Willson's Series of 'School and Family Readers.' They are so interesting, so beautiful, so instructive, and so happy in their adaptation to our educational wants, that no school or family can afford to do without them."

But whether a family can "afford" to do without them depends upon circumstances. We can hardly afford to have them in our house; for our several-years-olders (none of whose smart sayings have appeared in the Drawer) have suddenly become so popular, since they have come into possession of these, that we can hardly enter the house without finding two or three of their mates busily engaged in poring over these Readers. Among them they have already worn out three sets, besides as many more which they have disposed of among their friends, who think them "so nice, and wish they had them:" backing up the hint by sundry presents in the "Juvenile Story-Book" way. "And we gave them the Readers, for we mustn't be mean," add our young ones. All these must be replaced if we want peace at home. So we find the series a rather costly possession; and the question with us is, whether we can afford to have them in our family.

FROM the Frankfort *Conversationsblatt* we clipped a paragraph concerning one of our favorite contributors. A young lady happening just then to call upon us with a proposal to make translations from German and French, we gave her this slip by way of trial. By diligent use of our "Hilpert," in the course of an hour she produced the following, which we certify to be perfectly literal:

Frankfort, 27 March. — Yesterday evening delivered Herr John Ross Browne of California in a public, of Ladies and Gentlemen consisting meeting of the "English Circle," in the great hall of the "Hof von Holland," a, by many large wall-pictures illustrated lecture, upon "The Whale, its history, anatomy and habits; and the perils and characteristics of the American whale fishery." Especially were the parts of the discourse most highly original and entertaining which themselves upon the own experience of the speaker grounded. Herr Browne had to

wit, a year and a half long in an American Whalefish expedition part taken, and therein manifold adventures and afflictions through-lived. At present time travels he in Europe in commission of several of the most-read American journals, as *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Sacramento Union*, etc., and furnishes the same most highly interesting, gladly-read travel-letters à la Bayard Taylor. Especially contains the last number of the *Union* an attention-worthy and most highly original article on Frankfort on the Maine. Herr Browne has in view, as it is said, still a discourse on the present circumstances in America to deliver, which naturally of still higher, since more general interest will be.

"AN intelligent contraband," of tender years, has been lately going the round of the stores down town with a paper containing the following:

"The friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Mary Ann Brown departed this life April 27th, aged 98 years. You are requested to bestow upon her your charity, as she has not means enough to bury herself with."

FROM Kentucky a friend writes to the Drawer: "Every body has heard of the genial Judge Nuttall, of this State, who adjourned Court to see the elephant swim the river, and who is so cautious in dealing rigid justice that he often takes the will of the house upon knotty cases, and enters judgment by a vote of majority. Two attorneys, Lindsay and Harlan, had plead a cause before him, and verdict was given in favor of the latter's client, when L. remonstrated, to the Judge's surprise, who silenced him by saying, that he had given two decisions in his favor that day, and only one to Harlan—that he was quite too hard to satisfy!

"THE Judge was canvassing the district in opposition to Pryor, who had presented his claims in a telling speech replete with legal lore, which he hoped would favorably contrast with the learning of his competitor, and carry the election. Nuttall replied by an honest confession to the simple yeomanry that he had read but two books in his life—one the Bible and the other *Walker's Life of Jackson*, and that he could find law enough in those two books to decide any case that might come before him. It is hardly necessary to observe that his eminent fitness was appreciated, and he chosen by a hearty majority over his defeated but accomplished rival."

GOVERNOR CURTIN, of Pennsylvania, while canvassing before his election, was speaking to an audience in the town of Milton, where, in former days, he had gone to school. In his speech he mentioned the fact of "his having *gamboled* among the hills of this place in his youthful days, with some of the men that now stood before him." An honest member of the party broke out: "Well, I never know'd that Mr. Curtin *gambled*. I sha'n't vote for any man that *gambles*." So the Governor lost a vote, but he was elected nevertheless.

THE following is from a Galveston friend:

"Heavy duties were laid upon liquors by the republic in its Lone Star days, and the lovers of whiskey were put to grief thereby. At the annexation this was terminated, and 'red eye' was imported from the States duty free.

"Standing in his store-door one day soon after the annexation, my friend observed a 'natyve' coming down the strand gloriously drunk, swinging his hat and hallooing in the most uproarious manner.

Giving vent to his joy in a loud, long laugh, he yelled at the top of his voice, 'Whoopee! Whisky only twenty-five cents a gallon! Some chance for a poor man now. Hooray!'

A GOOD one is told in Kentucky on General Garfield—the Colonel Garfield who developed Tom Marshall's running ability so handsomely.

Garfield was a Methodist minister, and was once preaching in a rough neighborhood in the mountains, where ministers were always insulted and interrupted, and sometimes driven away. In the midst of the exercises one of these "lewd fellows of the baser sort" came in and commenced a disturbance. Garfield took no notice of him, and proceeded with his discourse; but the fellow grew outrageous, and Garfield stopped; his patience had been gradually departing, and was now clean gone. "Brethren," said he, "I think if old Job was here he would certainly thrash that fellow, and thrash him soundly; but inasmuch as he is not here I am going to do it myself;" and he jumped into the chap before he knew what was coming, and beat him until he "hollered." Then, taking him by the shoulders, he jammed him into a seat, with "There, sit there, you scoundrel, until I get through!" and he marched back into the pulpit and finished his sermon in quiet. The story is good enough to be true, and very likely it is, for the General has not gotten over that sort of thing to this day.

SOUTHERN hospitality, slightly overdone, is thus set forth by a gentleman who experienced it:

"I was invited by a planter back of Natchez to visit him, and I accepted. He was a man of large wealth and lavish notions. Immediately on my arrival he detailed a servant to wait on me, who was indefatigable in his attentions, and tormented me nearly to death. He followed me on the lawn, through the garden, over the grounds, stuck to me in my room, and slept on the rug at my door. To hand a glass of water, reach my hat, untie my shoes, he was always present. I half awoke after my first night's rest and lay in a dreamy, delicious state, soothed by the stillness and the fresh odors that came in at the window. I did not open my eyes, but was somehow conscious of a presence. I turned my face to the pillow for another doze, but soon fully aroused myself, and there, at my bed-side, three-fourths asleep, with his woolly head bobbing and nodding, stood the darkey, with his hands out holding my pants, all opened and spread ready for me to put my legs into! My implied helplessness was a great insult, but the absurdity of the posture and the line of service were too much for my gravity. Nevertheless, having once learned a proverb about the Romans, I put out my feet and let the pants be drawn up over them, just as my mother used to do when I was a baby."

"A FEW days since the Sacramento (California) *Daily Union* mentioned the fact that a telegram had been received in San Francisco from Boston by Mr. —, stating that his father had died exactly at 11 A.M. of that date. The dispatch was received at '10.45' A.M., thus beating time a quarter of an hour. I was reading the paragraph to an Irish friend as an evidence of the wonderful speed that could be accomplished with so long a line. In a few minutes after I heard him repeating the news in his own language thus: 'A man died in Boston the other morning, and his son, in San Francisco,

received the news by telegraph just fifteen minutes before he was dead.'"

WHOSOEVER has been in Vicksburg has stopped at the Washington, and whosoever has stopped there remembers mine host—a pleasant, well-fed man, who puts his hand familiarly on your shoulder and calls you "Colonel" before you have been five minutes his guest. At the head of his table he shines conspicuous. Departing from the beaten track, he stands up and *calls* his bill of fare—calls it out loud and strong. "Here's some elegant roast-beef; roast-beef rare, roast-beef done to a turn! Boiled mutton just arrived! Bring along that leg of veal! Mashed potatoes, mashed turnips!—how about that lettuce?" and so on, morning, noon, and night.

He says the custom originated with him in Jackson, the capital of the State, where he once went to keep a fashionable hotel. Many of the "Members" boarded with him, and managed to make *some* use of such innovations as napkins and silver forks, but a printed bill of fare was "too many" for them—they could not read; and so he stood up and read it himself. It proved to be a "good thing," and he has stuck to it ever since.

AN old contributor writes to the Drawer: At the time the Welland Canal was about to be enlarged I found myself in St. Catherine, Canada West, and, in company with a large number of contractors from all parts of the country, stopped at the St. Catherine Hotel. One evening quite a spirited argument arose among us which State could claim the most beautiful valleys. I, as a Yorker, of course claimed the premium for my State, and named the Genesee Valley as ranking first. Others had their favorites; but a Pennsylvanian insisted that the Wyoming Valley stood unrivaled, and after talking a long time, wound up with this clencher:

"One day," said he, "I was in a hotel in the Valley when an Englishman came in, and said he had come all the way from Philadelphia to see the beauties of the valley, had read Campbell's poem, etc., with other descriptions, and really expected to see something extra, but was sadly disappointed—could see no beauty—all a humbug, etc., etc. I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I said, 'Stranger, if you will permit me to blindfold you, and will jump into my wagon, I'll take you up on "Prospect Rock," where, after you have looked about you, if you don't allow it beats any thing you ever saw before, you can stay in this village as long as you wish to at my expense.'

"He considered the offer generous, and immediately put it in execution. When we arrived at the rock I placed him so that all the beauty could be seen at a glance, and then took off the bandage. For a moment he stood, and then folding his arms upon his breast gave himself up to the enchanting scene. I let him *alone* for half an hour, when, feeling curious to know what he thought about it, I touched him on his arm, and said,

"Well, stranger, what do you think about it?"

"Think?" said he. "*Do you suppose that Satan ever showed the Saviour this spot?*"

"I was satisfied, and told him so."

As this answer capped the climax, the rest of us subsided.

THE REV. Mr. Darter is a country merchant in a certain neighborhood in Cherokee, Georgia. He is also a local Methodist preacher, and sometimes offi-

ciates in the absence of the regular minister. The church at which Mr. Darter worships is distant from his store about a mile, and the services are usually performed on some day during the week, the Methodist circuit riders being unable to fill all their appointments on the Sabbath. On a certain pleasant day a New York drummer called at Brother Darter's store to sell him a bill of goods, or for some other purpose. It happened to be a meeting-day, and the merchant was absent. Having nothing else to do, the New Yorker concluded to stroll over toward the church. The day was a warm one—nothing unusual in that latitude even in winter—and the church-doors were all open. The circuit preacher had not arrived, and Brother Darter was filling his pulpit. He happened to be descanting on the wiles of the devil when our New York friend reached the church. He described the great adversary of mankind as a terrible-looking monster, "going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour." Just at this moment the New Yorker walked in. No razor had come near his face for many a day, and his beard and mustache were long and heavy. His morning's ride and subsequent walk in the heat and dust had left him in any thing but a tidy condition. His style of dress and of wearing the beard were altogether new in that region, and his appearance created a sensation. Sitting about the centre of the church were a couple of country damsels, who were as much astonished and terrified at the strange appearance as was Hamlet at his father's ghost. Brother Darter paused in his discourse; every body seemed to hold their breath; and "you might have heard a pin drop." Just at this moment one of the damsels whispered to the other, but loud enough to be heard all over the church, "Nancy, Brother Darter's been a-talkin' about the Old One, and *thar* he is!"

"THE Rev. Mr. B——, of the Presbyterian Church, is, unfortunately, very bald, and has been since quite a young man. Early in his ministry he was traveling in Indiana, and in passing from Indianapolis to Logansport, over the old 'Michigan road,' was weather-bound several days at the little village of Michigan Town. The inhabitants finding out he was a minister, begged for a sermon, to which of course he assented. The largest room that could be secured was the bar-room. There he preached to a 'crowded house,' using the bar for his pulpit. Owing, perhaps, to the novelty of the circumstances, the sermon was a success; the audience were delighted, and some of them were disposed to be complimentary. Among them, an old woman, an emigrant from Virginia; but whether one of the F. F. V.'s or not I can not say. Coming up to him, her good old withered face beaming with delight, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. B——, I was so delighted with your sermon! It is so seldom we hear good preaching here. The last preacher we had I did not like at all; he wore his hair so long. The fact is, Mr. B——, *I do not like to hear a preacher with any more hair on his head than you have!*'"

"SOME forty years ago, a Massachusetts pedagogue found his way into a border town in Vermont to keep a winter school. Methodist preachers had just found their way to that section also, and figured in the public view as new and curious characters. In the absence of barbers, our schoolmaster had to depend on some of the damsels of the border as hair-dressers. One day, after a sharp operation of the kind, he asked an old lady what she thought

of his appearance. She threw up her hands in astonishment as she exclaimed, 'Like the very diabol! I should think you were a Methodist minister!'"

"A JOCKEY country merchant was trafficking one day with a rustic mountaineer purchasing hay-rakes in exchange for goods. Of course the merchant's prices were what are called barter prices. Our rustic had need of a new hat, and inquired the price of one from a case just opened, from New York. 'Only five dollars,' said the merchant. 'Isn't that rather dear?' said the customer. '*I never sold one for less!*' said the sharp merchant.

"The clerk in the store put his head to the ear of the writer, who was listening to the negotiation, and whispered, '*He never sold one at all!*' The case was bought at auction in New York for one dollar a piece."

Our Episcopal Bishop for the Northwest enjoys a good joke occasionally, and he relates the following:

One Sabbath he was preaching in a log-cabin to one of our Western congregations, up in the hyperborean regions of lat. 42° N., and gave out a hymn, of which the fourth verse was to be omitted. The Bishop was his own choir, and sang the hymn, passing from the third to the fifth stanza. No sooner had he commenced the fifth than a stentorian voice sung out from the other end of the room, "Sa-ay, mister, you've skipped a verse there!"

THOUGH it is very common to reproach old bachelors with their celibacy, and to pity old maids as if "single blessedness" were a misfortune, yet many married people have seen fit to offer apologies for having entered into what some profane wag has called the "holy bands of padlock." One man says he married to get a housekeeper; another to get rid of bad company. Many women declare that they got married for the sake of a home; few acknowledge that their motive was to get a husband. Goethe averred that he got married in order to be "respectable." John Wilkes said he took a wife "to please his friends." Wycherly, who espoused his house-maid, said he did it "to spite his relations." A widow, who married a second husband, said she wanted somebody to condole with her for the loss of her first. Another because she thought a wedding would "amuse the children." Another to get rid of incessant importunity from a crowd of suitors. Old maids who get married invariably assure their friends that they thought they could be "more useful" as wives than spinsters. Nevertheless, we are of opinion that nine-tenths of all persons who marry, whether widows or widowers, virgins or bachelors, do so for the sake of—"getting married." But here is a side-view of the same matter in an anecdote: A country laird, at his death, left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live very amicably together for many years. At length one said to the other, "Tam, we're getting auld now; you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share of the grund." "Na, John, you're the youngest and maist active; you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share." "Od, Tam," said John, "that's just the way wi' you; when there's any *fash* or *trouble*, not a thing you'll do at a'."

A GOOD story is told in Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott of a dinner-party where a pack of literary lions were fed and pitted one against the oth-

er. Scott was king of the board, but the rest were in league to humble him. Poets and poetry were the topics of the table, and Coleridge repeated some of his own pieces, which were praised to the skies. Scott joined in these eulogies as cordially as any body, until in his turn he was called on to repeat some of his own. He declined, but said he would repeat a little copy of verses he had met with in a provincial newspaper, and which seemed to him almost as good as any thing they had been listening to with so much pleasure. He repeated the stanzas of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter." The applauses that ensued were faint. Then came slight criticisms, from which Scott defended the unknown author. At last a more bitter antagonist opened, and fastening upon one line cried, "This, at least, is absolute nonsense." Scott denied the charge, the critic persisted, till Coleridge, out of all patience, exclaimed, "For mercy's sake let Mr. Scott alone, *I* wrote the poem."

So much for *criticism*. If these wits had heard the verses from Mr. Coleridge as his own, they would have praised them sky high.

FROM NEBRASKA CITY a friend writes to the Drawer: "I have a niece out here, aged five years, whose father (like all other fathers) thinks his own just a little the smartest youngster there is going. One day, while visiting at my brother's house during his absence, Minnie cut some caper, for which I reprov'd her. She turned around, and, with no little asperity, replied, 'You sha'n't scold me. You ain't my papa, and don't understand my constitution.'

"A YEAR ago we had a little miss with us, the nine-year-old daughter of one of our ex-Governors, who is now at the head of one of the Keystone regiments. The Governor was much given to punning, and when about home always charged his good things to Bettie. The following may show that attributing good things to her was not always out of place. A number of us were in the cabin of a steamboat, lying at our levee, when a party of Pawnee Indians came on board. Some of the passengers wanted to see them dance, and made the request, to which the aborigines assented. Before dancing, however, one of them, who could speak a little English, thinking he had better be paid in advance, went among the passengers, holding his hand and demanding 'Two bits! Two bits! Two bits!' Being avaricious, he continued it long after a number of quarters had been dropped in his hand, and until he entirely exhausted the patience of Bettie, who exclaimed, 'Well, *I* wouldn't give him two bits, for I don't believe he can dance *one bit*!'"

QUITE a number of years ago there lived in the town of G—, Androscoggin County, Maine, a man by the name of L—. He was farmer, stage-driver, and hotel-keeper, and was blessed with a large family of boys. Among them was the hero of our yarn. Ide was the name that he was best known by. He was lean, long, lank, and scrawny. Always on hand to run of errands and do chores generally. One very hot day in July Ide was sent off about three miles to a mill with a large lot of grain to be ground. Unluckily for him there was quite a quantity in before he got there, so that it was late in the afternoon before the miller got to work upon Ide's lot. The water was low, consequently the millstones revolved rather slowly. Ide was hungry, and his inner man got uproarious, and looking up to

the miller (Uncle Reuben), he says, "Uncle Reub, I can eat that meal faster than you grind it." "Ah, my boy," says Uncle Reuben, "how long could you do it?" "*Why, till I starved to death!*" said Ide. Uncle Reuben says that he never got such a shot before.

"THE army swore terribly in Flanders!" said my Uncle Toby, and probably in no case is an army wholly free from this vice. My paternal grandfather was in the Army of the Revolution, in rank a captain, and was personally acquainted with the celebrated Polish General, Kosciusko. In a skirmish with the enemy, on one occasion, the General could not make his men obey properly the orders he gave them; whether they would not, or whether they did not understand his broken English does not appear, but he became very angry, and railed and swore at them most terribly in his own tongue, of which they understood not a word, and consequently it made no impression. Seeing this, the General suddenly turned his horse and rode furiously up to my grandfather, saying, 'Captain G—, do come and curse them in English!' The old gentleman did not say whether or no he complied with the General's request.

"Another incident my grandfather often related, of which he was a witness. It was on an oppressively warm June morning that he, in company with a brother officer of the Continental army, Captain Pope, were journeying on horseback across the State of New Jersey, on their way to Massachusetts, on a furlough, when they were hailed every now and then by the farmers on the way, to inquire for news from the army, telegraphs and railroads not being then in use. They passed a barn on the side of the road in which they saw a man swingling flax. Seeing the travelers he ran out to the bars in front of the barn, calling after them to hear the news. The officers rode up to the bars and communicated whatever of news they had, and then fell into conversation with him about his farm. Every thing seemed out of repair, the buildings and fences going to decay, and a fine field of corn on the opposite side of the way was growing apace, but had not been hoed, and was now overtopped by weeds. 'Why do you not mend up your fences and your buildings?' they asked. Why, he intended to do it, but had no time. 'And why do you not hoe your corn, instead of being here swingling flax on this fine morning?' He answered that he intended to have had his flax 'done out' in the winter, but had no time; and now his wife wanted to spin some thread, and for her accommodation he was dressing a little flax. As the man was saying this, leaning over the fence, dripping with perspiration, and with all the clothing which could decently be spared laid aside, Captain Pope, watching his opportunity, drew his riding-whip most severely across the man's back as long as he could reach him, exclaiming, 'There, you scoundrel! if I ever catch you again swingling flax in June, when you should be hoeing your corn, I'll take your hide off!' They then put spurs to their horses and rode off, leaving the man swearing and stamping with impotent rage."

"LITTLE DUNCAN often asks some odd questions. The other evening, as he was sitting out on the piazza with his mother, he gazed intently up at the sky for a few moments, and turning to her, asked, 'Ma, ain't the stars God's eyes? I saw them a-blinkin'."

A SAILOR taking a walk in a field, perceived a bull advancing toward him, evidently with no good intentions. "Helm a lee, mess-mate!" he cried, at the top of his voice; "helm a lee!" The bull, not comprehending his injunction, leveled him with the ground. "There, you stupid!" said the tar, as he raised up—more in sorrow than in anger—on his elbow, "didn't I tell you you'd run foul?"

A FEW years since there resided in Utica several medical students, one of whom inquired of a mechanic what he was making. "A bell-wheel for the court-house," answered the workman. "Ah!" asked the student, "are we to have two bells in the village? I should think one would answer every purpose at present." "You are right," replied the other; "but when you young doctors commence the practice, one bell will not do all the tolling!"

THAT was hard on young physic; but this is better: A doctor lately informed his friends in a large company that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in the *Times*." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck importantly, "pray, in what terms?" "Why, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before!'"

BOB F— had long been paying the most devoted attentions to a young lady whose father had what is popularly known as the "rocks," when his attentions suddenly ceased, and of course every one was anxious to know the cause. Bob explained:

"You see, I knew she was rich, and I didn't think a bit the less of her for that; but, the truth of the matter is, she turned out to be a *nay-Bob*!"



SETTING UP IN BUSINESS.

Young Timkins.—"THERE'S A SIGN FOR YOU, MY BOY. ME AND YOU WILL DO A SMASHING BUSINESS."
VOL. XXV.—No. 146.—S*

FROM Buffalo the Drawer learns that a woman of the German persuasion was taken up for passing a bogus half dollar. She said that she had received it at the store of one of the first-class drygoods' men, and she could point out the man who gave it to her. The officer accompanied her to the store, and she surveyed the clerks.

"Is this the one?"

"Nix—no."

"This one?"

"Nix—no." Until her eye lighted on one across the store who gloried in a mustache of formidable dimensions and fiery hue.

"That is him—that man mit a big mouthful of hair!"

He denied it lustily, but she insisted; and he deemed it prudent to prune his lips and afterward avoid such an easy mark of recognition.

OUR German fellow-citizens make rapid progress in learning our language and getting the hang of our institutions, but they would do well to get the schoolmaster to write their notices. The following is not so correct in its orthography as to be invulnerable to criticism. It appears conspicuously posted in Mahanoy City, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania:

MEETING

All Zittisens of this Plaes hou aer willing to belong to a German Protestant Church to Build in this Plaes aer respectful evate at Wensday Jan 1st 1862 in the after nuhn at 1 o clock in the Schul-haus of this Plaes to hier aur meind or consideration

and

All Zittisens of this Plaes no Diffirent wat Religion aer respectful evate an that same Day and Plaes at 3 o clock in the after nuhn to her aur meind to get a free Grave Yard



YOUNG AMERICA.

"YES, GOVERNOR, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TALKING ABOUT THE LAW; BUT MY OBSERVATION SHOWS ME THAT A SOLDIER TAKES BEST WITH THE WOMEN. I SHALL JOIN THE ARMY."

Fashions for July.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—STREET COSTUME AND BOY'S DRESS.



FIGURE 3.—PROMENADE TOILET.

FOR STREET COSTUME shawl and mantilla shapes are the favorites. For morning and country wear the sacque, in some of its forms, is most worn. We illustrate one made of *brillante*, with a rose-silk edging, and a trefoil of buttons.—The Boy's Costume explains itself. The PROMENADE TOILET, which we illustrate above, may be made of any favorite texture.

THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

“EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.”

VOL. II.]

NEW YORK, JULY, 1862.

[No. X.]

“The Record.”

The Monthly Record of Testimonials to the merits of Willson's Readers, which has appeared, during nearly two years past, in the successive numbers of the *Educational Bulletin*, presents as strong evidence as could well be given of the progress of a radical and much-needed Educational Reform in our systems of Elementary Instruction. The idea that as much *interesting* and *useful* information as possible should be incorporated into the reading lessons designed for childhood, commends itself so readily to the good sense of all, that the wonder has been a thousand times expressed, since these Readers made their appearance, that we should so long have been willing to make the reading of the school-room a mere *elocutionary* exercise—as if the *manner of reading* were the all-essential thing, and the *matter read* of comparative unimportance.

Upon this subject of school-room reading, our teachers are divided into two classes. In the larger, and growing class, we find those who are ready to say at once, “If we must sacrifice either the *matter* or the *manner*, it is best to dispense with the latter; inasmuch as intelligence is better than any amount of gilded ignorance.” They say, “We will instruct our pupils in the *useful*. This shall be our first object. We will then give them as much of the *ornamental* as possible. We are, however, satisfied,” say they, “that the useful can be made attractive to children. The thousand wants of childhood—the activity of the perceptive faculties at that period—and the wonderful inquisitiveness of children after knowledge, all show that the true order of Education, as it is the order of Nature, lies *first* in the direction of the real and the useful, instead of the imaginary and the ornamental.”

Others of our educators, who compose the second class, and who are unwilling to surrender an iota of their attachment to *elocutionary* reading, say, however, “If you can show us a series of Reading Books for the school-room that shall give the proper kind and amount of *elocutionary* training, and also impart an amount of valuable information—that shall both interest and instruct pupils—we shall consider it a great advance upon the system hitherto in vogue. Our only doubt,” say they, “is as to the possibility of combining the two objects.” They would hesitate to admit that they consider the *manner* of reading of more importance than the *matter taught*; but such is really the position taken by them.

To this second division of the teaching fraternity we commend a thorough examination of the “School and Family Readers,” as better than any arguments of ours to show, that although these books contain a great amount of useful knowledge, and are, in this particular, far in advance of any other Readers. They are also, from their very nature, more *interesting* than others, and even *better* adapted than others to aid the teacher in carrying out a successful system of *elocutionary* training. We collate the following brief summary, as a sample of the views of numerous educators on these points, for the purpose of inducing any, who may still be in doubt, to *examine* the books with this special object in view—that of judging of their *elocutionary* character. We might greatly extend this kind of testimony.

The Superintendent of the Public Schools of the City of Rochester, where these Readers have been in use a year and a half, says in his published Report: “A gratifying improvement in teaching the primary classes to read is manifest, and very little of the sing-song, drawling tone, which was so universal a few years ago, can now be heard; and much more attention is given to *emphasis* and *inflection* than formerly. The series of Readers recently introduced has aided, to a very great extent, in the hands of competent teachers, in producing this reform. The Primer, and First and Second Readers, excel any similar

works I have ever met with. The Lessons are written with great care, and are admirably and beautifully adapted to bring out *variety of tone and expression of the sense*. Indeed, the improvement in reading is so marked, that the most casual observer can not fail to see it.”

Prof. PHELPS, Principal of the State Normal School of New Jersey, after speaking of the peculiar adaptation of these books to secure “*an easy and natural style of vocal delivery*,” says of them, in a summing up of their merits, “*I think this series of Readers leaves nothing to be desired, either in respect to manner, matter, mode of treatment, or mechanical execution*.”

The Hon. DAVID N. CAMP, State Superintendent of the Schools of Connecticut, says: “These Readers seem so constructed and arranged as to avoid the objections which have before been raised to ‘Scientific Readers,’ and to combine, in a happy manner, *all that is necessary in Elementary Instruction in Reading, and in the principles of Elocution*, with systematic instruction in Natural Science.”

The Hon. S. S. RANDALL, Superintendent of the Public Schools of New York City, speaks of them as “combining a vast amount of useful, scientific, and practical knowledge, *with literary and practical excellence*.”

Prof. DOCHARTY, of the New York Free Academy, says of them: “*A correct style of reading is secured*; and throughout, the interesting and the beautiful are happily blended.”

Prof. M. L. BROWN, of the Young Ladies' Institute, Auburn, N. Y., says: “The plan of the series embraces *every necessary element of instruction in elocutionary reading*.”

Rev. D. C. VAN NORMAN, LL.D., Principal of Van Norman Institute, New York City, says: “They systematically and truthfully develop and apply *the essential principles of good reading*.”

J. N. TERWILLIGER, Principal of Normal School, Anderson, Ind., says: “The introduction of the *proper inflections*, from the beginning, is a novel and useful feature; and the *Rules of Elocution* are unsurpassed for brevity, clearness, and comprehensiveness.”

SAMUEL S. WOOD, Superintendent of the Western House of Refuge, Rochester, N. Y., says of the Readers: “I believe them to be entirely superior for purposes of *elocutionary*, moral, and intellectual culture, to any similar works which I have ever seen.”

Prof. P. A. CREGAR, Principal of Girls' High School, Phila., says: “You have been very happy in connecting useful knowledge with improvement in the *mere art of reading*.”

J. T. CLARK, Principal of English and Classical School, Walpole, Mass., says: “My pupils have made *more progress in reading*, with these books, during one term than they did in three terms with the old books.”

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW, in a notice of the Readers, says: “In the first volume of the series, the selections are specially designed to promote *naturalness of intonation*; and it is almost impossible for the child to read them in that dry, measured, artificial manner, which is so common.”

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL says: “All the lessons are based on, and calculated to impress, *the principles of good reading*, and a system of *elocutionary* rules is progressively pursued throughout the entire series.”

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER says of the Fifth Reader: “The Miscellaneous Divisions, in connection with the Instructive, furnish *all the variety that is needed*.”

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION remarks, in a notice of the Fifth Reader: “Its *elocutionary* matter is excellent in character and sufficient in amount, and there is *no want of variety* in the style of the selections.”

Such is the character of a great amount of testimony to

the *Elocutionary* merits of these Readers; while all acknowledge, that in point of *interest* to children, and in the variety and amount of *useful information* which they impart, no other School Reading Books make any approach to them.

Willson's Readers.

Additional Testimonials, not before Published.

From JAMES W. WEBSTER, *Principal of Rumford School, Concord, N. H.*, March 24, 1862.

I have examined Willson's Series of "School and Family Readers" with great interest and care; and, without taking time to enumerate their *many* excellences, I will simply say, that I regard them as far superior to any other series ever published, and that no efforts will be wanting on my part to assist in introducing them into the schools and families among the Granite Hills of New Hampshire. Mr. Sawyer, the Principal of the High School, and myself, have obtained permission to introduce the books as fast as arrangements can be made for the purpose.

From Prof. H. D. WALKER, *Principal of Normal and Commercial School, Orangeville, Pa.*, March 28, 1862.

I have examined the numbers of Willson's Series of School and Family Readers, and am so well pleased with them, that I have concluded to introduce them into some of my classes.

From SAMUEL W. REIGART, *Principal of Boys' High School, Lancaster, Pa.*, April 3d, 1862.

After a thorough examination of the whole series of "School and Family Readers," as far as published, I have no hesitation in saying that they are incomparably superior to any others I have ever seen; and I have taught every grade of schools, and used all the principal Series of Readers published in this country.

These Readers surpass all others in the eminently instructive character of their contents, in profuseness of illustration, in the variety and attractiveness of the lessons, in the arrangement of subjects—in fact, in every respect, not excepting that desideratum of school-books—*cheapness*. But aside from the merits of the series as *School* books, the vast amount of valuable information which they contain, renders them indispensable for every family. To give my opinion of the series in one word, I consider them the *ne plus ultra* of Readers, for both school and family use; and I am confident that, sooner or later, they must supersede all others.

From LEWIS MCKIBBEN, A.M., *Superintendent of Union Schools, Hillsborough, Ohio*, April 6th, 1862.

I am much pleased with Willson's Readers. They certainly can not easily be improved; and the great wonder to me is that such perfection has been reached in their preparation and publication. I shall recommend them *whenever and wherever* I have an opportunity.

From J. WEENLI, *Superintendent of Schools, Waupaca, Wis.*, April 2, 1862.

Having thoroughly examined Willson's readers, I state, with great pleasure, that they are the very books we need for our schools, and the best School Readers which I have seen on this side of the Atlantic. I believe their introduction into our schools will lead to an important reformation—from the teaching of mere *words and rules* to instruction in practical knowledge. They will make the study of reading pleasant, and other branches easy and comprehensible, even to the younger pupils.

From H. H. PORTER, *Principal of Union School, Port Washington, Ohio*, April 15, 1862.

I have thoroughly examined your "School and Family Series," and convinced myself as to their real worth as Reading Books for our schools. I believe them to be the *best series of Readers* which I have yet seen, and hope to have them introduced into my school.

From L. R. LEAVITT, *Principal of High School, Lake Mills, Wis.*, April 17, 1862.

I have examined Willson's Readers with interest, and regard them as superior to any others with which I am ac-

quainted. I have decided to introduce the Fifth into my school. Please send me 25 copies of that by express. * * * I will call attention of the managers of the lower grade of schools, in this place, to the lower Nos. of the Series.

From JOHN S. HUSTON, *Principal of Lyons' Union School, Michigan*, April 23, 1862.

Dear Sir:

I have devoted great care and attention to the examination of your Series of School Readers, and have no hesitation in saying, that in the following particulars they have *no equals*: in the superior quality of the paper, in topographical execution, and in the grace, beauty, and truthfulness to Nature of the illustrations.

Moreover the plan of this series is entirely original, and, while it embraces every requirement for a *thorough* course of instruction in Elocutionary Reading, it also presents a systematic course of instruction in Natural Science, in the form of reading lessons beautifully illustrated. Herein you have made a great advance beyond all others who have labored in the same field, and have supplied a want which I, in common with thousands of others, have long felt.

In the vast amount of time devoted to reading in our schools, pupils should be taught something besides a mere facility in the calling of words; and this, the use of your Series of School and Family Readers will accomplish.

From CHAS. H. KELLOGG, *Superintendent of Schools, Washington, Ohio*, April 23, 1862.

I have examined Willson's Readers carefully, and think them to be just the thing needed. They are very superior, in their style and matter, to any other text-books now in use. I have placed them in the hands of the Board of Education for examination, and have no doubt that they will be introduced into our schools speedily.

From J. T. DODGE, *Principal of High School, Monroe, Wis.*, April 28, 1862.

We have introduced your Series of Readers into our school, and they give both Teacher and Pupils the best of satisfaction. They seem to me to be the *most important improvement in Reading Books that has been made in the last thirty years*.

From Prof. W. F. PHELPS, *Principal of New Jersey State Normal School, Trenton, N. J.*, May 3, 1861.

Dear Sir:

Permit me to express to you the great pleasure I have experienced in the use of your Fifth Reader. It has been my main reliance as a reading book at our County Institutes, and is now used in the Normal School.

The selections have been made with excellent judgment, and a discriminating taste. I recognize among them some of the choicest examples of our standard literature. The scientific articles are well prepared, the illustrations are artistic and accurate, and the entire execution of the work fully vindicates the wisdom as well as the practicability of the peculiar plan upon which the series was conceived—that of *blending, in an eminent degree, USEFUL INSTRUCTION with the accomplishments of a graceful and natural style of READING*.

From JOSHUA NICKERSON, *Principal of Union School, Harveysburg, Ohio*, April 28, 1862.

I have examined your Readers as much as circumstances would permit, and can say that they far surpass any other set of Readers I have examined. McGuffey's Readers are in vogue in our State, and although they are a good set of Readers, the matter and manner of yours is so far ahead of his, that I think there is *no comparison* whatever between the merits of the two works. I congratulate you upon the success which has crowned your labors. I have for years thought that in that direction lay an untrodden field. Honor to you who have explored it, and given to the world a set of Readers that in themselves will impart a boundless store of knowledge to the student. I shall introduce your Readers as fast as I can prepare the way. At the present, I will order 24 of the Third Readers, for which you will find the money enclosed.

From A. S. WILLSON, *Principal of East Bridgeport Public School, Ct.*, April 23, 1862.

The first four numbers of Willson's Readers have been in use in my school nearly six months, and during that period our high estimation of them has been sustained and strengthened. I prefer them to any other series of School Readers that I have seen.

Geological Cabinets.

Arrangements have been nearly perfected for getting up a Series of Geological Cabinets for the use of Schools and Families. Such are greatly needed in our Schools as aids in carrying out the system of "Object" instruction, in an important department of Education; and the design will be, not only that children may learn to *recognize* the leading rocks and minerals at sight, but that they may connect with this a knowledge of the geological history of the earth, and of the ingredients which, worn from the rocks, now enter into the composition of soils. A basis will thus be laid for a more intelligent knowledge of Agriculture than could otherwise be obtained.

The following is the general plan of these Cabinets: Cabinet No. 1, Designed for Common Schools, will comprise a small collection of the leading rocks of the several great geological periods of the world's history, arranged in their historic order, from the primary igneous rocks and the unfossiliferous strata, upward through the transition, secondary, and tertiary periods, to the modern drift and alluvium. For the plan and order of arrangement, see

the "Geological Chart" on page 462 of Willson's Fifth Reader.

Cabinet No. 2, Arranged upon the same plan, would give a greater number of specimens, and connect with them some of the minerals proper and the fossils found in the corresponding geological formations. Upon this plan, cabinets of any extent may be formed, all having a unity of design and purpose, and each collection being merely an enlargement of that which precedes it.

Geology, when taught in this manner, in connection with the reading lessons of the school-room and familiar *Object* instruction—the seeing and handling of the rocks and minerals themselves—will be found a study *not* too high for our common schools, but adapted, in its elements at least, to childhood itself.

We purpose to recur to this subject again, and hope soon to announce the preparation of some of the smaller cabinets. For information on this subject, and for purchases of larger collections of minerals, address SMITH. WILLSON & Co., of the "Amer. Educational Bureau," 561 Broadway.

The School and Family Charts.

A description of these Charts, with their prices, was given in the June Number of the *Bulletin*. At the time we are penning this, all are completed except Nos. IX. and X., and a portion of the coloring of the "Color Charts."

The Charts themselves will give the teacher but a very imperfect idea of the extent, kind, and variety of instruction which they are designed to aid in imparting. The "Manual of Object Lessons and Elementary Instruction," now in course of preparation, and comprising, in its full programme and course of studies, a course of instruction from the *Charts*, and the information required to illustrate the numerous subjects embraced in them, will be found an absolute necessity in the hands of the teacher. We have therefore not been anxious to send out the Charts until the Manual should be ready also; and as this latter has proved to be a work of considerable labor, it has somewhat retarded the publication of these Charts.

These Charts are constructed upon the principle of beginning the elementary instruction of children, and carrying it on, by presenting to them, throughout the entire course, *objects addressed to their perceptions*, with the view of furnishing them *ideas* before *words*, just as Nature teaches. Therefore it is that the old system of beginning by teaching the alphabet is discarded, and that *words* are

first learned as the *representatives of objects*. Thus, on Chart No. 1, sixty words, embracing all the letters of the alphabet, are given as the *word* representatives of so many pictured objects. The child is here taught to recognize and call *words* by sight, just as it learns to recognize and name any other objects. Moreover, the *word* is here connected with the thing which it represents, and is learned only as it is needed to give expression to a previously acquired *idea*. The letters are afterward very easily learned as *objects*—as parts of a *whole* which has a *meaning*. But when children *begin* with the alphabet, they can attach no significance whatever to the letters: even the *sounds* of the letters are often very much unlike the sounds of the words which the letters form. Even when the words are learned after the letters, they are learned as *wholes*, separately, and not through the medium of either the *sounds* or the *names* of the separate letters.

The instructions given in the Manual for the use of the six *Reading Charts*, embrace not only reading and spelling, but also counting and the first principles of numbers, together with drawing or printing the letters, and the elements of composition—the latter including a series of exercises in forming the already known words into sentences

Type Letter-Cards.

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
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